# PRATTLES

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

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10 full color illus
+ 20 more?
by Alice Beach Winn

To Elsie

from Uncle Dan & Aunt Alice

Christmas 1912

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RCCO 1938

# PRATTLES

## FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WITH COLORED ILLUSTRATIONS

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—BY—

HURST & COMPANY

THE PIERCE BROTHERS, SONS OF MR. MELLEN C. PIERCE.

# PHOEBE PICKERING JENKS.

MRS. JENKS, FROM THE CHARCOAL BY I. M. GAUGENGIGL.

MRS. JENKS was not a picture-making child. It was not till she had grown up, and married, and had a little child of her own, that she began to paint pictures. This little son, indeed, had much to do with her becoming a painter of children.

As a child, Mrs. Jenks was musical rather than artistic. Her earliest remembrance runs back to a day, forty-odd years ago, when she sat on her mother's knee and sang the soprano of a song, to her mother's alto, for a neighbor. She was only four then, but she remembers how the neighbor exclaimed, "Why, she can carry a tune just as well as anybody!" Even more remarkable than her musical gift was her memory. If a poem of six or eight four-line verses were read to her twice, she could then repeat it from beginning to end.

MASTER BRAMEN, SON OF MR. G. I. W. BRAMEN.
*(From the painting by Phœbe Pickering Jenks.)*

Phœbe Pickering Hoyt was born in 1847, in the old sea city of Portsmouth, N. H. When Phœbe was sixteen the family removed to Boston. She drew a little then, as most school-girls do. She had no thought however of becoming an artist.

MAMA'S COMB (MRS. JENKS' FIRST PICTURE).

Mr. Jenks, though an active business man, had artistic tastes, and drew and painted at home, for his own pleasure. His artist friends were often at the house. So it happened that one day, when some one brought Mrs. Jenks a beautiful bouquet, she was moved to paint it. Taking the brushes and colors at hand, she worked away for a couple of days, and so successfully that a French painter who chanced in assured her he "could not have done better himself!"

Stimulated by this, and encouraged on by her husband and his artist friends, Mrs. Jenks now began to study the art of painting. For a year or so she worked hard in the studio of a friend in the old Studio Building close by Boston Common. She had no regular master, but one and another of that friendly colony of artists would drop in, and their free criticisms and suggestions helped her.

SPRINGTIME.

It was now that her little son of three opened the way to her first achievement as a painter of child-life. The little fellow was quite remarkable as a model, being able to take any attitude, and assume any expression, desired. One day he caught up his long golden curls with a big high comb, and so stood, with a smile on his face, while his mother painted the picture called "Mama's Comb."

This was the first picture Mrs. Jenks exhibited, and it sold, for a

hundred and twenty-five dollars, as soon as shown. It was of course but the work of a beginner, yet, in spite of the masterly canvases of later years, with all their praises and their dozen times larger prices, Mrs. Jenks declares the delight of that first success has never been equalled. "I hadn't any feet that day," she said to me, "I fairly flew."

LITTLE MISS SEARLE, DAUGHTER OF MR. CHARLES P. SEARLE.

During the next few years, the little son, who had thus opened the door to her success, posed for a charming series of child pictures. Sometimes he was a boy, sometimes a little girl, as in the picture called "Dolly's Dress," where he wears a girl's gown and sits in a little chair sewing.

But soon Mrs. Jenks found her especial field, in the painting of portraits; and though she has painted men, and many women, the larger part of her work, in the twenty years since she first painted her little boy, has been the portraiture of children.

MASTER MACOMBER.

Occasionally she has painted "pictures," in distinction from portraits, but almost always a child has been the essential part of the painting — as in the exquisite picture called "Springtime," a lovely girl with soft flowing hair, in white and pink, with a background of apple-trees in bloom.

Mrs. Jenks has a genuine love for children, and she and her little "sitters" are usually "great friends." One little girl cried because she could not continue to come to the studio after her portrait was completed; but one of the boys preferred to play outside, and grew

funnily indignant, and said, "I don't think much of you for a portrait painter, if you can't paint me without my staying here!"

The children are generally very good and very willing sitters, but Mrs. Jenks recalls two exceptions, one boy and one girl, who were so obstinate and so disobliging that she had to ask them to do just the opposite of what she really desired. If she wished them to look toward her, she had to ask them to look away across the studio — whereupon they would face her squarely.

LITTLE MISS HAYDEN.

For a portrait head, or head and shoulders, Mrs. Jenks has five to ten "sittings," and the time of painting averages about three weeks; for a full-length portrait the time may run to a couple of months, with ten to fifteen sittings. She always paints the entire figure from life.

And here that remarkable memory, which in childhood was a matter for wonderment, is of great practical value — for after painting from a sitter in the morning, and the sitter has gone, the form, color, expression, all remain vivid in her memory, so that she can actually go on painting through the afternoon as if the sitter were before her.

The children of Mrs. Jenks' pictures are always in easy natural attitudes, and yet they are very varied in pose and treatment. One of her happiest arrangements is a group of three heads, three brothers — the little sons of Mr. Mellen C. Pierce of Bangor — two dimpled and smiling, one sober and shy. Mrs. Jenks does not usually exhibit her portraits in public, but this was shown at the National Academy.

Her charming "Little Miss Searle," of Boston, is painted as if just in from a winter walk on the Public Garden — in yellow-brown fur-edged cloak, big brown hat with pale blue ribbons, and with her shining yellow hair in pretty disarray.

"Master Macomber" wears a picturesque Rubens costume of tan silk brocade, slashed with yellow-red velvet, and a broad yellow-red hat.

"Master Bramen" is painted full length, in a ruffled white blouse and a suit of gray velvet. He stands boldly against a white stuccoed wall, both hands holding a cane behind him, and with a lordly air of being quite able to face the whole world.

The dark-haired little daughter of Mrs. Charles Hayden, of Boston, would have been labelled in Sir Joshua's day as "Innocence."

Among Mrs. Jenks latest and most successful portraits is that of "Master Appleton Lawrence," who is said to closely resemble his eminent father — and a noble little fellow he is.

Mrs. Jenks is now at the maturity of her powers, and has earned an enviable fame by the conscientious use of her talents. Some twenty-five of her canvases were recently gathered at the St. Botolph Club for a special exhibition, and the crowd was so great in the gallery that numbers had to wait outside for a chance to enter — "just because they were pictures of children, and everybody likes children," was Mrs. Jenks' modest comment.

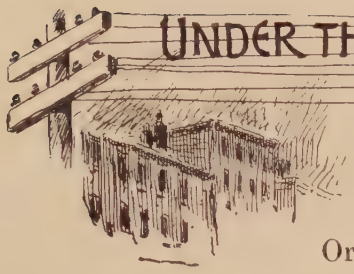
MASTER APPLETON LAWRENCE.

Personally, Mrs. Jenks is a large vigorous figure, dark-haired, with a fresh glow in her face. The charcoal portrait of Mrs. Jenks by Mr. Gaugengigl is faithful to the original. Her manner is singularly frank and sincere.

And this sincerity distinguishes her art. She endeavors to paint the real child, at its best, and she always discovers that "best," in pose, in contour, in color, in character, and expression.

"Indeed," she said to me with a sudden burst of enthusiasm, "they are always more beautiful than I can paint them!"

*C. P Stuart.*



# UNDER THE TELEPHONE WIRES

IS it the laugh of a baby brook
Or the droning "bum-m" of a bee,
Or the spirit song of a soaring lark
That comes from above to me?

Is it the dance of the snowflake white,
Or the song that the frost-sprites sing?
Is it voice or body, a fact or dream —
This beautiful, haunting thing?

Now it is soft as a zephyr's sigh,
Then loud as the ocean's roar;
At first like a kiss or a soft caress,
Then billows and waves on the shore.

List! do I hear it in mother's voice?
Ah! now 'tis an organ-tone;
Sometimes 'tis a laugh and then there comes,
The pine-trees' distant moan.

Whatever it is, my waiting ear
Of its wonder never tires;
I stand and listen to catch your word,
O! beautiful, singing wires.

*Kate L. Brown*

# NELLIE OGG AND HER GOATS.

*A True Story of a Little Girl One Hundred and Fifty Years Ago.*

## I. — A HIGHLAND HUT.

AMONG the Scotch hills is a wide moor. In the moor is a small lake and in the lake a little island. And on this moor beside this lake and in sight of this little island was the Highland hut where Nellie Ogg and her goats lived.

The hut was built of stone and turf. Its walls were three feet thick; so it was snug and warm when the snow lay deep on the ground. It was roofed with thatch which was a picture to look at, for mosses grew all over it — green moss, golden moss, brown moss, pink moss, crimson moss. And when the sun shone upon it, the roof of Daddy Ogg's house looked as though it had been dusted over with powdered rainbow.

The hut had two rooms; one for Daddy and Mammy Ogg and Nellie, and the other for the goats and Crummie, the cow. The floors were of earth, trodden hard. In the centre of Nellie's room was a flat stone on which the peat fire burned. And above this stone was a hole in the thatch for the smoke to go out. But the greater part of it was obstinate smoke that would not go out, but spread itself about everywhere, and colored the inside of the thatch and the rough walls a fine brown.

Two box-beds, with thin curtains of homespun at their doors, separated Nellie's room from that where the goats slept. The partition was so thin Nellie could hear Crummie and the goats every time they turned over in the night.

There was a window in Nellie's room, but none in the other; though little did Crummie and the goats care for that. For they only staid in their room at night and during the few really stormy days of winter. And if they wanted light, they had only to step across the

little entry and into the other room, if the door was open, as it commonly was.

Crummie rarely went further than to put her head and shoulders in, for she was a cow of excellent manners. And she never did even this except when Mammy Ogg was baking oat-cakes. But Crummie liked hot oat-cakes. Even when she was quite far away, cropping the sweet grass on the moor, the odor of them would bring her to the hut-door.

NELLIE AND HER HIGHLAND HOME.

But Jock and Maisie, and Old Janet did not possess Crummie's nice sense of propriety. They never scrupled to walk right in anytime. Jock led the way, and Maisie followed at his heels. As to Old Janet, she knew better, but she had much curiosity as well as an excellent appetite, and liked to see what her neighbors were doing.

So in they often went, and more than once they ate up Daddy Ogg's supper of oatmeal porridge and licked the wooden basin clean. More than once Mammy Ogg caught them at it. Then Jock, the ringleader, had to catch it.

"Jock, you scoundrel!" Mammy cried out, her cheeks red with anger. "Jock, you tyke! I can't turn my back but you're in some mischief like a good-for-nothing as you are! Take that, and *that*, and THAT!" and down would go Mammy's heavy hand on Jock's ears — once, twice, three times.

JOCK TAKES HIS PUNISHMENT.

Jock could only waggle his long beard from side to side, while the great tears rolled down his hairy cheeks. For Jock cried like a baby when his feelings were hurt.

These tears were always too much for Nellie's tender heart. For though she thought the eating-up of Daddy's supper a black sin indeed, yet she loved the naughty little sinner dearly. She put her arms round Jock's neck, and pressed her rosy face to his hairy cheek and begged Mammy to forgive him "just once more."

"He won't do it again, Mammy — will you now, Jockie, my man? See, Mammy, he's crying — poor Jockie! You didn't mean to do it I know — you were just overcome with the temptation, weren't you, now, Jockie, poor little man? See Mammy, see how poor Jockie cries!"

Mammy forgave him once again, although she had the porridge to make anew for Daddy's supper, and Nellie led him off; and as Jockie had no handkerchief to wipe away his tears, Nellie dried them on her pretty Gordon plaid. Maisie followed them close behind, while, Old Janet brought up the rear, having relished the oatmeal porridge though looking very meek.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*Frank Pope Humphrey.*

IN THE TOP OF A TREE.

# MRS. RED SQUIRREL.

MRS. Red Squirrel sat in the top of a tree;
"I believe in the habit of saving," said she;
"If it were not for that, in the cold winter weather
I should starve, and my young ones, I know, altogether;
But I'm teaching my children to run and lay up
Every acorn as soon as it drops from its cup,
And to get out the corn from the shocks in the field —
There's a nice hollow tree where I keep it concealed.
We have laid up some wheat, and some barley and rye,
And some very nice pumpkin seeds I have put by;
Best of all, we have gathered in all that we could
Of beechnuts and butternuts grown in the wood;
For cold days and hard times winter surely will bring,
And a habit of saving's an excellent thing.

"But my children — (you know how young squirrels like play),
'We have plenty, great plenty, already,' they'll say.
'We are tired of bringing in food for our store;
Let us all have a frolic and gather no more!'
But I tell them it's pleasant when winter is rough,
If we feel both to use and to give we've enough;
And they'll find ere the butternuts bloom in the spring
That a habit of saving's an excellent thing."

*Marian Douglas.*

## TROUBLED.

NOBODY saw me do it,
Nobody came that way,
When I found the box on the closet shelf
Where the cakes for supper lay.

Nobody told me not to,
Nobody knows but myself,
But, oh! I wish that cake I took
Was back again on the shelf.

Nobody knows my trouble,
Nobody ever would guess
That a cake could cause a little girl
So much unhappiness.

Nobody can tell mother
Who took it from the shelf —
But I know, before I go to sleep,
I'll have to tell her myself!

*Ella Randall Pearce.*

# SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THE *Mayflower*, the ship that brought the Pilgrim Fathers to Plymouth in New England, sailed from Plymouth in old England. A hundred years after, close by that same old Plymouth, was born the most famous painter of children in the world.

This great painter was Sir Joshua Reynolds, and he was born in the village of Plympton Earl, July 16, 1723.

Little Joshua's father meant to make a doctor of him, but little Joshua was always drawing and copying pictures — when he could get pencil and paper. Often he could not; for his father, though a minister and master of the grammar-school, had little money to spare, with his big brood of a dozen children.

Joshua's sisters liked to draw too, and when pencils gave out they all used to draw with burnt sticks on the whitewashed walls of a long passage-way. The boy's burnt-stick drawings were so much poorer than his sisters' that they laughed at him and called him "the clown."

Joshua didn't mind, though. He laughed too, but drew and drew away the harder — and it was "the clown" who became famous.

ANGELS' HEADS.

Joshua worked away at his lessons, too, and at eight was studying Latin — though the backs of his Latin exercises were usually covered with sketches and crude drawings. This worried his father,

till one day he made so good a drawing of the grammar-school that Schoolmaster Reynolds declared it was "wonderful!"

In those days it seems to have been the fashion for boys to write out rules of conduct for themselves, as our Washington did, and little John Quincy Adams. Little Joshua Reynolds did the same, and one was this: "The great principle of being happy is not to mind small things" — that is, the little hindrances and disappointments. He lived up to this; and his long life was a cheery and happy one.

At twelve, Joshua made his first oil-painting — a portrait of the minister. He made the sketch on his thumb-nail in church, while the minister was preaching, and the painting on a piece of boat-sail which he and his chum found in a boat-house. This first painting has been preserved now for towards two hundred years.

Joshua's father concluded that a boy who *would* draw, and *would* paint, would never make a doctor; so, at seventeen, he sent him up to London to learn to be an artist. Joshua wrote home, "While I am drawing I am the happiest creature alive."

THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

After two years in London, the young Reynolds returned to Plymouth, and after painting portraits for a time was able to go to Rome. He wanted to study there the works of the old masters, especially of Michael Angelo and of Raphael, whose wonderful picture of the Christ-Child hangs to-day in so many children's rooms — along with Reynolds' own picture of "Child Angels," or the "Cherub Choir," as it is also called.

The five angel heads of this famous picture were all painted from the head, in different positions, of one little girl, little Frances,

daughter of Lady Gordon. This picture, however, was not painted for many years after Reynolds studied the Christ-Child and cherubs of Raphael.

The love of painting, which made the boy of seventeen so happy, never left him. He said before he went to London that he "would rather be a doctor than an *ordinary* painter." Even then he was determined to be a *great* painter. So in Rome, as in London, he studied, and drew, and painted, and rarely dropped pencil or brush for a single day.

MASTER CREWE AS KING HENRY VIII.

On Reynolds' return from Rome he settled in London and became that "great painter." People of eminence, the nobility, the most beautiful women of his time, the royal family, all crowded his studio to sit for portraits, and all wanted Reynolds to paint their children — and so the ambitious and determined little boy of Plymouth soon became rich and famous.

When the Royal Academy (a society of leading English artists, with the king at its head) was established in 1768, Joshua Reynolds was chosen its first president, and could write "P. R. A." after his name. The next year King George III. knighted him, and then he could write "Sir" before it.

Sir Joshua never married, and so had no little children of his own; but though the great men and women of his day were his friends, little children were his dearest friends. He would even take the beggar

children into his studio and paint them. His picture of "The Babes in the Wood" was painted from one of these street children who fell asleep in his studio.

Once a tiny friend was ill away from home when he had expected to spend his birthday there. "Never mind, I will send you to your father," said Reynolds, and painted his portrait and sent that in place of the boy.

A few years after he was knighted he painted the charming picture of his little niece Offy as the timid, black-eyed "Strawberry Girl." This was one of Sir Joshua's half-dozen favorites out of all his works, and in the forty years after he went to Rome he painted more than two thousand pictures.

LITTLE MISS BOWLES.

The next year he painted the merry "Master Crewe as King Henry VIII.," and the year after the charming "Little Miss Bowles," about which there is a story.

LADY GERTRUDE FITZPATRICK.

Her father asked Sir Joshua to dine, and placed his little daughter by the painter's side. Sir Joshua told her stories and amused her till she thought him the jolliest man in the world. Once he made her look away, and stole her plate, and then got it back without her knowing. Next day she went to his studio to sit for her portrait, and, expecting a good time, sat down in great glee with her dog — and was so painted.

The tiny "Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick," with her tucked-up gown, is an arch Irish lassie among Sir Joshua's English girls.

SIMPLICITY.

In his last years he painted the well-known quaint "Penelope Boothby," in mob-cap and mitts, and after that the pure and lovely picture called "Simplicity." This picture was painted from his great-niece, a second Offy, for the niece Offy of the "Strawberry Girl" had grown up, and her little girl was named Offy too.

Shortly after painting this last and loveliest of all his lovely picture-children, the great children's painter grew blind, and painted no more.

The beautiful life of this lovable man ended February 23, 1792; but his pictures have lived on these hundred years, and will be perpetually beautiful. *C. P. Stuart.*

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# BOCKERS.

CHAPTER I. — THE YELLOW DOG.

BOCKERS was supremely happy, for Peggy was coming home to-morrow. Bockers was called "Bockers" for some mysterious reason only known to the boys of his acquaintance. Peggy had received his name from a peculiar way he had of playing tops by which he broke all the pegs.

Peggy had been in the country for two months, having a glorious time the stay-at-homes believed. The day after his departure, Bockers sent him a letter which began, "Our street is very sollum, now." The neighbors would probably have said that Bockers' idea of solemnity differed from theirs.

Peggy maintained silence for a month. Then he wrote: "It's deader and stoopider than any place you ever sore up here. I'm a-coming hoam to have some fun before scool opuns."

As Bockers stood considering what they could do to celebrate Peggy's home-coming, some workmen with picks, rammer and cart

drew up near the curbstone. They were to repave the street. Bockers was so pleased that he volunteered to help, and was soon tossing cobbles twice as fast as the men paid to do the work.

When Peggy came he scorned work. "Aw, that's no good," said he. "Let's have some fun!" Nervous people in the street who had trembled to see Peggy or Bockers hanging by their toes from an iron bar between two houses, and whose blood had run cold at the sight of lassoes, were relieved to find "Duck on a Rock" the order of the day. To be sure there was danger even in this, for Peggy never looked out for man or beast, but hurled his stones with the fury of a battering-ram.

"THE DOG'S LEG WAS BROKEN."

But, as usual, it was Bockers who had the accident. Bockers was such an unfortunate boy! It was sure to be his ball which went through a window, his head which came in contact with the bat. Now it was his stone which struck a little yellow dog that darted suddenly between him and the "rock."

The dog's leg was broken. At the first cry Bockers had it in his arms. It was a strange dog, but Bockers feared nothing. The butcher's mastiff wagged his savage tail to Bockers and the prize terrier — the boys believed it had taken a prize for bad temper —

licked Bockers's hand. This dog was no exception. It yelped and squirmed, but did not try to bite.

But what should he do with it? Peggy said, "Put it down and let the cop take it."

Bockers stroked the dog and shook his head. Presently he set off down the street and stopped at a house with a doctor's sign — "Dr. Morton." There were two Doctor Mortons, twin brothers, Dr. Joe Morton and Dr. Jim Morton. As no one could tell which was which, the sign answered for both. Dr. Joe was a surgeon, Dr. Jim was a physician. Bockers asked for Dr. Joe. He was shown into the office where sat Dr. Jim. Even the servant did not know her masters apart.

"Please, sir," said Bockers, "can you set this poor dog's leg?"

"I *can*," said the doctor, "but who's going to pay a doctor's bill for such a mongrel as that?"

Bockers felt hot from his topmost hair down to his dusty shoes.

"Who's going to *pay* me?" repeated the doctor.

"I'll give you — my Waterbury," said Bockers, hesitatingly. "'Tain't worth much, the dog ain't either, I guess, but I hurt it without meaning to."

He pulled out the watch. It was not going, one of the hands was off and the case was sticky with dirt. The doctor took it and put it into a drawer in his desk which he locked. Then he set the dog's leg.

"What's your name?" he asked when he had finished.

"Bockers — I mean Frank Whitney. I live at 277, this street."

"Very good," said the doctor and showed him out.

Six weeks later Bockers received a small package addressed to Frank Whitney. He opened it, and there lay his watch, ticking, and as bright as when it was new. It had two hands now and they pointed to the right time. With the watch was a note:

"*Your dog runs about sooner than I expected. I charged you too much.*" *Dr. Joe.*

"Just my luck," said Peggy, when Bockers told him about it. "I broke *my* watch the day after I got it, more'n a year ago. Nobody got mine mended for me."

(TO BE CONTINUED).

*Margaret Compton.*

# AN EVENTFUL BERRY-PICKING.

ONE morning in August, 1836, when I was not many months past twelve years of age, I drove my two sisters in a light spring-wagon, out to a locality called "the pine barrens," to pick blackberries, which were then ripe and very plentiful on that otherwise worthless tract of land.

My sisters were not so very far from my own age, and we had a merry time while going to the berry-fields, which were about four miles from our house. On arriving, we tied the steady old horse to a tree and left him to eat some sweet hay, brought for the purpose, while we entered the berry-patch at different points, each one anxious to be first in gathering a full basket of the luscious fruit.

In those days it was customary for boys, and men, too, to wear loose-fitting white linen trousers in hot weather. I had a particularly roomy pair of these cool garments on at this time and was walking from one clump of bushes to another, when I stepped upon a wasp's nest!—one of those gray, paper-like, dome-shaped little structures familiar to all country children.

Enraged at the destruction of their house, a dozen or two of the fiery insects instantly swarmed up inside my trouser-legs, while others furiously attacked my naked face and hands! Anyone who has ever been stung by a "yellow jacket" can imagine what kind of a fix I was in and how torturing was the pain caused by thirty or forty venomous little darts all puncturing my flesh at once.

"Wasps! Wasps! Run for your lives, girls!" I yelled; and while my sisters fled to the wagon, I scooted off in a contrary direction, so as to draw my vindictive tormentors to a safe distance from them.

By and by, almost screaming with agony meantime, I managed to rid myself of the fierce little insects; and, when the pain had become more endurable, I called out to the girls that they might go to work again, which they very cautiously did, while I strolled toward a dense patch of canes that seemed to be heavily laden with extra fine fruit.

After I had half-filled my four-quart basket, I saw, a little beyond

me, a little better-looking patch, in which, glistening like polished jet, I could see a great quantity of unusually big, fat berries. Slowly forcing my way to this choice spot, I came to a great, fallen pine tree, hitherto quite concealed by over-drooping briars.

Scrambling up on the log, fully four feet in diameter, I steadied myself for a moment and then jumped boldly down among the thick bushes on the other side — and I alighted, not on the ground, as I naturally expected, but squarely on top of a big black bear!

The bear had, of course, been regaling himself on his favorite berries and, hearing me coming, had crowded in close beside the log in order to hide himself — a very common trick of this sagacious and generally peaceable beast to avoid observation of a chance wayfarer.

Of all the frightened bears ever heard of, this one was the most fearfully scared when I jumped down on his back! He fairly howled with terror, and without so much as a backward glance to see how far to one side his sudden rising had pitched me, tore away through the thicket as fast as his clumsy legs could carry him — and I, desperately holding on to my basket, made wonderfully good time toward the wagon.

What might have happened had Bruin been hungry, and not scared out of his wits, I don't know; but, though rather fond of bears in general, I was not at all sorry that this particular one did not follow me.

Although there was no danger in doing so, my sisters would not stay a moment after hearing of my adventure. To them a bear, however nice and well-behaved, was a bear, and they didn't like him the least little bit; so we hurried home with half-filled baskets.

After dinner, my father, taking his rifle along and the old deer-hound, Carlo, went back to the "barrens" with me, as he said the bear would be sure to stay there so long as blackberries lasted. The dog soon picked up the trail, and in a few minutes we heard the noise of a furious battle going on, not three hundred yards away.

Pressing forward as fast as possible, we quickly caught sight of the bear who was trying to run away; but every time he started Carlo nipped his hind legs and he would then turn about, growl savagely and attempt to strike his puny assailant with his powerful paws He

might as well have tried to strike a lightning streak, for the experienced hound always sprang aside like a flash.

We stood looking on for a minute, but so soon as Mr. Bear saw us he made a desperate effort, broke away from the dog and began to climb a wild cherry tree, up which he had got four or five feet when Carlo made a high spring and grabbed one of his hind legs again. It was a comical sight—the huge bear clawing with all his might to ascend, and the comparatively small dog, hanging on with his whole might and strength, trying to pull him to the ground; the two animals, stretched straight along the tree-trunk, forming a living line about nine feet long.

Calling Carlo in, lest he might be hurt by the falling of the bear, my father handed me his rifle, saying, "You'll have to dispatch a good many bears, Willie, if you continue to live in Canada, and you can't get in your practice-work too soon. Give me your shot-gun. Aim for the butt of his ear, and you can't miss."

So, greatly delighted, I rested the heavy rifle against the side of a sapling, took very careful aim and pulled the trigger, when down tumbled Bruin a good deal quicker than he went up. Then, while I yelled like a young Indian, the wise old dog stretched himself out for a nap and took no further notice of the proceedings.

The bear was a very big fellow, fat as a prize pig, and weighed more than three hundred pounds dressed. He had already begun to grow his winter coat of fur, which, although yet short, was glossy black: and, from having fattened on such delicate food, the meat proved unusually good eating. *W Thomson.*

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## THISTLEDOWN.

THISTLEDOWN, thistledown, where do you float,
Hither and yon, like a fairy queen's boat?
Take me to ride in your shallop, I pray—
I'm light as the air, I'm so happy to-day!

*James Buckham.*

# SHUBAEL'S THANKSGIVING BEAR.

*(A True Story.)*

ON Thanksgiving morning, in the town of Hawley, Massachusetts, one hundred years ago, Mr. John Stratton and his family were eating their early Thanksgiving breakfast when a man came riding into the door-yard. Mr. Stratton hurried out to find the cause of this morning call, and his son Shubael, who was ten years old, went scrambling after him.

"Something has been bothering my sheep for a week or more," said the visitor, Mr. Aaron Baird. "Last night I lost one of my best lambs. I hate to ask my neighbors to go off hunting on Thanksgiving Day, but maybe it would be the best thing to do for us all."

"I am ready to go," replied John Stratton. "I've got a good flock of sheep of my own. Is it a bear?"

"Probably. Be at my house by seven. Don't let the boy come."

Mr. Aaron Baird rode on as fast as he could to the next house, half-a-mile away. Mr. Stratton and Shubael went back to their breakfast.

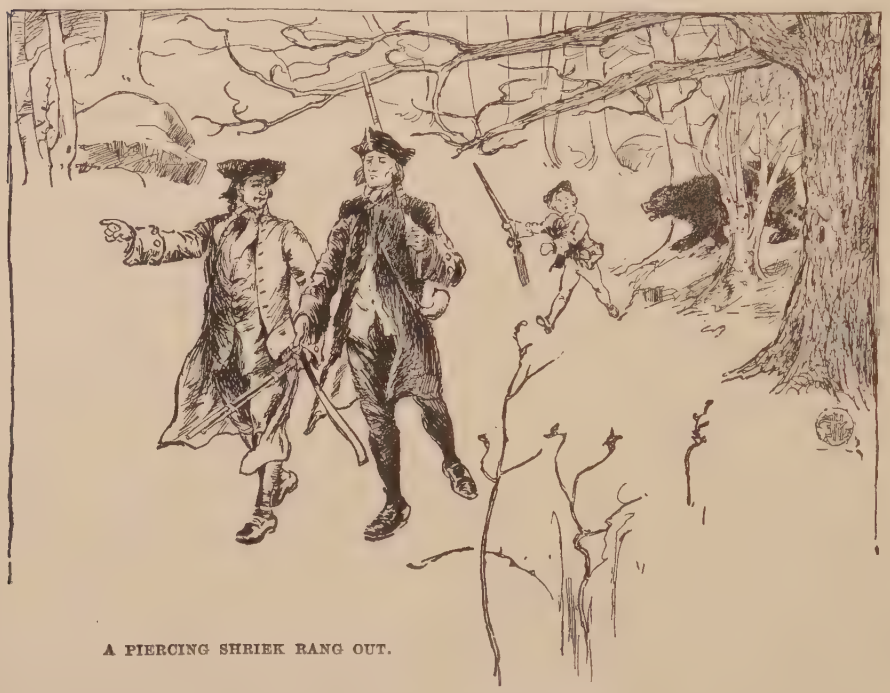
Little Shubael was the only one left of five children. It wasn't strange that he had become what is called a "spoiled child" He liked his own way, and he generally managed to get it.

Nowadays, it is properly considered unsafe for a boy ten years old to have a gun. In the wild days of a century ago, in New England, however, all boys, as soon as they became strong enough, had to learn to use firearms. Shubael had his own small gun and could shoot well with it. Therefore his face fell when Mr. Baird said, "Don't let the boy come." He had no idea of being shut out

from that bear-hunt, for he had never taken part in anything so exciting.

"I think Mr. Baird is mean," he whined, when his father had told his mother the news. "I can help as much as anybody. I beat all the boys at the last muster, in target-shooting. I want to go." And he kept on teasing in this way, until finally his father let him go.

Six men were ready to start out on the hunt at seven o'clock.



A PIERCING SHRIEK RANG OUT.

None of them had brought their boys with them except Mr. Stratton, though several had boys older than Shubael. Mr. Noah Cooley, Mr. Jonas Rice and Mr. Phineas Scott looked at the child darkly; but Shubael was in great spirits. He boasted that he would soon kill the bear if he could only get a "sight" on him.

Under the leadership of Aaron Baird, the little party moved cautiously across the open field behind the sheep-barn, following the trail of the bear. For awhile this was not hard, as there was a light snow on the ground in which the bear's tracks and the blood from the poor lamb showed plainly. In the patch of woods just beyond, it was

more difficult. Soon even the dogs became confused. There was talk of separating into two parties; but a mass of wool on a twig assured them they were on the right trail, so they pressed forward.

All of this time they were careful to keep Shubael well behind them, feeling that the rear was the safest place.

Suddenly the forest rang with a piercing shriek. Then the men, looking back, saw that Shubael had disappeared. They knew in a moment that they had passed the ambush of the bear, that Shubael had loitered, and that the bear had come out and seized him. Running back a few steps they beheld him in its clutches. It was a great, powerful bear, and it had fastened its jaws firmly into poor little Shubael's thigh.

Aaron Baird's gun was at his shoulder in an instant; but John Stratton cried, "Don't shoot! You will hit the boy!"

Poor Shubael, bleeding and terrified, was uttering the most heart-rending cries. But fully two minutes passed before anybody could think what to do. Then Captain Simeon Crittenden, his axe in his hand, stepped forward. He was a very brave, strong man. With one mighty swing of his great arms, he drove the heavy blade into the bear's head. The creature gave a screech of pain and rage, let go his hold, and bounded away. Some of the men pursued him and finished him. The rest made a hasty litter, and after roughly binding up Shubael's leg, placed him upon it and bore him to Mr. Baird's house, while a messenger was despatched to Cummington, nine miles away, for a doctor.

For weeks poor little Shubael hovered between life and death; but he was cured at last. And the quaint old record tells us, "He never cared to hunt bears afterward."

It is worth knowing that the physician who pulled poor Shubael through his illness was Dr. John Bryant, a famous physician in his days, and the father of our revered poet, the author of "Thanatopsis" and "The Death of the Flowers."

Poor Shubael! He had a pretty sad Thanksgiving — and so did his father and mother. Indeed, none of the townspeople could quite enjoy their Thanksgiving dinner, knowing of poor little Shubael Stratton's plight.

*Kate Upson Clark.*

# NELLIE OGG AND HER GOATS.

## Chapter II. — Nellie's Island.

NELLIE was the goat-herd. It was her daily duty to take the three goats to safe pasturage and see that they did not stray into the wild solitary hills, or too far up the glens. They often spent a whole day far away on the moor; the goats cropping, while Nellie sat by with her knitting, stopping at high noon to eat a bit of oat cake she had brought in her pouch.

But the pasturage the goats liked best was on the little island in the small lake. There had once been a big stone castle on this island. But it had long ago tumbled apart, and the stones lay in high heaps, and the sweet juicy grasses grew abundantly all over them. Goats are sure-footed, and like nothing better than to scramble up high steep places for their food, and Jock and Maisie after a caper or two would scurry up to the highest and dizziest spot and begin to crop.

In order to get on to the island a crazy old drawbridge had to be crossed. It was so old and broken there were only a few cracked beams left, with a bit of flooring here and there; and nobody but light-footed Nellie Ogg and her sure-footed goats ever thought of crossing it.

But Nellie knew every weak spot and skipped across lightly and fearlessly, with Jock skipping at her heels and Maisie skipping behind Jock, while Old Janet brought up the rear, walking soberly as became a goat of her years. Then Nellie took out Daddy's sock and fell to knitting; the goats fell to feeding; and, for a time, no sound was heard but their soft cropping.

Far to the west Nellie could see the great White Mount, its top covered with snow almost the year round. She often dropped her knitting to look at it and wonder. She wondered to see the blue shadows chase each other over it; wondered to see the black storm clouds settle down upon it and hide its brightness; wondered to see how the setting sun stained its white snows a lovely pink.

When the goats had cropped their fill they came to lie down and

chew their cud by Nellie's side. Jock snuggled close to her. Maisie lay just behind Jock. Old Janet settled herself a little further off, winking and blinking at thought of the pleasure at hand. For at these times Nellie told them stories; and if you think they did not understand, I can only say that it was Nellie's belief that her goats understood every word.

ON THE ISLAND

Nellie had a whole library of stories laid up in her head. For on winter evenings when the peat fire burned bright, and the door was closed, and the shutter put over the small window, and the smoke was so thick Nellie could hardly see the rushlight on Mammy's little spinning wheel or the red light in Daddy's pipe — at such times it was Daddy's and Mammy's habit to tell stories.

In the next two chapters shall be one of Daddy's stories which Nellie often related to the goats as she sat knitting on the island.

*Frank Pope Humphrey.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# HOW THE ORANGE GROWS

THIS is the way the orange grows,
The orange grows,
Out in the sun by the wall:
First there's a dear little, white little bud,
(O, why is the tree so tall?)
First there's a dear little, white little bud,
Then there's a dear little flower
That smells and smells, as it swells and swells,
Growing bigger every hour;
Then bye and bye — Yes, bye and bye —
There's a funny hard green ball,
Too small to eat, too young to be sweet,
That hangs on the tree by the wall.

This is the way that the funny ball,
The funny ball,
Grows to be large and round:
It hangs a-swing by a soft stem-string,
(We wish it would drop to the ground!)
It hangs a-swing by a soft stem-string,
On the tree with thick leaves bright,
While it swells and swells, as it smells and smells
As if surely fit to bite.
Then bye and bye — Yes, bye and bye —
We hear a dropping sound!
And there it lies, before our eyes,
Yellow, and big, and round.

*Estelle Thomson.*

A LESSON IN KINDNESS. (*From painting by Robert Little, A. R. W. S.*)

# THE WHIRLING GLOBE.

*All the Children in all the World.*

I. — THE "LITTLE TURKIES."

THE Rodman children were two — Rob and Rosette — and the two were twins.

Whatever Rob liked his sister liked too, and whatever Rosette disliked Rob felt bound to dislike also.

The fall after the summer they were seven both began to study geography, but before Thanksgiving Rosette declared she hated the book, with its maps, all hard words, and straight lines, and crooked lines, and wiggly lines for rivers.

So of course Rob hated the study too, and one Saturday the twins tore their geographies into small pieces, leaf by leaf, and made a bonfire of them in the back yard.

Papa Rodman and Mama Rodman were shocked. They felt that such a dreadful deed called for severe punishment. Papa Rodman actually brought a little riding-whip from the stable.

At that point Professor Jo came in. Professor Jo was Mama Rodman's brother. He was just home from a couple years' travel and study abroad, after graduating from Harvard, where he was now assistant instructor in history. The family, first in fun, then from habit, had come to call him the Professor, or Professor Jo, or even Prof. Jo, for short.

Professor Jo said, "Turn the twins over to me."

And after some persuasion Papa Rodman hung up the riding-whip, and — never took it down again! For soon after — it was on Thanksgiving Day — he had a pleasant surprise.

At breakfast, the twins marched in abreast, bearing their iron safe-banks. At Papa Rodman's right hand Rob poured out the contents of his bank, and Rosette did the same at his left.

Papa Rodman looked at the two piles of ones and fives and silver tens, then at the twins.

"Please, papa," said Rob, holding his head up bravely, "we want you to buy us some new geographies."

"Why," exclaimed Papa Rodman, "I thought you both hated geography, and were never to study it any more!"

"Well, we did, but we don't now," replied Rob.

"No, we like it now," said Rosette.

But this is getting ahead of the story — the story of "the whirling globe."

A few days after the bonfire, a big box came by express to the Rodman house. The Professor unpacked it, and then called the twins. By the bay window in the library stood a great sphere, which slowly revolved when the Professor touched it.

"Why," cried the disappointed Rob, "it's all over maps, like a round geography."

"True," smiled Professor Jo, "that's what it is, a round map that shows the homes of all the children in all the world."

"UP THERE," WENT ON THE PROFESSOR.

At this the twins turned quickly toward the globe as if expecting to see children running about all over it.

"Up there," went on the Professor, pointing with a pencil, "live the children that wear furs; down here the children that go naked; and over there the tiny black pigmy children whose papas and mamas are no taller than you are; and there —"

"Tell us about them," cried Rob.

"About every one of them," added Rosette.

"All right! but only one at a time. Now I will point," said Professor Jo, holding his pencil steadily before him, "and you whirl the globe, and I will tell you about the children the pencil points at when the globe stops."

CONSTANTINOPLE, FROM THE BOSPHORUS.

The globe was whirled, and the twins waited breathless for it to stop. Slower and slower it turned, to the last revolution. Then the two crowded close and read, "Constantinople!"

"The capital of Turkey — where the 'little Turkies' live," remarked the Professor.

"The 'little Turkies'!" echoed Rob and Rosette.

"To be sure — the people are called Turks, and why shouldn't the children be called 'little Turkies'? — especially so near Thanksgiving," added the Professor with a sly smile that always made the twins laugh. "Constantinople," continued Professor Jo, "was a great city centuries before the little tribe of Tartars that grew to be Turkey came to that region. It was called 'the jewel of the world on the ring of nations,' because it was a splendid city and splendidly set on the Bosphorus at the meeting-point of great seas and continents.

"But though much younger than its capital, Turkey is quite a grown-up nation," went on the Professor; "it has had hundreds of birthdays since — "

"Do nations have birthdays?" broke in Rob.

"Certainly. Don't you know that our nation's birthday falls on July Fourth, and that it has had nearly a hundred and twenty? Turkey has had about six hundred birthdays, for Turkey really began to grow away back at the end of the thirteenth century — or thirteen hundred years after the Christ-Child was born, and brought the first Christmas — that was the year one, as we reckon time now."

"And did Turkey have a 'Father of his Country,' like Washington?" asked Rosette.

"Yes; and his name was Othman; Black Othman he was called. The true Turk, however, is usually light, with fair hair and blue eyes. Othman was the first sultan or ruler, and the thirty-four sultans that have ruled the six hundred years since, down to this day, have every one been his descendants. The last sultan is very many times a great-great-grandchild of Black Othman.

"The first three hundred years, Turkey, or the Ottoman Empire, so named after Othman, grew fast. The Turks were terrible fighters and conquered other countries and peoples, till in the days of the great sultan, Suleyman the Magnificent, the empire stretched from the Persian Gulf in Asia west to the Atlantic" — here Professor Jo pointed with his pencil — "and from the Danube in Europe to the Falls of the Nile in Africa.

SULEYMAN THE MAGNIFICENT.

"Suleyman's father, Selim the Grim, conquered Egypt, and the Caliph of Cairo surrendered to him the mantle and banner of the Prophet Mohammed, and all the sultans since have also borne the title of Caliph, as head of the Mohammedan religion, for the Turks are all Mohammedans. The banner and other relics of Mohammed are still preserved in the sultan's treasure-house at Constantinople — they are twice as old as Turkey.

"During the three hundred years since Suleyman's day," went on the Professor, "Turkey has been growing weaker and smaller. The conquered countries have one by one regained their independence, or been taken from Turkey by her enemies, till now only a quarter of Suleyman's empire remains."

"Poor Turkey," said Rosette.

"Turkey still has vast territory in Asia and a good bit in Europe, and she has the wonderful city of Constantinople with its glittering minarets and domes, rising above the bright blue Bosphorus and pierced by the shining waters of the Golden Horn," said Professor Jo. "But these fighting Turks have always been as cruel as they were brave, and so, Rosette, it is better as it is.

"The Mohammedan or Moslem religion is not a religion of peace but of the sword. The Moslems would like to destroy every dog of

a misbeliever,' as they call Christians and all who do not follow the Prophet. Turkish history is a history of dark deeds. There are even such monuments of cruelty in the Turkish Empire as towers of human skulls. After a rebellion in Servia, one of their European provinces, not a hundred years ago, the Turks cut off the heads of their Christian prisoners, men, women and children, and built them

BRIDGE ACROSS THE GOLDEN HORN, WHERE PASS THE PEOPLE OF ALL NATIONS.

up with mortar into a tower. There used to be such towers, only bigger, by the gates of one of the old palaces of the sultans.

"And yet the terrible Turk, who will cut off the heads of Christians by thousands, is polite and gentle in his family, is kind to animals, would not harm a fly, and is fond of a bright flower and a little child."

"O yes," cried Rob, "the 'little Turkies' — tell about them!"

But just then the tea-bell rang.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*Charles Stuart Pratt.*

IN VACATION DAYS.

# VELASQUEZ.

VELASQUEZ.
(*Painted by himself.*)

THE Spanish court in 1623 must have had a very youthful air, for the royal family was then a family of boys and girls.

The king, Philip IV., was only eighteen, though he had been crowned two years before. His young queen was Isabel, the lovely curly-haired daughter of Henry IV. of France. The king's brothers, Don Carlos and Don Fernando, were seventeen and thirteen; and besides there was Dona Maria, the sister, who later became Queen of Hungary.

To this youthful court, in the spring of that year, 1623, came the young painter Velasquez, himself only twenty-four.

Velasquez was introduced by a friend who held official place at the palace, and whose portrait he had painted on reaching Madrid. This portrait so pleased Philip IV., who cared more for books and pictures than for ruling in public affairs — who even painted pictures himself — that he commissioned Velasquez to paint his own portrait.

This royal portrait was a great success. The king was delighted. The Infantes Carlos and Fernando (a Spanish prince is called an "Infante") and the great Duke Olivarez (who really ruled the kingdom) declared "the king's portrait had never been painted before." So that fall Velasquez was appointed court painter, and commanded to remove with his family to Madrid.

PEASANT BOY, LAUGHING.

Diego de Silva y Velasquez was born, and had lived till now, in Seville. At thirteen, he was learning to paint with Herrera, the great professor of the art at that time. Herrera, however, was a man of bad manners and bad temper, and Velasquez remained with him only a year, but in that year he learned how to teach himself. Herrera set him to making "cook-shop studies" — meat, fish, melons, pots and

pans — and he learned to see everything in the object before him, form, texture, color, and to paint exactly what he saw.

HEAD OF CHILD.
(*Probably the Infante Balthasar Charles.*)

At fourteen, Velasquez went to the painter Pacheco, who left him very much to himself. He now began to study the human figure, and for that purpose hired a peasant boy — and "put him through his paces." He posed him in every posture and made his face assume every expression, he made him laugh and made him cry. In this way the one peasant boy took the place of a great variety of models, and by this method Velasquez trained himself to become a great portrait painter.

Velasquez remained with Pacheco ten years; he married his master's daughter; and when they removed to Madrid there were two little girls in the Velasquez family.

The next triumph of Velasquez at the Spanish court was a picture of Philip IV. on his royal steed. The king expressed his satisfaction by a gift of money, a permanent pension, a grant of residence in the palace, and by ordering a public exhibition of the picture in the open street.

THE INFANTE BALTHASAR CHARLES IN ARMOR.

Not long after, the king commanded a competition between the greatest painters of Spain. The king himself gave the subject, which was "The Expulsion of the

Moors" — the great event of his father's reign. The verdict of the judges was for the painting by Velasquez, and he rose still higher in the favor of the king — who now bestowed upon him the further office of "Usher of the Royal Chamber."

Velasquez was now brought into close and constant contact with

THE VELASQUEZ FAMILY.

the king, and became a trusted favorite. He had a studio in the palace, to which the king had a private key. Philip IV. was very fond of seeing himself on canvas, and it would seem that whenever the affairs of state left him free he went to the studio to be painted.

Indeed, in the thirty-seven years during which Velasquez was court painter, he made some forty portraits of the king: head, half-length, full-length and equestrian, in hunting costume, in court dress, in armor, robed for state occasions, and even at prayer — and he painted them all with such fidelity to truth that Philip IV., so far as appearance goes, is to-day the best-known king of history.

A story is told of the king which illustrates the vivid realism Velasquez acquired from his early still-life and peasant-boy studies. The king had ordered Admiral Pareja to sea, but some time after, on entering the palace studio, he saw the Admiral, as he supposed, standing in a dark corner, and exclaimed sternly, "What! still here?" He discovered presently, however, that he had addressed, not the guilty admiral, but only his innocent portrait which Velasquez had just painted.

In 1629, when Velasquez was thirty, he went to Italy for a year or two, to study the works of the old Italian masters, especially Raphael and Michael Angelo. In Rome he was treated with great distinction, being lodged and entertained, by order of the Pope, in the palace of the Vatican, and given access at all hours to the art-treasures of the city.

THE INFANTA MARIA THERESA.

Meantime a little prince was born, the Infante Balthasar Charles, and Velasquez was called back to Madrid to paint his portrait.

Nothing is known of that first baby picture, but as the baby grew to boyhood he was painted many times, and these portraits of the little prince are among the most interesting of Velasquez's pictures. One is a chubby head set in a stiff white collar; one is in burnished plate armor; more picturesque still are several equestrian portraits.

In one of these romantic pictures, the little cavalier comes galloping across a breezy plain, with blue snow-capped mountains in the distance; he wears a coat of black velvet, rich with embroidery and crossed by a crimson sash with flying ends, top-boots, white lace collar, black hat and feather; and with his bright face and proud air he looks every inch a prince. But the brave Infante Balthasar Charles, alas, never came to the Spanish throne — he died of small-pox, in Saragossa, when only seventeen.

Soon after his return from Italy, Velasquez painted a picture which gives us a glimpse of his own large family. In the centre stand two charming little boys; at their right an older brother, the elder of the two sisters who were born in Seville, her husband, and an unknown man; at the boys' right is their mother and two chubby younger brothers; in an alcove beyond is a baby held in leading-strings by the nurse and reaching out her hands to Velasquez himself, who is painting; on the wall in the middle background is a portrait of the king, and on a table below a marble bust of the queen.

THE INFANTA MARGARITA.

When the Infante Balthasar Charles was towards ten, his sister Maria Theresa was born. There is a queer pleasing portrait of the Infanta which Velasquez painted when she was a girl; a slight figure with long fluffy flaxen hair, clad in a striped gown distended by enormous hoops — looking in fact as if, after the fashion of country girls, she had been whirling round and was just settling toward the floor in the act of "making cheeses."

Maria Theresa was a gentle child, and grew up a good woman. She became the queen of that great but not very good king of France, Louis XIV. When Louis was away at war, the people used to say, "The king is fighting, and the queen is praying."

More charming, though less quaint, are Velasquez's portraits of the

Infanta Margarita, who was born when Maria Theresa was just entering her "teens." There is a lovely full-length of Margarita as a short-haired baby-girl, in a light embroidered dress, one hand on a low table with a vase of flowers, the other holding a fan.

Margarita is also the central figure in one of Velasquez's most famous paintings, called "The Maids of Honor," in which one of the maids is bending the knee to offer the little Royal Highness a cup of water. At one side are the court dwarfs and a dog, and among the figures at the back is Velasquez himself.

The charming little Margarita became Empress of Austria, and she was the grandmother and great-grandmother of two very famous queens — the great Maria Theresa of Austria, and the unhappy Marie Antoinette of France who was beheaded in the French Revolution.

In 1648 Velasquez again went to Italy, to purchase paintings for his art-loving king, and to secure statuary and other art-work for an academy of painting and sculpture which Philip IV. desired to found.

Just before going to Italy he had painted his great historic war-picture called "The Lances," and after his return, though generally engaged as before on portraits of the royal family and the grandees of the court, he produced several famous canvasses, including "The Tapestry Weavers" and "The Maids of Honor" already mentioned.

The king was especially pleased with the latter. "There is one thing lacking, though," he exclaimed, and seizing a brush, dipped it in red, and with his own royal hand painted in on the figure of Velasquez the cross of Santiago, which was the symbol of knighthood. That was his kingly way of bestowing the great honor.

Through a third of a century Velasquez had been growing great and famous. As court painter and friend of the king, he was constantly receiving fresh honors. He now had charge of the furnishings and decorations of the palace, and it was in the exercise of this office that, in the spring of 1660, he fitted up the gorgeous pavilion on the Isle of Pheasants in the Bidasoa river between Spain and France, for the meeting of the two courts at the marriage of the Infanta Maria Theresa and Louis XIV.

There he contracted a fever, and on the sixth of August the great Spanish painter passed away.

*C. P Stuart.*

# TWO VERY BAD BOYS.

THEY MAKE A DREADFUL PLAN

THEY CARRY IT OUT.

THEY WAIT FOR THE RESULT

THEY ENJOY IT GREATLY.

IT SUCCEEDS TOO WELL.

# NELLIE OGG AND HER GOATS.

CHAPTER III.—NELLIE'S STORY OF THE BABY THAT LIVED WITH THE PIGLETS.

HEN Baby was not quite two, he was playing by his mother's cottage one sunny summer's day. She was busily washing at the back, coming to look now and then to see that he was all right. Though there was not the least thing in the world to harm him, she thought, unless he should run away and fall into the brook that came down the glen to join the big river.

And, in fact, the brook was the cause of all the mischief.

For an old thirsty boar that lived far up the glen, remembering the excellent water in this brook, was on his way down that very morning to drink of it. At the same time Baby, finding the sun warm and the world interesting and his mother not at hand to stop him, concluded to travel a bit.

THE BOAR MADE OFF WITH HIM.

So off he started, and trotted on and on, till below him he saw the shining water of the brook, and heard its silvery voice calling to him.

At that, he trotted on still faster and right behind a rowan tree met the old boar. The boar, without so much as a "by your leave," caught up Baby in his wide mouth and made off with him.

Meantime his mother, in her haste to finish the washing in time to prepare dinner, waited a little longer than usual to see whether Baby was all right. When she did look she could not see him at all. When Baby's father came in there was no dinner ready, and Baby's mother was running distractedly up and down the brookside calling for her child.

By that time the old boar was far away up the glen, running as fast as he could for the hills where his family lived in a cave. Baby was greatly surprised, though not alarmed, at this singular way of traveling. It was a topsy-turvy way. Sometimes his head was uppermost and sometimes his feet.

BABY AT THE PIGLETS' HOME.

But the old boar held him gently, and Baby held by the boar's ear, and kept himself tolerably upright part of the time. He never had ridden so fast in his life. In fact he had never ridden at all except on his father's knee.

When they arrived at the family cave, the old boar tossed him to his family of piglets and said with a grunt: "Here, children, is a fine fat morsel for you!"

But he had forgotten that his piglets had not yet cut their teeth, and could not have eaten the finest, fattest morsel in the world. The old pig-mother had stepped out to call on a neighbor, and was not there to explain the fact to him.

Now the piglets cared a great deal more for play than they did for eating just then, and were charmed to have a new playmate.

They at once began to frolic with him; to tumble him over and over and roll him about; to knead him with their pink little snouts just as cook kneads her bread; to play leap-frog over him; as for Baby, he laughed and grabbed at their little pink ears and tails, and said "goo! goo!" and "bonnie wee doo!" just as he had heard Mammy say when she played with him.

"Quee! quee! quee!" cried the piglets all the time, in great satisfaction.

When the old pig-mother came home she did not pay the least attention to this new member of the family, but acted as though it had its usual number; though if she had ever been to school and learned to count she might have seen that it had increased by one during her absence. But she only said as usual:

"It's high time little pigs were asleep! off with you!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*Frank Pope Humphrey.*

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## GROWING.

A LITTLE rain, and a little sun,
And a little pearly dew,
And a pushing-up and a reaching-out,
Then leaves and tendrils all about;
Ah, that's the way the flowers grow,
Don't you know?

A little work, and a little play,
And lots of quiet sleep;
A cheerful heart, and a sunny face,
And lessons learned, and things in place —
Ah, that's the way the children grow,
Don't you know?

*Annie Isabel Willis.*

# NEW-YEAR'S WISHES.

I wish you best of health!
I'd <u>like</u> to wish you wealth,
But as I know it's true
That every one of you
One third of all this year
Will <u>barefoot</u> go — I fear
That doesn't look like wealth.
In sickness or in health,
In weather cold or hot
Grown up or little tot,
Eight hours in twenty-four,
Some less and some yet more,
Must barefoot go —

in bed!
Bless each dear sleepy head!

F. Bridgman

# THE "LITTLE SPOTTED TIGERS."

*(Great Cats I Have Met.)*

HEAD OF OCELOT.

A FEW days after our adventure with the jaguar, little Manuel and I went off by ourselves on a bird-hunt along the western ledge of his father's plantation. The forest itself was woven too thick with parasitic vines for sportsmen to penetrate it.

We got some grouse for the table, and some toucans for "specimens," and then sat down to rest under a clump of tree-ferns whose gigantic fronds furnished a perfect shade.

Here we had lain for perhaps half an hour, when a swarm of monkeys, driven into concealment by our firing, re-assembled in the near tree-tops and began to frisk about.

We sat for a time watching their comical gambols, when suddenly their joyous chatter changed to cries, and their actions showed that some catastrophe had occurred. Numbers of them ran threateningly down the clinging vines nearly to the ground; then, as if seeing some sight of horror, they scurried aloft again, shrieking.

Suspecting that a lurking puma had caught one of them, we peered in among the undergrowth, but saw nothing.

The next moment we heard, seemingly not ten yards away, a sort of rending noise, also a confused murmur of growls and purrs, louder but much like the sounds uttered by a domestic cat in devouring a mouse.

Sure now that we were within a few feet of a jaguar or a puma, I lay down, gun in hand, to worm myself into the forest. I motioned little Manuel to remain where he was. With a flash of his dark eyes he placed himself beside me.

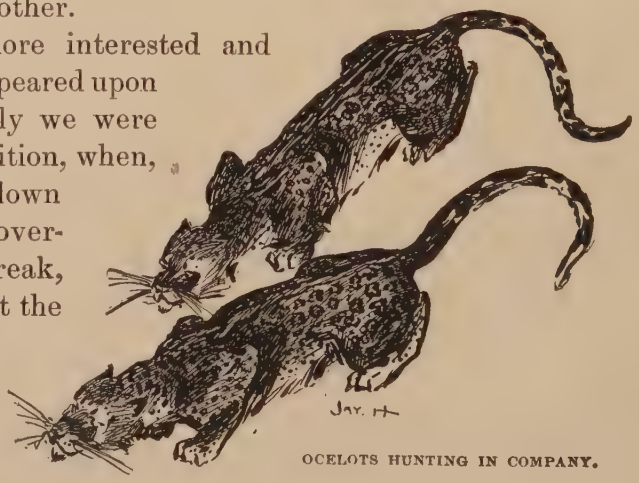
'Twas no time for argument, besides I kn w that as we could not advance abreast the boy would be shielded by my own body.

Noiselessly, one following the other, we drew ourselves along the soft black ground, continually hearing that curious double murmur which seemed as if it could not be produced by a single animal.

After going about twenty-five feet, I found myself coming to a lighter spot where a lately-fallen tree had cleared a narrow lane. Peeping out of my thick cover, I saw a sight which, notwithstanding its horror, was so extremely pretty that I did not shoot at once, but waited for little Manuel to bring his head even with mine. Then we gazed admiringly upon two creatures of surpassing beauty; a pair of spotted ocelots, nose to nose, were stretched out on the tree-trunk devouring a large monkey, lying between them, and amicably purring over their feast, though sometimes, when one seemed to be getting more than its share, the other would hit it an admonitory cuff.

For a full minute we watched the lovely animals. They were not five yards from us, but their scenting powers were too much blunted by the odor of their feast to detect our presence. Then I quietly signaled Manuel to take the one on his side, while I would secure the other.

But another actor, more interested and less tardy than we, now appeared upon the scene; very cautiously we were bringing our guns into position, when, like a flash, there shot down from the tangled maze overhead a black and orange streak, wound its lower end about the ocelot at which I was about to fire, lifted it partly up, and in less than one moment the beautiful little cat was wholly enwrapped in the whirling coils of a huge boa!



OCELOTS HUNTING IN COMPANY.

Its mate, as if fascinated, never tried to escape, but remained on the log, piteously mewing.

We, too, were bewildered, but when the great serpent rolled off

the log with its prey, I whispered Manuel to shoot the uninjured ocelot and I would dispose of the boa.

Our rifle barrels cracked simultaneously, and then my gallant little

ANOTHER ACTOR APPEARED UPON THE SCENE.

comrade, hitherto so self-contained, went half wild over our good luck. He could hardly be toned down enough to assist in taking the pelts of the cats and in measuring the boa — thirteen feet the serpent was!

There are two varieties of the ocelot in Brazil, the plain grey and the spotted. Ours were full-grown specimens of the latter kind, called by native hunters, "the little spotted tiger," in contradiction to the jaguar, which is known as "the great tiger." This ocelot, a great climber and exceedingly bloodthirsty, is about two thirds as large as the hunting leopard of India. Ours were about four feet long, but the tail alone measured twenty-five inches. Their standing height was about nineteen inches.

This singularly beautiful cat is truly leopard-like in its habits, and it is as much at home among the tree-tops as are the monkeys themselves, though it does not often capture one of these — its favorite dainty — in fair show, but by lying in wait among the bushes.

As to their color, I was reminded a little of our own tortoise-shell cats, the fur a fawn-tinted, being broken up by blotches and bands of very deep fawn, edged with black. A continuous line of black runs along the spine. The rather small ears are black, but on the back of each, near its base, is a little disk of pure white, characteristic, I think, of no other member of the cat family.

When we got home with our trophies, Senhor Rinaldo gave some of his slaves permission to go out and bring in the skin of the boa, with so much of the underlying fat as they chose to strip off, the oil tried out from this being considered by the Indians of Brazil a sovereign remedy for various diseases.

*W. Thomson.*

PITEOUSLY MEWING.

# BOCKERS.

### CHAPTER II.—THE QUARREL.

BOCKERS and Peggy had quarreled. They had not spoken to each other for a week. Sallie, Bockers' mother's servant, said it was a "blessed relief," and she hoped they wouldn't "make up." As for the boys, they wanted to be friends, but Bockers wasn't going to "speak first," and Peggy wasn't, either.

The quarrel was about the dog. As soon as Bockers found he would be allowed to keep it, he wanted to name it. They tried Jack, Fido, Rover, Spot and a great many more which Peggy declared were genuine, but which Bockers suspected him of inventing.

Then Peggy suggested, "Sport."

"Why?" said Bockers.

"'Cause we were having sport when we found him."

"I'm going to call him Dave," said Bockers suddenly.

"Why?" asked Peggy.

"'Cause he was hit with a stone."

"Aw," said Peggy scornfully, "David wasn't hit."

"I don't care if he wasn't, I'm going to call him Dave," said Bockers, deeply offended at having his knowledge of the Bible story called in question.

"Aw, what a name for a dog!" said Peggy. "I'd call him Goliar, if I was you."

"He's Dave," said Bockers. "Come here, Dave!"

As the dog limped towards him Peggy suddenly thought of something.

"We'll christen him," said he, and before Bockers could prevent he had the dog by the neck, and had dipped him head-over-heels into the horse-trough at the corner.

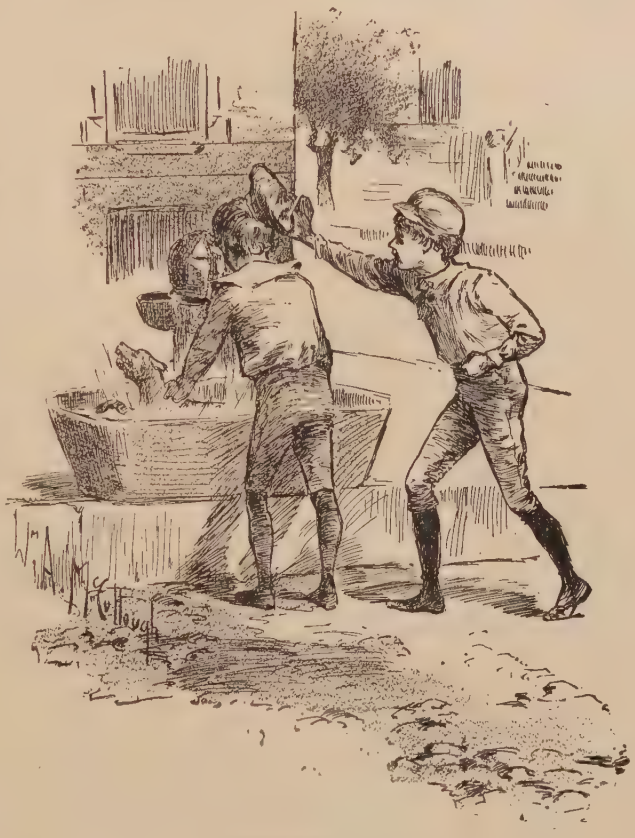
Bockers was furious. He snatched Peggy's cap, threw it into the water, and would have settled the matter with fisticuffs had not Peggy dropped the dog who shook himself and sneezed and limped until he presented such a pitiful spectacle that Bockers allowed Peggy to go

unpunished for the present, and started to take his shivering pet home.

Sallie objected to let the dripping dog in. "Over my nice clean floor, that I've just scrubbed! It's too bad of you, Bockers, and I'll tell your mother."

"It wasn't me, 'twas Peggy, Sallie."

"Well, the dog sha'n't come in," said Sallie. Sallie hated Peggy and worshipped Bockers, though both were chased with loud words and not unfrequently a broomstick when they ventured into her kitchen. She had lived with the family ever since Bockers was a baby, and his father being away much of the time and his mother almost an invalid, she "had more rights than most servants," as Bockers explained to Peggy who often tried to convince him that "their girl" was "the hatefullest old thing that ever lived."



CHRISTENING DAVE.

To Sallie's astonishment Peggy did not appear that afternoon, nor the next, nor the next. Her curiosity got the better of her, and the next time Bockers came in she asked, "What's become of that boy? Not that I care. 'Twouldn't be much loss if he didn't never turn up. Is he sick, or dead, or what?"

Bockers felt a twinge. Peggy might be sick or dead. He had not been to school for two days. He went out and down the street. He

wouldn't call at Peggy's house, but he would go down there and look about. He went on till he came in sight of Peggy's house. A carriage stood in front of the door. Bockers recognized the old-fashioned gig of Dr. Joe. Peggy must be sick. Oh! how could he forgive himself, if Peggy were sick.

He went up to the colored boy who held the reins. "Who's sick here?" he asked.

"I dunno. Little girl, I specs. Yah!"

Now next to Peggy himself Bockers loved Peggy's little sister Bessie. He loved her lots more than Peggy did, he often said. As Bockers stood gazing at the house, the door opened, and Dr. Joe came out. Bockers intercepted him. "Please, sir, is Bessie awful bad?" he inquired.

"Eh, what? who are you? get out of the road!" said Dr. Joe, nearly knocking Bockers down in his haste to get to his carriage, and not answering the question.

FRIENDS AGAIN.

Just then the basement door opened and Peggy came out. He carried a bottle in his hand, and his head drooped when he saw Bockers. His eyes were red and swollen. Bockers went up to him. "Oh! Peggy," said he, "don't! she'll get well. There, give *me* the bottle and let *me* go."

Peggy broke down instantly, and rushing toward Bockers just cried on his shoulder. In a minute he swallowed down his sobs and lifted his head. Then he and Bockers went down the street walking fast, and Bockers' arm was round his neck.

"Just my luck!" said Peggy to himself that night as he undressed. "I've made it up with Bockers, but he'n I can't have no fun, with Bessie sick! There's always something to upset a fellow."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*Margaret Compton.*

# The Sunshine Corner

"SUNSHINE corner indeed!" I said to myself, standing in our backyard.

For there were the children sitting on the dry leaves they had heaped up for cushions; and there was Miss Myrtle's smiling face looking over the fence as she sat on the bit of a seat on the other side, and there was the scarlet woodbine dropping from the tree above her, and everywhere the brightness of the bright October day.

Miss Myrtle had found that the children's faces grew sunny when a story was of good done, and cloudy when it told of wrong. This was why she asked them to tell of pleasant incidents.

The smallest thing told that day was of a little girl who stooped down in the wet to tie the shoe of a lady who had her umbrella in one hand and two bags in the other. And surely that kind of thing happening to me would have made me smile all over my face!

One of the children, who had been away on a visit, told of a pleasant little happening which was told to her by her grown-up Cousin Maria.

Her Cousin Maria went out to get some golden-rod and asters and red vines and bright leaves, "because she likes to make things pleasant in the house," the child said.

"Cousin Maria was walking quite slowly," the child went on, "for the road was up-hill, and right across the road from her was a woman carrying a heavy basket of potatoes with a funny-shaped bundle on the top, all points and corners, in a blue checked handkerchief. She stooped over some, because she was tired and the basket was heavy, and her face looked distressed.

"Pretty soon a smart boy came hop-skipping up the hill, whistling

'Peek-a-boo!' and 'Annie Rooney,' and other things in a kind of medley-whistle, and the woman had worked for his mother, and her name was Connors; and he said to her, 'See, Mrs. Connors, I've got muscle!' and took hold of his arm where the muscle grows, and caught up her basket, and carried it all the way to her house for her. Cousin Maria kept along with them. He set the basket down and away he went, heels over head, and then jumped a stone wall, and went across a field, for he had come to get some bright leaves for his mother.

"Cousin Maria was wondering what could be in that funny-looking bundle. Ever so many children ran out, and what do you guess was in it? Parts of chickens and turkeys, given to her at the hotel where she had been working! When Cousin Maria was walking away she looked back, and the little Connorses were sitting on the doorsteps, and on the fence, and on the grass, every one with a wing, or a leg, or a neck, eating off the good meat; and some found wishbones and hollered about it.

"But what Cousin Maria took most notice of, she said, was the woman's face when the boy took the basket; and when she thanked him, as he left her, her face was all over beaming with pleasure, and Cousin Maria said that just as likely as not that boy's kindness lighted up that woman's labors for all the rest of the day.

"When Cousin Maria was working for the Fair, she found out something pleasant about the boy's home, and she is going to tell me about it."

*Miss Fillisy-Follisy.*

Send accounts of good deeds of children to "Sunshine Corner," ALPHA PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston.

CHRISTMAS BON-BONS.

THE NEST.
*(From painting by Sir John Everett Millais.)*

# SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.
*From the portrait painted by himself for the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.*

ONE night, half a century ago, a little boy of eight, riding north on the top of the mail-coach from Southampton, England, saw a red glow in the sky before him. He asked what the strange light might be.

"My boy," replied his mother, who with his father rode beside him, "those are the lights of London."

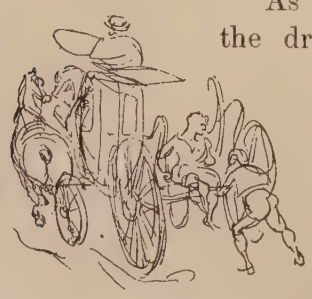
The next day they were in the great city; and the child of eight, with a portfolio of drawings under his arm, went with his mother to see the President of the Royal Academy. At the first inquiry as to the wisdom of bringing up the boy to be an artist, Sir Martin Shee exclaimed, "Madam, you had better bring the boy up to be a chimney-sweep!"

"But surely, Sir Martin, you will look at my son's drawings before you decide?" said the mother.

"Very well, let us see them," he replied, and the portfolio was opened.

"CALLER HERRIN."

As Sir Martin turned over the drawings his face changed. Then he placed his hand on the boy's head and asked if he had made all those drawings himself. The little fellow's heart was in his throat, and he could not speak a word, but his look was plainly "yes," and Sir Martin turned to the mother and said, with sudden warmth, "Madam, it is your duty to bring up this boy to the profession!"



SKETCH BY MILLAIS, WHEN ABOUT FIFTEEN.

That little boy was John Everett Millais, who now holds the widest

fame among living English painters, and who for over thirty years has been a member of that same Royal Academy of which Sir Martin Shee was then President.

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

Millais was born at Southampton, June 8, 1829. The family was of French origin. His father belonged on the island of Jersey, near the French coast, and was an officer in the island militia.

When the little John was six, the family went to Dinan, France, for a year or two, and it was then that he first began to draw, sketching the French officers stationed in the town. These early drawings were so remarkable that the Frenchmen were amazed, and they also led to the trip to London just mentioned.

The little Millais now began to study for what Sir Martin called "the profession." At nine he earned a medal for drawing at the Society of Arts. When he took this first medal he was such a mite of a fellow that he was obliged to stand on a chair, as the people wished to see the child who had carried off an art prize. He then spent a couple of years at a preparatory school, where several of his fellow students yet living remember him as a very little boy, "with a holland blouse, and a belt, and a falling collar."

SKETCH FOR "BOYHOOD OF RALEIGH."

At eleven, younger than any other student ever admitted, before or since, he entered the schools of the Royal Academy. The boy who could not answer Sir Martin's question had now become self-reliant. He wanted

little from the teachers, he wanted to work in his own way, and did — and his own way won him in succession every honor the schools had to bestow.

They were naturally very proud of the young Millais at the Royal Academy, and he was referred to as the "crack student." At thirteen he gained a medal for drawings from "the antique," and at fifteen he began to paint. Some of Millais' off-hand sketches of this period have been preserved, one of which accompanies this article.

CHERRY RIPE.

In 1846, when only seventeen, Millais exhibited his first painting at the Royal Academy. And it is an interesting fact for Americans that this first important picture by the most English of English painters had for its subject an event in American history — "Pizarro seizing the Inca of Peru." Millais' pictures for nearly twenty years following the Pizarro were largely historic and romantic compositions.

In 1853, when twenty-four, Millais became an A. R. A., an Associate of the Royal Academy; and ten years later he was elected to full membership, and was thereafter an R. A., a Royal Academician. About this time he made many drawings in black and white for magazines and books, novels by Trollope and poems by Tennyson. A few of his great paintings of this time also included children. One was "The Blind Girl," sitting by a brook, unconscious of the gorgeous double rainbow over the green hills behind her, which a little sister turns back to see. Another was the splendid "Sir Isumbras of the Ford," an old knight in golden armor returning home in the twilight,

and taking two children whom he has found at the ford across on his saddle. This picture is one of Millais' own favorites.

At thirty-four, when he became an R. A., Millais began to turn from romantic and historic subjects to the English life of his own time. Since then too he has painted a few notable landscapes, and many portraits, including such famous men as Lord Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Carlyle, and Lord Salisbury the present Premier of England.

PERFECT BLISS.

In 1854 Millais had married a lady of Scotland, and a family of boys and girls were now growing up about him. This may further account for the fact that the same date, 1863, marks the beginning of that wonderful series of paintings of child-life which have not been approached since the time of Reynolds.

The little girl in the earliest of these pictures, "The First Sermon," sitting prim and looking up solemnly at the preacher, was painted from his eldest daughter Effie. Many others too had for originals his own little girls Effie and Caroline and Mary.

In "The Boyhood of Raleigh," the two boys in ruffs are Millais' own sons. We may suppose the pair in the picture listening to tales of the sea and the New World — perhaps in that very Plymouth, England, whence in the next century sailed the *Mayflower*, for the Sir Walter Raleigh who won his queen's favor by spreading his cloak for her to walk upon lived near Plymouth when a boy. The sailors' tales doubtless led him in after-years to send his ships across the Atlantic and discover Virginia, so named after Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen.

In 1878, Millais painted the immortal "Princes in the Tower." In this beautiful and heart-breaking picture the boy-king, Edward V., only thirteen, stands holding the hand of his brother the little Duke of York, in the dungeon where they waited death at the hands of their uncle, King Richard III. This painting sold for $20,000.

Two years later came the lovely and loveable "Cherry Ripe," which a great London weekly reproduced in colors and sent as a supplement all over the world. Perhaps no modern picture hangs in

more homes than this. The writer knew one little boy who never went to bed that year without throwing a kiss and a good-night to "Cherry Ripe," on the wall opposite his crib.

Then followed "Caller Herrin," and the orchard picture "Pomona;" and "The Nest," and "Perfect Bliss," do not by any means complete the list. The Millais sons and daughters have grown up, but they now have children of their own, and one of Sir John's later popular pictures, "Bubbles," was painted from a little grandson.

In all these pictures the delicate freshness of flesh-tones in English children is painted in an unrivalled way, but beyond all their excellence as paintings they possess the exquisite childhood charm which Reynolds was the first to paint.

Personally, Sir John Millais is tall and robust, and his fondness for outdoor sports keeps him hale at sixty-six. He is warm-hearted, impulsive, and has the self-confidence that comes of great abilities and great achievements. His purpose to excel as a painter, since that night when first he saw the lights of London, has won him success and honor and wealth. In 1885 he was made a Baronet — and as these last lines are written the cable brings word that he has been elected to the Presidency of the Royal Academy, in place of the late Sir Frederick Leighton. His house in Palace Gate, Kensington, is itself a palace, with marble halls and treasures of art. *C. P. Stuart.*

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## TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

ONE day when I was playing
All alone, I chanced to see
In my room a little girlie
Who I thought resembled me.

Like mine, her hair was golden,
And her eyes, like mine, were blue,
Her clothes like mine precisely
From her collar to her shoe.

I haven't any sister,
So who could this wee girlie be
That trod the floor so softly
And who looked so much like me?

GREAT FUN.

I courtesied politely,
And she bowed to me, with grace,
Then both of us stood waiting,
Till a smile broke o'er her face.

I asked her to be seated,
And I turned to get a chair,
When suddenly she started,
As to leave me, then and there.

On this, I burst out crying,
And the tears rolled down her cheek!
I talked to her while sobbing,
But she did not, would not speak.

At last we stopped our weeping,
And the tears we wiped away;
Thus banishing our sorrow,
We again began to play.

We had great fun in dancing,
And we danced till I was lame;
But when I made each motion,
Why, the maiden did the same!

. . . . . .

Now, can you not discover
How these things could come to pass?
The reason's very simple:
She was looking in the glass!

*Frank J. Bonnelle.*

# THE WINDOW.

WHEN you first wake in the morning, after kissing papa and mama which way do you look? Nearly always toward the window, I am sure. Sometimes in winter the window shows you many beautiful pictures on it, as if it could not wait for you to come and look through it to see what is outside.

The frost makes many a fine drawing of mountains and castles, trees, flowers and ferns upon the glass.

In the illustration you see how you can make windows with your hands, and you will have great pleasure in peeping through the sash and telling stories of what you see. Sometimes our eyes are called the windows of our souls, and I am sure when you look in mama's eyes you will see a light more beautiful than that of the sun from the window of your room. And now I am going to tell you something very wonderful about what may be seen in these eye-windows.

If a little boy with frowning brow and unhappy mouth looks deep into mama's loving eyes, what do you think he will see? Just a frowning, unhappy little boy, no matter how much mama may wish him to see a happy one, It can be no other way.

Smile and look into the eye-window and you see a smiling face.

It is very much that way with every kind of window. The sun may shine into the clearest window that ever lighted a pretty room, but if you look through that window with your feelings all clouded and cross you cannot see the sunlight as the beautiful thing it is to the child who is in a pleasant temper.

So we really make our windows what we will. We may have them daintily traced with fairy-like pictures of beautiful scenery, like our house windows in a frosty winter morning, or we may see in them the glowing colors of the most lovely church window, or they may be so clear and unspotted that there seems nothing between our souls and the ever-near Soul of all Love. If you keep your soul like that, you will know the meaning of the windows and all you see through them, from stars in the sky to snowflakes on the sill. *S. E. Wiltse.*

WINDOWS.

# NELLIE OGG AND HER GOATS.

CHAPTER IV.—NELLIE'S STORY OF THE BABY THAT LIVED WITH THE PIGLETS.

ABY lived on with the piglets, and in time came to eat tender grass and twigs and nuts and savory roots, just as they did. When they broke into the farmer's fields on moonlight nights to feast on green oats, Baby was with them. And he helped eat the tender crisp cabbages and young turnips in the cottage gardens.

When it stormed, they played in the cave; and they slept, warm and snug, in a heap together in one corner. The piglets made capital blankets, for they were clean and sweet because they lived in the clean green glen and not in a vile sty.

"THEY FROLICKED IN THE GLEN."

When it was sunny they frolicked in the glen, and their talk was all "quee! quee! quee!" and "oof! oof! oof!" for Baby quickly forgot to say "bonnie wee doo," which means "pretty little dove," and said "quee!" just like the rest.

His clothes wore out, and he ran about on all-fours just as the piglets did, and grew big and strong and happy; and almost every day the rain gave him a bath.

One day a man who was hunting deer saw this queer little piglet going on all-fours. He noticed that though his skin was brown, it was smooth and not covered with bristles like the skin of the real piglets, and he at once took chase after them.

The piglets, when they tried, could run much faster than the little

boy, though they generally ran slow so that he might keep up with them. But this time they were so frightened, for they had never seen a man before, they took to their heels, and were soon out of sight in the woods. And though he did his best to scramble after, the hunter soon caught the little boy.

He could not speak a word to tell who he was, even if he had known. But he did not know. He had quickly forgotten that he had any mother but the fat old pig-mother, or any brothers and sisters except the piglets, and he fought and tried to get away, just like a real little piglet.

But the hunter held him tight, and took him to his own home, and put clothes on him, and tried to teach him to stand upright, to walk and to talk. But the piglet boy did not want to learn to walk, or to talk anything but "quee! quee!" or to wear clothes, or to stay in a cottage, or to sleep in a bed; or to eat anything but raw cabbages and turnips and crab apples. As to wholesome oatmeal porridge, he turned up his nose at it and said "oof!"

"THEY WERE CALLING FOR THEIR LITTLE FOSTER-BROTHER."

He was always trying to run away back to the cave. He had to be watched every minute when he wasn't asleep, he was so homesick to go.

And one night, the hunter who was lying awake heard cries of "quee! quee! oof! oof!" outside his garden, and knew in an instant that the whole family had arrived and were calling for their little foster-brother to come out, for they loved the little lad as well as the little lad loved them. And the hunter heard the door-latch rattle and was only just in time to catch the little fellow who was hurrying softly out.

After that the piglet boy was more homesick than ever. But the good hunter and his wife coaxed and petted him till, by and by, after many months, he grew content and happy, and could walk, and talk, and eat oatmeal porridge, like other boys.

One day a peddlar brought news to his mother's cottage about the little boy that had been found living with piglets. Although it was a long way to walk, she started at once for the hunter's house, to see if by chance this might be her dear little son. And the moment she saw him she cried out: "O, it *is* he, it's my own bonnie wee Willie!" and laughed, and cried, and hugged him all at once.

Wee Willie grew to be a man, and to have little children of his own, who never tired of hearing of the time when their father was a piglet and lived with piglets.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*Frank Pope Humphrey.*

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## LOST!

"PLEASE, Mr. Policeman, have you seen
A man without a boy today?
Because that little boy is me —
I've lost my papa on the way."

*L. S. G.*

# CAN A DOG THINK?

THAT is the question our teacher asked in school one morning. Some of us said "yes," some "no." I believe when you hear about Carlo, *you* will say "yes."

Carlo used to live with Uncle Lewis and Grandma in the city six miles from here. We all go often to see them, but one day some years ago, it happened that Papa went alone. He went in the sleigh.

It was a cold day, and Carlo was sitting in front of the fire, not far from Grandma's chair. Then, when she got up, he was right in her way. Now Grandma is the only one in all our family that is not fond of a dog or cat. Papa never told us all she said about Carlo, but I know something she did say. It was, "Stephen" (Papa's name was Stephen), "I am going to get rid of this tiresome dog. He is old, and worthless, and cold days he is always in the house, round the fire."

"*I* should be glad to have him," said Papa, "the children are so fond of him, and so am I. Lewis has often said we could have him, and I've tried to coax him to go with me, but he never would. I don't believe it is any use to try again."

"Well," said Grandma, "I shan't keep him. I told Lewis so this morning."

Just then Uncle Lewis came in, and no more was said about Carlo. When Papa came away, he thought he would try to coax him to come, but he could not find him.

But when he was in the sleigh and all ready to drive away, there was Carlo under the seat. And if ever eyes spoke, said Papa, his said, "Do keep me!"

How glad we children were to see him! He has lived with us ever since. And he does not seem old at all. He is very useful. He is always glad to ride, and capers when he sees the horses harnessed — but here's the brightest thing — he never will go to the city where Grandma lives. We have tried him over and again, but he seems to know we are going there, and refuses to go.

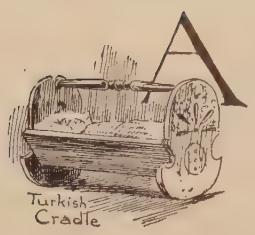
Now, does not Carlo think?

*Pamela McArthur Cole.*

# THE WHIRLING GLOBE.

*All the Children in all the World.*

II. — THE "LITTLE TURKIES" (CONCLUDED).




AFTER tea the twins beset Professor Jo, one at either hand, and led him off to the library, to be told about the "little Turkies."

"Well, to begin at the beginning," said he, "the tiny Turk baby don't wear dresses, but is wrapped tightly round and round, body, legs, arms and all, with swaddling cloths, till he looks like a dry-goods bundle."

"I shouldn't think the babies would like that," said Rob, while Rosette shook her head and added, "Nor I."

"Every baby," continued the Professor, "boy or girl, wears a gay little bonnet, usually green, because green was the favorite color of the Prophet Mohammed, and the Turks are all Mohammedans. On the baby's bonnet is fastened a blue bead, or a blue gem. This is a talisman to keep away harm. All Turkish children wear charms or talismans. Sometimes the mother fastens a piece of garlic on the little bonnet to ward off the 'evil eye.'

"The Turkish baby is often hung up in a little cloth hammock, and fastened in with a cloth cover kept taut by strips of wood. Even when laid in a real cradle the same stiff framework coverlet is put over him.

A TINY TURK.

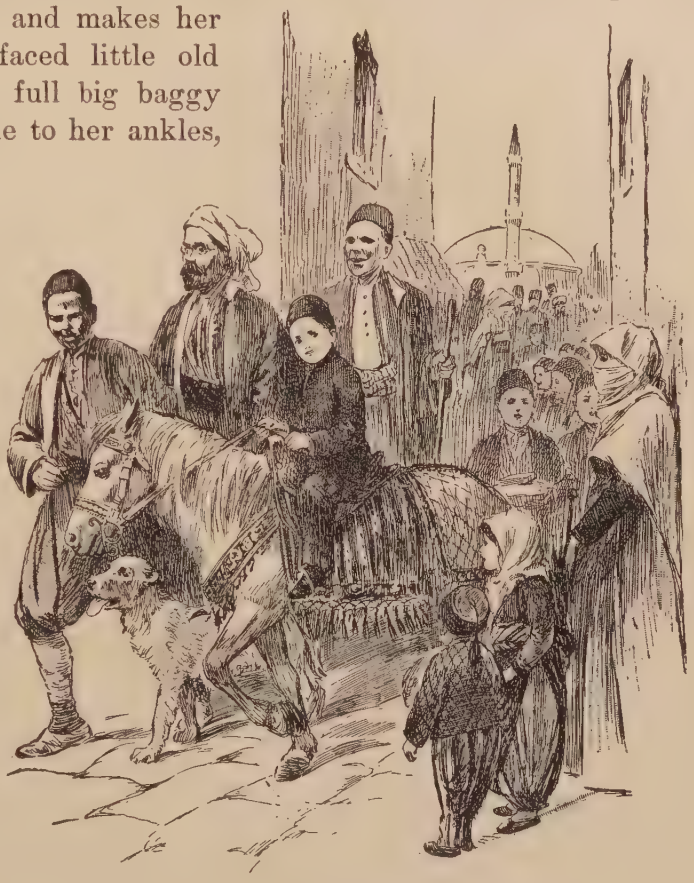
"The Turkish cradle is a long wooden box on low rockers, with high carved ends, connected by a bar at the top. In the Sultan's treasure-house is just such a cradle in which the little princes used to be rocked, only the royal cradle is solid gold, and the outside is crusted with pearls, diamonds, rubies and turquoises.

"In well-to-do families," continued Professor Jo, "when the baby is about a year old he is put in charge of a man nurse, who takes care of him and trains him until he goes to school.

"School-life begins on the sixth birthday. Then the boy has a new suit, and a pony too if his father can afford it. Most Turk boys ride horseback. The little girl, Fatima or Ayesha, has a new suit too."

"What is her dress like?" asked Rosette.

"Well, Rosette," said the Professor, "it is always a grown-up dress, like her mother's, and makes her look like a rosy-faced little old lady. She wears full big baggy trousers that come to her ankles, and over these a long flowing gown caught up at the side. Perhaps the dress is silk, but probably it is cotton, pink or yellow with gorgeous stripes, for the Turks like stripes and bright colors. She wears her hair in long braids, and on such a great occasion as this first day at school may have strings of pearls or coins braided in. On her head she wears a loose white scarf-like hood. When she is older she will wear the yashmak, a white veil that hides the face, all but the eyes, and over all a loose black mantle that falls to the feet.



ON HIS SIXTH BIRTHDAY — GOING TO SCHOOL.

"As for Master Ahmed or Yusef or Selim, or whatever his name, his new suit may be big baggy trousers, a short jacket open to

show an embroidered shirt, and a broad sash; or it may be long straight cloth trousers and long frock coat buttoned to the chin, like his father's. Like his father, too, he wears a fez on his head, red, with a black tassel. The clumsy turban of the old days is seldom seen now except on certain classes of laborers and certain classes of learned men. The sultan and all officials wear the fez. Some of the little boys, too, wear long full trousers of gay striped calico and little jackets quilted in puffy squares. Costumes, however, vary in different provinces."

"Now I'd like to hear about the school," remarked Rob.

"Well, in his new suit the boy starts off on his pony, and his big brothers and cousins go with him; and the older scholars come out to meet them, and all march to the school in a merry procession, singing, and the bells on the pony jingling.

TURKISH SCHOOL-BOY WITH SCHOOL-BAG.

"The schoolhouse — I am telling about the Mohammedan common school — stands by the mosque or church. Inside it is very plain, just a blackboard hung from the ceiling, a board for books and slates, one for water-jars, and one for the teacher's pipe and coffee apparatus — for the teacher smokes and sips coffee while the children study. The children set cross-legged on a mat, and the teacher cross-legged on a divan, holding a long palm cane to touch up the lazy ones.

"The children study out loud, bending their bodies back and forth all the time — this is thought to help them remember."

"I studied out loud the first day," said Rosette, "but the teacher never let me after. Do they have little First Readers?"

"No," answered Professor Jo, "they learn their letters — queer letters you would think them, too — out of the Koran, or Mohammedan Bible; and they have no other study, till they are maybe ten, or till they know it by heart, and can repeat it as well as write it with their reed pens. Then the boy may learn a little arithmetic, and possibly a very little — geography."

Here Professor Jo looked at the twins, and the twins looked at each other.

"Till lately, it was not thought worth while to teach girls anything, or only the Koran. A learned Mufti once told Dr. Jessup, one of our American missionaries, that 'you might as well try to teach a cat to read as to teach a girl.'"

Rosette made a wry face at this.

"But it is different now, Rosette," said Professor Jo. "There is an American college for girls, and there are mission schools for girls scattered through the empire, and the girls graduate just as they do in America, and the high officials of the place attend the graduating exercises — only the essays have to be approved by the government before they can be read in public. High schools and colleges are also being established for boys in the larger towns; there were military and medical schools before."

"Do the Turk boys have recess?" inquired Rob.

"The buz-buz stops just once," replied the Professor. "At noon, when the time for mid-day prayer is called out from the minaret of the mosque, scholar and teacher drop on their knees, face toward Mecca, and say a prayer.

"And then the candy man appears, with all sorts of sweets on trays. The new scholar is expected to treat all round. The candies are called 'Turkish delights.' They are 'pasty, creamy, crackly things, made from rose-leaves, violets and poppies, nuts, dates, grapes and pomegranates, delicately mixed with honey, sugar, syrup and spice.'"

"Oh, oo-h!" shouted the twins both together.

Professor Jo laughed, and then continued, "The grown-up Turks, even the cruel soldiers and the Sultan himself, are as fond of sweets as the school-children. One Sultan had a Chief Confectioner with four hundred candy-makers under him who were kept busy making sweetmeats for the palace folk."

The twins had no "oh!" big enough for this, so sat silent and looked wishful.

"Boys who like to lie a-bed wouldn't have a good time in Turkey," said Professor Jo with a sly glance toward Rob, "because there they would have to get up twice every morning!"

"Why do they do that?" asked Rob — "how can they?"

"Well," replied the Professor, "they don't stop up both times. The first getting up is at day-break. Then they wash hands and face, repeat the morning prayer, and go back to bed. The muezzin calls to prayer five times a day, just as at noon, crying '*La Illah, il Allah!*' which means, 'There is but one God, one God alone!' The five calls are at day-break, noon, afternoon, sunset and nightfall.

TURKISH LADY AT HOME.

"Two hours after the day-break prayer, the family get up to stay, and take their coffee. Breakfast comes a couple hours later still. After breakfast the father goes to business, the boys, and perhaps the girls, to school, while the mother attends to household matters. After the midday prayer a light lunch is served, and then the mother makes calls or goes shopping, but always she must go veiled.

"Dinner comes at night. If gentlemen are to dine with the father, only the sons sit with him at table, the mother and the daughters dining by themselves in another room. The dinner is an important affair. Many odd dishes are served in trays placed on low tables. The family eat from the same dish in succession, and one long napkin is used by all. The 'little Turkies' are particularly fond of a pie filled with cheese, and also of mutton, minced and spiced, with green pistachio nuts.

"The evening is given up to a general good time. Story-telling is the favorite amusement, and the boy Turk delights most in tales of pirates and robbers, and terrible fights where the enemies of Mohammed are slain by thousands.

"Then the family go to bed on the floor, and —"

"Don't they have beds?" interrupted Rob.

"The Turkish bed," explained Professor Jo, "is just a mattress with a coverlet. It is put away in a closet during the day, and spread on the floor at night."

"Do the 'little Turkies' go to church on Sunday?" asked Rosette.

"They go to church on Friday," replied the Professor. "Friday is the Moslem or Mohammedan Sunday. The boys go with their father, but if the girls go they have to be shut away with their mother in a latticed gallery.

"At the entrance to the mosque they wash hands and feet — for frequent washing is part of the Moslem religion — and put on sandals or slippers in place of their shoes. Inside, the church is very bare. All stand, facing toward Mecca, while the Mollah, in flowing robe, full trousers and green turban, chants passages of the Koran. There is no music. Often the boys get tired, with the kneeling and bowing and kissing the floor, and steal away from their father out into the yard, where they play tag."

"Why, do the 'little Turkies' play tag, like we do?" exclaimed Rob.

"I rather think tag is an all-round-the-world game," laughed Professor Jo. "The Turkish children have few toys however. They play marbles with walnuts, and during the month-long fast of Ramazan every boy has his pockets full of Ramazan torpedoes. These are pebbles coated with an explosive mixture, and when thrown along the street they go snap-crack at every bound.

READY FOR THE FEAST OF BAIRAM.

"But the great fun comes with the feast of Bairam, which follows the fast of Ramazan as Easter follows Lent. Then everybody eats candy for three days; in the cities there are carriages for the children at every corner at a penny a ride, and merry-go-rounds in the squares; and the girls have new dresses of red, blue or yellow silk, and often the little boys have uniforms like major-generals in the army.

"And now, my twins," said Professor Joe, "I must say as the Turks do at meeting and parting, '*El salam aleikum!*' — 'Peace be with you!' — and good night."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*Charles Stuart Pratt.*

## THE GIFTS OF THE WILD FLOWERS.

NODDING daisies white and tall,
What can you give to me?
"A daisy-chain, and a grandma quaint,
And a fortune, child, for thee!"

Smiling buttercups of gold,
What can you tell me, pray?
"If you love butter or cheese, little maid—
If you hold me up this way."

Dandelion, you're growing gray—
What wisdom do you tell?
"If your mother wants you, dear, I'll show—
If you blow and blow me well."

*Hattie Louise Jerome.*

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## THE HOLE IN MRS. WASHINGTON'S DOOR.

JOE and I had a fine picnic the other day. Our North Carolina Aunt Jane came to our house on a visit, and of course she must go to see Mt. Vernon, George Washington's old home, you know.

Our house is a mile or two out of Alexandria, so we hitched up the pony-cart, and drove Aunt Jane into town one morning, to take the electric car for Mt. Vernon.

Joe and I and a lunch basket were going along.

While we waited at the car station on Fairfax Street, a noisy crowd of schoolgirls dashed up from the R. and P. station. They had come from Richmond on a "vestibule," to go picnicing at Mt. Vernon.

So the electric was pretty full, but Joe and I got one seat, and the

lunch basket and Aunt Jane another. There isn't much noise on 'em, you know, you just whizz along pretty quietly; so, by wriggling around in our seats, we could talk to Aunt Jane all the way. She asked us if we had ever been to Mt. Vernon before.

"Not on the electric," says Joe, "'cause it hasn't been running very long, but father drove Arthur and me over there once, when we were little boys."

The old lady gave a sort of grunt, and I knew she was thinking that we were not very big boys now.

"Well, what did you see?" says she.

"Whew! we saw a lot," says I.

But, do you know, after Aunt Jane had made us tell her everything we could remember, she said la! she didn't think that was much.

"Now I am going in for offering a prize," says Aunt Jane; "I've got a gold dollar in my trunk, a shining fellow, wrapped up in tissue paper, and I am going to give it to the one who sees the most to-day."

You may be sure we used our eyes that day, and it seemed to us that what we two fellows didn't see, was not worth seeing.

The car was too full for us to get seats together, going back to Alexandria, so we spent the time counting up what we had seen.

Presently Joe whispered out loud to me, across the backs of two seats, "One hundred and ten." "One hundred and twelve," I called back, and that set the schoolgirls to giggling. But, for that matter, the girls laughed all the way, both trips.

Joe put his head down in his hands and remembered two more things; one was the custard cup used by General Washington at some great dinner, and one was a little mahogany table that would turn a somersault, and go flop against the wall.

Now Joe was even with me, and I must think of one more thing. I thought and I thought, but I could only seem to see the great wide river, the high green bluff, the white stuccoed house, the old-fashioned garden set round with box, and all these sights I had counted in my "one hundred and twelve."

At last I remembered six rubber buckets, set under one of the cabinets in the upstairs hall; they were for use in case of fire. This set me "one hundred and eighteen," so there now! I was easy, and

could look about and enjoy myself, while Joe was scrubbing up six more things.

He had only thought up four more by the time we got to Alexandria, but Aunt Jane let the time run on till we should reach our own front gate. So I whistled as we drove home, and looked at the red sunset through the trees, and pretended not to be thinking about Mt. Vernon; while Joe was frowning, and screwing up his face, and trying to think up two more things.

But in fact I had thought of one more myself; such a funny thing that I laughed over it easy to myself. I was crazy to tell Aunt Jane, but I kept it to spring on Joe, in case he should get even with me.

Sure enough, just as our white gate came in sight, with the big holly tree beside it, Joe sang out, "It's a tie, Artie! I've thought of the stove in the kitchen fireplace, and the picture of the prison keys — that French prison, you know; the picture hangs in the upstairs hall."

We were close on the gate now, but I caught the reins and slowed up. "I'm one ahead, though!" I shouted, "I've thought of the hole in Mrs. Washington's chamber-door, cut for her cat!"

I had won! But Joe was so tickled about the hole that he didn't seem to mind my getting the gold dollar. As for Aunt Jane, she nearly fell off the seat of the pony-cart, for laughing.

Joe hadn't seen the hole in Mrs. Washington's door; neither had Aunt Jane. One of the schoolgirls showed it to me, and when you go to Mt. Vernon, you'll find it in the door of the third-story room, south-east corner.

*Elizabeth Preston Allan.*

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A LITTLE MUSIC-MAKER.

ARBOR DAY.

THE WAY ONE FOX ESCAPED.

## SEVERAL FOXES.

IT would occupy twenty times my space to tell of the instances of fox sagacity I have personally known, just in the one matter of getting the better of traps and dogs.

To appreciate the cunning of a certain chicken-stealing rascal, I must tell you first how I used to set my fox-traps. First, the trap, a toothless one with a light, short chain and small block of wood attached, was well *smoked*. (It won't do to tie a fox-trap fast. The fox must be able to drag it, else he will always, when caught, gnaw off his imprisoned leg or foot, and escape.) Then I carried the trap to the selected spot, generally in an open field. There I covered it lightly with dry earth, or ashes, or even chaff, or wheat-bran, wearing smoked gloves all the time, so as to leave no scent.

Then this covering, forming a circle about three feet wide, was

gently beaten with a bunch of twigs, and pieces of lard, or tallow "scraps," or raw chicken, were scattered over it. I then carefully swept my own trail for fifty yards or so with the brush broom, and the job was complete. When a fox would step up to get the bait, the jaws of the trap would catch him; but I usually found him within a half-mile.

I had tried for a long time to catch this particular chicken-thief. He was a very fine fox, and was quite familiar to me by sight. Every morning my bait would be gone, but not a single fox-track ever appeared on *top* of the trap-covering, though around the *edges* were numbers of them.

At last, one clear night, I hid myself in some pine scrub, determined to learn how the clever little scamp did the trick.

About nine o'clock the pretty creature came jauntily up to my circle of ashes, walked around it and daintily picked up such pieces of bait as he could reach without stepping on the bed itself. Then, to get the pieces in the center, he actually reared on his hind feet, bent over, and deftly struck one after another off with his fore-paw, ate them, and cantered contentedly away! He knew a trap was within as well as I did.

Foxes do not climb trees, yet will do it to escape. Once in the woods I heard the baying of distant hounds. Presently a red fox, on whose trail they were, came swiftly along, and sprang at one bound into a tree-crotch eight or ten feet from the ground. In a minute or two the hounds, running fast, dashed past the tree and were instantly at fault. They then spread out in every direction, looking for the lost scent. So soon as they had gone a few hundred yards away, the fox jumped down and ran right back on his and their trail! His cleverness saved him.

One season my father had a gang of choppers, who lived by themselves in a big log shanty at one end of which was a wide, low chimney. Against the split-log roof rested, at an easy slope, a long pole. A fox, flying for his life from unseen dogs on his trail, ran up this pole, dropped down the chimney, waited until some one opened the door, and then scooted out between the man's legs! No human fugitive could have acted more wisely.

A fox does not like to go into water; it bedraggles his long fur and beautiful brush. But one day in March, when the creek was in high tide, an old fox, hearing Carlo baying on his trail a quarter of a mile back, plunged into the ice-cold stream, swam down some distance, and then landed on the same side he had left! By this ruse he not only threw the hound completely out, but was able to regain his own lair in safety; whereas if he had *crossed* the creek, Carlo would have picked up his scent again in short order, and Reynard knew it.

*W. Thomson.*

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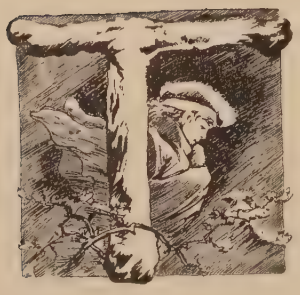
# NELLIE OGG AND HER GOATS.

## V. — THE GREAT SNOWSTORM.



THE storms came down suddenly in the valley, and Daddy Ogg would say in the morning:

"Don't go far away the day, Nellie, lass. Keep to the moor by the door, for Culbleen has put on his nightcap. There'll be a storm!"

Culbleen was one of the high hills, and all the valley folk called the mist that often settled upon his head, "Culbleen's nightcap." And when he put it on, it was a sure sign that a storm was brewing.

But sometimes the storm was too quick for him, and Culbleen didn't have time to put on his nightcap, and without warning it burst over the valley and the glens. This was bad enough when the storm brought only rain. The waters ran down the steep hillsides in a hundred rills and foaming cascades to join the burns at the bottom of the glens. And then the burns, overfull with so much water, ran over their banks and covered up the little foot-bridges. More than once had Nellie and her goats been caught on the further side, and had to wait for the water to go down before they could cross home.

But the water always did go down at last. Nellie had never failed

to bring in her goats safely at nightfall, not till that day the great snow came.

The sun that morning was so bright, the sky so blue, and Culbleen's head so clear of anything like a nightcap, that Nellie had taken her goats far up Glenmuick. But about noon the clouds suddenly shut in the sun and covered the blue. Then the great snowflakes began to fall, flakes almost as big as the palm of Nellie's little hand. They fell so fast and so thick Nellie could not see a foot in any direction; and they gathered so fast that soon she could hardly walk.

Nellie quickly lost the path and could not tell which way lay out of the glen, and which way went further up into the dark hills.

"Jockie, my man!" she said at last, "we minna go on, for I've lost my way. We'll just lie down, and by and by Daddy will come for us." Jockie was willing, for the snow tired even him, and filled his long beard, and clung to his eyelashes and blinded him.

After groping about a bit to find a shelter they came to the foot of a steep high crag. There the snow had made a thick soft bed. Upon this Nellie lay down. She put her head on Jockie's back, and her arm over his neck. Maisie snuggled up to her on one side, and Old Janet on the other. Old Janet had her fears as to how they were coming out of this, and did not care to be far away.

The night drew on fast, for these were the short November days. The four soon fell asleep; and the snow came down thicker and faster, till nothing was seen but the tips of Jockie's horns. Then they too disappeared. Presently there was only a smooth bank of snow at the foot of the crag.

Nellie had whispered the *Our Father* prayer before she dropped asleep. If anybody could have seen through the deep snow that covered them, they would have seen Nellie sleeping as snugly and warmly as she ever did in the little box-bed at home; and if they had listened, they would have heard Old Janet snoring as comfortably as ever she did in her apartment in the little Highland hut.

By and by the storm passed. The moon came out and lighted up the glen, and fell upon the snow heaped at the foot of the crag.

By and by a dog came plunging through the snow up the glen, barking as he came, and calling. He went straight to the snow at the

foot of the crag, snuffled, barked louder, and then began to throw the snow aside with his feet.

It was Bruce, the shepherd dog, who knew Nellie as well as he knew his own master. And behind him came his master. With him was Daddy.

"Here they are!" said the master. "Cheer up, Daddy Ogg! Bruce and I have dug out many a sheep safe and sound, from deeper snows than this. We'll find your little lass safe."

NELLIE IS RESCUED.

They dug away the snow carefully so as not to harm the sleepers. Soon the tips of Jock's horns appeared, and then his head, and then Nellie's head wrapped in her pretty Gordon plaid. Then Old Janet, feeling the snow grow thin above her, jumped up and shook herself, and Maisie jumped out too, and then Nellie slowly opened her blue eyes and asked: "Is it morning, Daddy?"

And Daddy just took her in his arms and couldn't speak a word!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*Frank Pope Humphrey.*

# TONY MEETS A DUKE.

*(An American Dog Abroad.)*

IT was a March morning. I was sniffing along beside a hawthorn hedge. The yellow daffodils were nodding in the wind, and a lark was singing in the sky. I had just had a short run after a squirrel with a very bushy tail. I had driven him up a tree, and felt friendly to all the world of animals and men. I was preparing to take a roll on the grass to ease my back, when a man came up behind, and a whip cracked about my ears; and "Get out of this!" he said.

My master never struck me in all my life, and I do not take that thing from anybody else. I flew at the man and seized his trousers-leg. I had no intention of biting him, for I do not bite. In the first place I am too well-bred. In the second place, the taste of ankle is not agreeable to me. So I seized his trousers-leg and held on with a grip. He tried to hit me again, but I dodged and he couldn't. Then he tried to shake me off, but I held on and growled. "Jake!" he shouted at last. "Come here, you rascal, and take off this dog before he bites." I saw a second man coming and knew it was time to run.

I ran. I came upon a dog peeping through the hedge from the other side. He was rolling over and laughing so he could hardly speak. "O! O! it *was* such fun to see you! and wasn't he frightened? and how did you dare?" "Dare!" I exclaimed. "Why, yes," said he. "How did you dare to seize the Duke's trousers-leg!"

"Duke! and what's a duke?" I asked. It sounded uncommonly like duck; but of course I had never seen a duck in trousers. Though I should not be surprised to see one, after the queer things I have seen. "And where did you come from, not to know what a duke is?" says he. "From the United States of America," says I. "O, the United States!" said he. "That accounts for it. You don't have dukes in your country, I believe."

"Well, he's nothing but a man, is he?" I replied, rather more tartly than was polite, for I did not like his tone exactly. "O, but a duke's bigger than common men," said he. "This one isn't," replied

I; "he isn't even so long as the Queen's footmen." For I had observed that he was short and lean.

"O! O!" shrieked that dog again. And he laughed so he tumbled over. "I like that! 'nothing but a man!' why, of course he's a *man!*" "Then why shouldn't I bite him if he hits me?" I asked. "Because he is the great Duke of Nowhere." (That is not the real name, but for "obvious reasons," as my master says, I can't give the true one.) "Dukes can flog you and you can't bite back," said he. "Well, he won't flog *me*," I replied.

"O, you just come home with me. My name's Barney and I like you." And Barney grinned like a Cheshire cat. The cats that live over here in Cheshire grin.

SANDY, FUZ AND PICKLES.

Barney introduced me to his family: Judy, Tiny, Fidget, Meg and Tossie, and the puppies, Pickles, Sandy, Buz and Fuz. They belonged to the Dandy Dinmonts, an old Scotch family first heard of sixty

years ago. I have photographs of several of Barney's family. In one the mistress holds Sandy and Fuz each under an arm, Young Master Lynn holds Pickles. He tried to hold Buz also. But "Buz bunked" said Master Lynn. "Bunked" is English school-boy for "backed out." When Barney gave it me, he said, "If you look carefully at the lower right-paw corner, Tony, that white spot you see is Buz that bunked."

The other is what Master calls the "four-in-hand." It is made up of the great black retriever Sam (Sam can open doors and do other things just like folks), next Barney, and then Judy and Tiny. Master Lynn holds the reins.

"Do come again, Tony," said Barney, when I said good-bye. "I like you. And to think of your falling afoul of the Duke's trousers-leg! O! O!" And the last I saw of Barney, he was rolling over and laughing fit to split himself and shrieking, "O! O! nothing but a man! I like that!"

*Frank Pope Humphrey.*

THE FOUR-IN-HAND.

# MARIA BROOKS.

OFF-HAND SKETCH OF MISS BROOKS, BY HERSELF, IN PAINTING TRIM, WITH PAPER SHADE, AND POLLY ON HER SHOULDER.

IF you knock at a certain door in the Sherwood Studios, New York, you will presently hear a light step, the door will open, and you will be ushered in by a lady, very slight in figure, with a green parrot perched on her shoulder.

As you follow along the dim passage, the green parrot will very likely call out, "Hurry up, hurry up!"

When Polly has been gently rebuked for this innocent lack of courtesy, she cuddles up close to her mistress' cheek, and is silent. And then, having passed by a vast pathetic painting, of "Wayfarers," sitting by a roadside in the twilight, you come out into a flood of light, falling through the high studio window.

"MISS MISCHIEF."
*(First picture, exhibited at Royal Academy.)*

All about are pictures, in frames and out, quaint high-backed chairs, carved chests, draperies, the bric-a-brac that artists love; and in the air is the faint odor of pigments, oils, varnishes.

On an easel, the paint still moist, is the portrait of a New York lady of position. At one side, in curious contrast, is a large canvas with life-size figures, called "Down Piccadilly." This vigorous realistic picture, a company of Lon-

"L. C. F."

*(From the painting by Maria Brooks. By permission of the owner.)*

don flower-women returning in an omnibus from Covent Garden Market, was first shown at the Royal Academy some years ago, before the painter came to America — for Miss Brooks is an English lady.

"CONVALESCENT."

Maria Brooks was born at Staines, near London. When a little girl of six she began to draw, copying the pictures she liked in books and papers. At ten she had drawing lessons from a governess; and when she was twelve she studied with the painter King for half a year.

PORTRAIT OF AN ENGLISH BOY.

All this however was merely for her own amusement. She had no thought of making art a profession. Her father was a man of means, and, like most in those days, did not believe in a woman's working, or having a business or profession of any kind. In fact he presently thought she knew quite enough of painting, and so further study was given up.

PORTRAIT OF AN ENGLISH CHILD.

A few years later, desiring for charitable work more money than her allowance supplied, she again took up her brush, for the making of "illuminated texts," which were then greatly in vogue. She now went for a time to the famous South Kensington art schools. Six months after, her father met with financial reverses, and then it was that Maria Brooks, to whom painting had hitherto been but a pastime, decided to make it a profession.

She was now a girlishly slender young woman, but with a very big will, and she went to work in tremendous earnest. Within a few months she had won a gold medal which, in all the history of the South Kensington schools, had only once before been awarded to a woman. This medal was given for vase designs, with decorations in colors.

The first year she earned three free scholarships. Her attainments in perspective were the highest in the school records. During the five years she spent at Kensington she took nine medals, two gold, one silver, six bronze. The gold medal each time secured to her a first "Alexandra Scholarship," with its hundred dollars in money. The Alexandra Scholarships were founded by the beautiful Princess of Wales, who raised the money therefor by an exhibition of her jewels.

"BASHFUL."
(*By permission of the owner, Mr. Wm. T. Evans.*)

While completing her last year at Kensington, Maria Brooks entered the schools of the Royal Academy, and within a year six of her paintings were hung in the annual Royal Academy exhibition. She had taken up the painting of portraits, especially of children, having no less than nine commissions during her first year at the Academy. The third year she exhibited her first picture, "Miss Mischief," a not-very-naughty-looking girl breaking off clusters of apple blossoms. This

first picture sold for four hundred dollars, and one exhibited the following year brought one thousand.

"READY FOR A BOWL."

During the five years at the Kensington schools, Maria Brooks worked incessantly, not allowing herself so much as a single holiday throughout the entire period. She worked to win — and won.

At the Royal Academy Miss Brooks came under the influence of Millais. Indeed, a number of her pictures of this time, including "Miss Mischief" and the the charming "Convalescent," were painted from Millais' models. This use of the same model, quite as much as any similarity in composition and treatment, may account for the fact that more than once pictures by Miss Brooks on the Academy walls were taken for paintings by Millais.

Ten years ago, after many successes in London, Miss Brooks, at the invitation of a gentleman of Montreal who owned some of her pictures, came to Canada to paint a number of portraits. Fresh commissions kept her in Canada for more than a year, and then she concluded to return to England by way of New York.

"DUMPSY."

Strange to say, though she reached New York duly on her return trip, she never took passage to England; she is still in New York — and all because of a picture of a child. This picture-child, in black hat and cloak, fur-trimmed, against a yellow background, holding a hoop, "Ready for a Bowl," is in her studio to-day. It is not a boy or a girl, and yet, queerly, it is both — for it was at first a study from an English boy, but the face not being quite

pretty enough for a salable picture, Miss Brooks painted out the boy's face and painted in the face and hair of a girl; otherwise the figure was unchanged.

This boy-girl picture was so praised on being shown, and Miss Brooks was so urged to remain in New York, that she finally decided to do so — primarily to paint portraits — and after so long a residence we may now regard her as an American artist. Her sitters have included such distinguished men as Dr. Huntington of Grace Church and Dr. Morgan Dix, as well as ladies of prominence.

"DISAPPOINTED."

Most interesting however of Miss Brooks' American work is a remarkable series of thirty or forty pictures, which have given her a distinct place among painters of child-life. These paintings might well be called the "Dodo" pictures, since all have been painted from one little girl-model whose pet name is Dodo. The first of these charming picture-girls was painted when Dodo was only three and a half, the others during the years while she has been growing up to seven. In some she wears her own simple every-day gowns, in others she is dressed quaintly, richly, or picturesquely — and each picture tells a childish story, or expresses some childish mood.

Dodo enters into these make-believe doings with spirit and great enjoyment, and is as delighted at "finding a picture," as she calls the discovery of a happy pose or pictorial composition, as the artist herself. Sometimes though she has a fit of "the naughties," and "the

black sheep gets on her back," as English nurses say. Once, when the black sheep would not be called off, she was sent to sit back-to in a corner, and the little bowed figure was so quaint that Miss Brooks seized her pencil to sketch it. Dodo's quick ears caught the movement, and the next minute she was shaking with suppressed laughter, and presently called out, "You've found another picture, haven't you?" That was the origin of "In the Dumps," or "Dumpsy" as Dodo called it.

"MAKING FRIENDS."

Some days too Miss Brooks gives little bribes of one to five cents to keep Dodo good, and demands forfeits of a penny each time she is bad. Dodo usually "sits" for two hours at a time, and the pictures have taken from five to forty sittings each.

In one of the later Dodo pictures, called "Hard Times," the child wears a gown that appeared in one of the earliest of the series, and which now shows the letting down of tucks to keep up with the growing girl and the final breaking out of elbows. In another, with a sombre background, she is lying full length on a pile of rugs and pillows, clad in vivid scarlet. In one painting she is "Disappointed," in another she is "Bashful." In "Pink Slippers" she is masquerading in a big hat and a gorgeous old-time dress, which have evidently come from a great oak chest behind her. She smiles roguishly as she lifts her gown to show her slippers.

"Making Friends" is a painting which Miss Brooks sent to the World's Fair, but which has never returned to her. It is a picture of

"PINK SLIPPERS."

*(From the painting by Maria Brooks.)*

Dodo and Polly, the parrot climbing up her arm, while Dodo watches the bird half shyly. Polly's favorite perch, however, is her mistress' shoulder, where she always sits when Miss Brooks is painting. Polly has only one rival in the studio — a yellow canary, named Sunday, as Robinson Crusoe named his man Friday — because she first appeared on that day of the week.

A few of the Dodo pictures have become popular through engravings; several are in the galleries of collectors, such as Mr. Evans of New York; and one, "An Easter Lily," owned by Mr. Hearn of New York, hangs in the rooms of the Lotos Club.

*C. P. Stuart.*

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## HER CHOICE.

MY grandma has a good old cat,
With little kittens four;
And one is white, and one is black,
And one is spotted sides and back,
And one is yellow: Uncle Jack,
Come and see them on the floor!

For Grandma says that I'm to have
The one I like the *best*;
And oh, it *does* so puzzle me,
When all the pretty four I see,
To choose *which* kitten mine shall be —
Choose *one* and leave the rest!

Well, all are beauties; still I know
I'll choose this yellow one:
I always do love yellow things;
The dandelions April brings,
The butterflies on golden wings
Like sparks blown off the sun.

## HER CHOICE.

Ah, no! the white one is the one,
  As white as whitest snow;
Its dainty fur so soft and fine,
Its winking eyes that shine and shine;
I choose the white one to be mine,
  I *do* admire it *so!*

But here's this velvet-black one, now,
  So sleek and bright, like jet;
I'm sure that I'd be proud to own
This blackest kitty ever known;
Yes! *this* one I will choose alone,
  Yes, *this* must be my pet!

But wait, oh, wait! The tortoise-shell —
  How could I pass it by?
So splendidly it is arrayed,
In spots of many a varied shade;
Ah, surely *now* my choice is made,
  The tortoise-shell say I!

And yet — and yet — how can I choose!
  Just see them chase that ball!
When black and white and yellow play
With tortoise-shell, this cunning way —
Oh, grandma dear, I *wish* you'd say
  That I may have them all!

*Elizabeth C. Bellamy.*

"HOW CAN I CHOOSE!"

# BOCKERS.

## CHAPTER III. — IN DISGRACE.

"THAT'S A LEAD-PIPE THIEF!"

BESSIE did not die. Nor was Peggy ever afterward heard to call her "a plaguy nuisance." As soon as she could sit up, Bockers offered to lend her Dave for a whole afternoon. "He's so funny, you know, Peggy. He'll amuse her. He's the cunningest" —

"Do you 'spose my mother would have such a dog in her house?" interrupted Peggy.

Bockers was not very sorry to have the offer refused, though he couldn't see why Peggy was "so down on Dave." But then Bockers had never been jealous of anybody or anything in his whole life. That Peggy felt aggrieved by the affection he gave Dave never occurred to Bockers.

"We're late!" shouted Peggy, as he and Bockers dashed round the corner one morning and caught sight of the playground deserted.

Though Peggy lived much nearer the school he always called for Bockers. They did not go direct even from Bockers' house. Thanks to Sallie, however, who always kept the dining-room clock a quarter of an hour fast, they usually had time for their excursions.

On this morning they had been attracted by the peculiar actions of a man near the Dr. Mortons' house whom they together decided must be a "lead-pipe thief." They ran to give the alarm, and Bockers returned with an officer who promptly effected a capture.

Peggy came up breathless and in no good humor a moment afterwards. "Just my luck!" he exclaimed. "I ran faster and further'n you did, but *you* got him! Come on, we'll be late!"

When they saw the deserted school-yard, both made a rush for the entrance. Peggy's long legs served him well and he was at the top of the stairs half a minute before Bockers. A monitor had just come out to ring the bell. Peggy dodged him and slipped past.

"Hold on!" panted Bockers, who was tucking his cap into his geography to save going into the wardrobe, and at one bound sprang up the last three steps and made a frantic grab at the monitor's bell.

BOCKERS AND THE MONITOR.

The monitor raised it high above his own head ringing it furiously, and at the same time stretched his feet across the landing, so that Bockers should not pass. A moment later, Peggy marched by with the class, his eyes fixed on the head of the boy in front of him, his feet keeping time, a model of punctuality and order. He could not complain of his "luck" this time.

"Stragglers" had to wait outside the closed doors of the assembly-room until after opening exercises. Then they had to march to their places in presence of all the teachers and scholars and any visitors who might be present. There were visitors that morning. Bockers heard the Principal introducing some one. It was Dr. Joe — was it? or Dr. Jim? Both doctors were school-officers and paid frequent visits. Dr. Joe always read St. John xiv. when he opened school, and Dr. Jim selected Ecclesiastes xii. By this simple means the teachers and scholars were sure of their identity. This morning Bockers decided it was the Dr. Morton who had set Dave's leg. And Bockers

had to head the line of stragglers! He longed to faint, to die — anything might happen if he could only get out of it.

The doors opened. The monitor, going in advance, slipped into an end-seat, and had time to thrust out his foot so that Bockers should stumble over it. Out on the landing Bockers had kicked his toes as hard as he dared. This was his revenge.

All at once Bockers remembered that he was to have said a quotation, and his name was called just as he reached his seat. In his flurry he could not recall one word. But bracing himself desperately, he said in a loud, clear voice, "Better late than never!" The Principal frowned and Dr. Joe opened his eyes in surprise.

The monitor was on his feet in an instant. "Better never late!" he said with emphasis.

The corners of Dr. Joe's mouth went down and the Principal's face darkened. "We will have quotations prepared in your classes, not impromptu remarks," he said pointedly.

"You'll catch it," whispered Peggy, whose seat was just behind Bockers.

"I believe you," returned Bockers, and then his face flushed as he caught Dr. Morton's eye fixed upon him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*Margaret Compton.*

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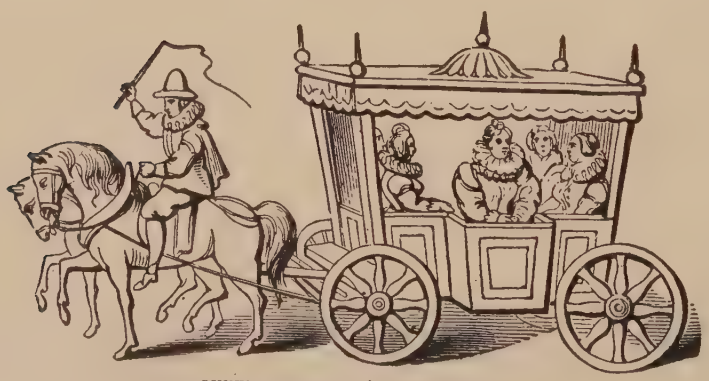

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CARRIAGE.

"I KNEW WHAT THE OLD FELLOW INTENDED."

## THE BEAR THAT HID.

OUR common black bear is omnivorous; that is, he lives upon both animal and vegetable food. Indeed, he will eat almost anything that white folks do, and some things that only low-down savages eat, such as bugs and lizards, mice, snails, and grasshoppers.

There were lots of bears in the country place where I was born. One of the first things I can remember is of lying on a bear skin and kicking up my heels before a big open fire. Bear-ham is very good, either fresh or smoked. We used to have plenty of bear-hams those days. That paid us for the pigs the black rogues used to steal; for a bear is very fond of tender young pork.

Some people think that because bears are easily trapped they are stupid beasts; which is a great mistake. On the contrary, they are uncommonly wise. They are full of fun, and mischief too.

Everyone knows how bears like honey, and how very clever they are in robbing bee-trees to get it. A bear can climb a medium-sized

tree quicker than any boy, and, like the boy, he always comes down hind-end first. When hardly more than a child, I once shot a bear dead while he was coming down a tree that way.

A full-grown bear can whip five or six common dogs, but unless wounded or cornered up, he seldom attacks people, though an old she-bear, if her cubs are in danger, will do it every time.

To show my young readers that bruin is no fool, I must tell of something that happened when I was only nine years old.

A tremendously big bear, that had often been seen but, never wounded, had carried off, one after another, from the "bush pasture," four nice fat pigs. This vexed my father, because those pigs were of a valuable breed, and he had paid a good deal of money to bring their parents from England. So he and my eldest brother, a boy of sixteen, went out to the woods with guns, determined to shoot the robber. They took Carlo along to find the trail, but kept him tied to a long string, because he was such a fearless dog that he would have rushed right on the bear and almost certainly have been killed.

Almost a quarter of a mile from our house there was a big pond, formed by a dam across the creek, which supplied a little sawmill with water, and there were a good many chubs and shiners and suckers in it. As my father and brother had not come home, I went over in the middle of the afternoon to catch some of those fishes out of the pond, for I was just as fond of fishing as any nine-year-old boy could be.

I suppose that old pig-stealing bear, feeling guilty, guessed that hunters were after him with a dog, and that he would surely be found if he staid in the woods, because his scent would be followed. So he hit upon a first-rate plan to hide it — a plan that would have been entirely successful but for one thing.

I was sitting very still under a thick alder bush, waiting for a bite, when I saw the bear (my! how big he looked!) gallop out of the woods on the other side of the pond, slip quietly into the water and swim, with only his nose above it, straight to the sawmill, which had not been running for a long time. I knew well enough what the old fellow intended, but I never stirred nor spoke.

After awhile, my father and brother came along. Carlo was pull-

ing hard on his leash and baying furiously on the fresh trail; but when he got to the edge of the pond of course this trail was lost.

Naturally, the hunters thought the bear had crossed to the other side, so as to get into a great cedar swamp there, and they started to walk around the pond to find his tracks again.

Then I jumped up and called out: "Father, that bear's as big as a cow, and he's gone into the mill!"

And, sure enough, they found him there, lying flat behind an old log! So soon as he knew that he'd been seen, he tried to run away, but two rifle bullets in his head stopped him suddenly. No doubt the cunning old rascal thought no one would look for him in such a place, and that when the hunt was over he could steal safely away.

He never guessed how a small boy can sometimes upset the best-arranged plans!

*W. Thomson.*

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## THE DIFFERENCE.

"WE bear a like name,
And we look just the same,"
Said one "a" to another small "a;"
"I make others glad,
While you make them sad —
Will you tell me the reason, I pray?"

"I'd *rather* make gay,"
Said the poor little "a,"
"But I *cannot*, and therefore I weep;
The fault 's not in me —
It depends, as you see,
On the company one has to keep!"

*Elizabeth R. Burns.*

# LOCKED UP IN A TOWER.

*A True Story.*

I WANT to tell you what happened to a Boston boy who is traveling in Europe. He was recently in Cologne, a German city on the Rhine, which contains about one hundred and thirty thousand people, and whose streets are narrow and crooked. The place is surrounded by a wall and forts to protect and defend it in case of war. The most important building in the city is the great cathedral, over six hundred years old.

The Boston boy, whose name is Frank, one day paid a visit to this immense Gothic structure, which is large enough to hold two or three ordinary churches, being four hundred and forty feet long and two hundred and forty feet wide. There are beautifully carved arches and many richly colored windows in the church, and it is said to have cost a million dollars. It has two spires, each five hundred and fifteen feet tall, in one of which are long flights of stairs, and the visitor can climb up two hundred or three hundred feet and get a fine view of the city.

After Frank had seen the lower part of the cathedral, he thought he would like to go up into the steeple. So the guide took him up to the base of one of the spires and opened a door to the stairway. You see the church is so large and has so many chapels and galleries and various rooms that you need a guide to conduct you around.

A party of people had just come down from the steeple when Frank was starting up. As the guide wished to show them through a gallery, he told Frank to go up alone, and he would meet him at the door when he came down.

Up, up, up the stairs Frank climbed, but he was repaid for his labor, when he reached the top, by the grand opportunity he had to enjoy a view of the city, its wall and its forts, the famous Rhine and the surrounding country. After he had gazed till he was satisfied, he made his way down to the doorway at the foot of the stairs, only to find the door closed and locked. He was somewhat surprised. How-

ever, he thought the guide had not had time to return, and he went up into the steeple again.

Coming down once more after a time, he was alarmed to find the door still fastened, and no guide in hearing distance.

Frank began to wonder if he should have to stay there all night. Or, worse still, he might have to remain longer, as the next day was Sunday, when the steeple is not opened to the public. He was hungry even now, and the thought of going without food till Monday was dreadful.

At last it occurred to Frank that he had seen another door part way up the stairs, and he decided to try that and see if it would not let him out of his temporary prison. He reached the door in a minute or two and attempted to turn the knob, when he was startled by a terrible noise — a sound like thunder, which nearly deafened him, and was so sudden and unexpected that he almost fell to the floor with fright.

It was the striking of the immense bells in the steeple, the largest of which weighs over over 20,000 pounds.

When Frank had somewhat recovered from his alarm, he descended with trembling knees to the bottom of the stairway, and was rejoiced to hear footsteps approaching. Peering through the keyhole, he saw the guide coming along the gallery. Upon unfastening the door he confessed to Frank that he had forgotten him for a few minutes!

Frank is not likely to forget the incident, for it is the only time he was ever imprisoned in a tower.

*Frank J. Bonnelle.*

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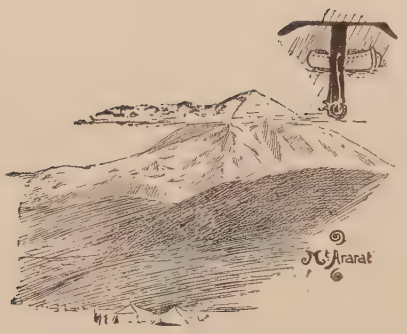
"DID YOU HEAR THAT 'MEOW'?"

# THE WHIRLING GLOBE.

*All the Children in all the World.*

III. — THE ARMENIAN CHILDREN.




THE very next night the twins begged to hear about "some other children."

"Well, then, you whirl the globe, and I will point," said Professor Jo, leading the way to the library.

So Rob set whirling the great round map of the world, and then crowded close with Rosette to see where the pencil would point when it stopped.

"M-t, Mount — Ararat!" announced Rob.

"Why," cried Rosette, "that's where Noah's ark rested after the flood!"

"The very place," replied Professor Jo. "The Persians call it Noah's Mountain to this day."

"But it isn't any country," said Rob, "it's just a corner, where Turkey and Persia and Russia come together."

"That is true," said Professor Jo; "it is also true that Mt. Ararat is in the midst of the land of Armenia — or the land that was once Armenia, for what is left of that ancient kingdom is now divided between Turkey and Russia and Persia. The larger part is the Turkish province which is still known as Armenia. But though conquered by the Turks hundreds of years ago the Armenians remain a distinct people — as different from the Turks as when Armenia stretched from the Caspian Sea to the Mediterranean, long before Turkey had her first birthday."

"And you said Turkey had had six hundred birthdays," said Rob inquiringly.

"Yes," answered the Professor, "but the Armenian people have had four or five times as many. They are one of the oldest peoples in the world. They were a nation when Christ was born — at the begin-

ning of the first century A. D. The ancient historian Herodotus, who was born five hundred years before Christ, wrote of them in his day. And they are mentioned in the Bible away back in the seventh century B. C."

"The Armenians must be almost as old as the flood," said Rosette thoughtfully.

"Hardly," smiled the Professor — "though their legends do say that Haig, the most famous of their ancient kings, was descended from Noah's son Japhet. And it is true that the Armenians belong to the Japhetic family of nations — to which the Persians, the people of India, most of Europe, and we ourselves, belong.

ARMENIAN FAMILY OF HARPOOT, TURKEY.
*(An elder son of this family is a clergyman in Boston.)*

"I may say right here," continued the Professor, "that the three great groups of the human race are often named after Noah's three sons who were with him in the ark, Japhet, Shem and Ham. The Japhetic family includes the whitish peoples, the Shemitic the Mongolian or yellowish peoples, and the Hamitic the negro or blackish peoples."

"And our red Indians," inquired Rob, "where do they belong?"

"They are classed in with the Mongolian group," replied Professor Jo. "The Armenians," he continued, "call themselves Haik, and their country Haiasdan, after that early king Haig, but other nations named them Armenians after his great descendant King Aram."

"What kind of a country is Armenia?" asked Rob.

"It is a country of high table-lands, few trees, and many mountains," said Professor Jo. "Mt. Ararat is the topmost peak, 17,000 feet high, and wears a white snow-cap even in mid-summer. More than half the 4,000,000 Armenians live in the region around Mt. Ararat, some in Turkey, some in Russia, some in Persia. They are mostly farmers and herdsmen. The others are scattered all through Turkey, over Europe, and even in the United States, but everywhere they keep their national character. In the cities they are merchants and bankers, and, outside of Turkey, they are often officials — for they are an able and enterprising people. Their language is one of the most ancient, and they have had an alphabet of their own, and books in their own language, since the fourth century A. D."

"Are they Mohammedans like the Turks?" asked Rosette.

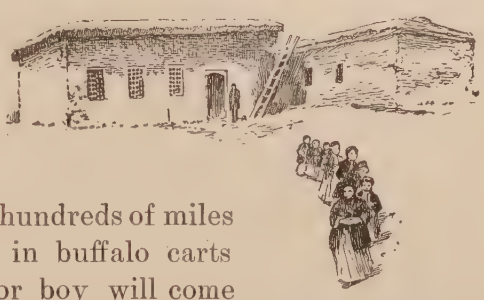
"The Armenians have been Christians since the third century — indeed Armenia was the first Christian nation," said the Professor. "Their legends say that Christ himself wrote letters to their king, and that two of the twelve apostles came to Armenia and preached to the people. And because they are Christians, and a pushing people, the Turks have crushed them in all ways. The very name Armenia is now forbidden by the Sultan. No book or map with the word Armenia is allowed in Turkey, even in the mission schools. The province has been re-named Kurdistan, after the roving tribes of Kurds among the mountains — a cruel people, 'armed to the teeth,' who live largely by plundering the peaceful unarmed Armenians. In their long history the Armenians have had many ups and downs, but have never suffered so cruelly as at the hands of the Turks. Only last year the Sultan sent his soldiers into Armenia and with the help of the Kurds killed twelve thou-

ONE WAY ARMENIAN CHILDREN RIDE.

sand, men, women, and little children too — and the killing is still going on."

"I shouldn't like to be an Armenian boy," exclaimed Rob — "if I were, I'd be a fighter, like the Turks!"

"Now tell about the poor little Armenian children," said Rosette, as a big tear rolled down each cheek.



A COUNTRY CHURCH AND SCHOOL HOUSE.

"They are dark, black-haired, bright children, with red cheeks — children who want to know things. They are so very anxious to learn that they will go away from home to the mission schools, hundreds of miles may be, making the hard journey in buffalo carts or donkey panniers. Often a poor boy will come to the mission driving a calf or sheep to pay for board and lessons. Sometimes a boy comes with a goat and kid — the kid for a pet, the goat to supply him with milk while at the school; or a girl will come horseback, riding astride and sitting on her clothes and bedding. The parents often have to pay the school with grain and cheese instead of money."

"Don't they have schools of their own?" inquired Rob.

"Yes, there is a school by every church, where the Armenian alphabet is taught, and reading, writing, geography, and the Armenian grammar. No Christians attend the national Turkish schools. The mirigs (mamas) of the little Armenians have to wake them very early, for they go to school at seven. They sit cross-legged on the floor, on mats if they have them. They all carry lunch from home and eat together in a little eating-room. The teachers, who are often the priests as well, are very strict, and punish severely. Often the boys run away to escape the teacher's tortures, but he goes after them, or the father sends them back with a present to pacify him. Many a mother has been seen whipping her children along the street to school, because of their dread of the teacher and his punishments. The influence of the mission schools and kindergartens is changing all this, and the native teachers are kinder now.

"Boys and girls go to school together till they are ten or twelve,

then to separate schools. In the girls' schools dressmaking and embroidery, especially of slipper-tops, are always taught. The materials are supplied by the school-board, and at the end of the year the articles are numbered and sold by ticket, and the money goes to the support of the school."

"Don't the boys have to earn money too?" asked Rosette.

"I believe the boys are not money-earners in school," replied Professor Jo; "but they are expected to sing in church on Sunday. All the children of the church schools must attend church every Sunday morning, Christmas Day, Easter, and on special holidays. School is opened and closed with a religious service.

"When school is out, the children going either way form in columns, each with a leader. The little ones hold their hands lapped one over the other in front in a quaint modest way. Then all march to their homes, the column halting at each house where one of them lives."

ARMENIAN DOLLS IN NATIVE DRESS. (*See page* 82)

"Tell about the houses," said Rob.

"Well, in the country they are mostly poor hovels, built of mud, with walls three feet thick, plastered with chopped straw and mud mixed, and flat mud roofs, kept smooth and hard with a stone roller or by treading with bare feet. Often they are half underground, and the earth that has been dug out so piled over them that they look like huge ant-hills. There is one door for the people and the animals —"

"The animals!" cried the twins together.

"Yes, for in winter the animals are housed with the family, in the one large room, or separated by a low partition. There is a fireplace in the middle of the earth floor for cooking, not for warming, for the

steamy heat of the animals keeps the room warm — or if very cold the children crawl in among the animals at night and sleep with them."

"Ugh!" sniffed Rosette, but Rob seemed to think it might be a good deal of fun.

"What do they cook in those holes in the floor?" he asked.

"Well, blanket bread — so big and flat and thin that a sheet sometimes serves for a table-cloth, and the other food is placed on it; or kebaby — bits of lamb broiled on sticks, served piping hot on squares of blanket bread with sour curded cream, and spiced with pepper, salt, cardamon and sumach. The milk of sheep and goats is generally preferred to cow's milk, but it is usually soured and curded by shaking it with yeast in a goat-skin before it is eaten."

ANCIENT ARMENIAN CHURCH AND MODERN MUD HOUSES.

"What do they have for dessert?" asked Rosette.

"Raisins, perhaps; and sometimes two rounds of the thin bread cooked in sugar syrup, with lumps of thick cream between.

"There are no glass windows in the houses," went on the Professor, "only a few holes for light; no tables, chairs or stools; no bureaus for clothes — instead they are wrapped in bundle-cloths and laid on shelves. These bundle-cloths serve also for hand-bags. In the mission schools, where the mothers insist the girls shall be taught sewing, they learn to sew by making bundle-cloths of patch-work. In the richer families the bundle-cloths are squares of silk or velvet, often embroidered. The bedding is rolled up by day in cupboards of shelves, and all sleep on the floor, or a low platform, at night — except perhaps the baby in his hammock, or in a cradle very like the Turkish cradle."

"O, do tell about the baby," exclaimed Rosette.

"The baby is wrapped in swaddling cloths, for a year or so. When a week old he is taken to the church and baptized. First the black-robed priest takes him in one hand, holding his nose between thumb and finger, and dips him three times under water. Then the priest dips his finger in holy oil and marks crosses on the baby's forehead, cheeks, hands, and other parts of the body. The sacred oil is really the fragrant attar of roses, and is kept in a golden vessel shaped like a dove."

FOUR SILK STRANDS INSTEAD OF FEATURES.

"What do the boys play?" broke in Rob.

"In winter there are deep snows, and then Arakel and Hagop (Jacob) and Garabet (George) and the others build snow men, and have snow-ball fights. They are mostly too poor to have skates — so poor from Turkish taxing and Kurdish robbery that sometimes the boys go to school in mid-winter barefooted and bareheaded and clad only in a cotton shirt. They play blind-man's-buff, and a four-corner game with one in the middle, very like our puss-in-the-corner.

BACK OF THE DOLL WITH "VERY RED CHEEKS." (*Page* 80)

"In summer they work more than they play — for they have to herd the flocks up the mountains. Some of the women go to cook for them, and to make butter and cheese; and all live in booths built of boughs. Each animal, travelers say, even in flocks of a hundred goats, is named, and answers when its name is called."

"Do the girls have dolls?" asked Rosette.

"O, yes, every little Aroosiag or Markarid is as fond of dolls as you, Rosette. I have seen several Armenian dolls, dressed in Armenian costume. They were rag dolls, some with painted eyes, nose and mouth, and very red cheeks, others with four silk strands crossed over the front of the head instead of features. One dress was purple wool, with flowered stripes of red, yellow and green; one was green silk with gay flowery stripes. All

had jackets, embroidered, or trimmed with lace or fur, and also caps trimmed with strings of beads and coins.

"The girls and women wear the hair in a dozen or more long braids, or in two with beads and coins braided in; and all wear a band of coins over the forehead, just showing under the cap. The cap may have a long tassel of gold thread hanging below the waist. Out of doors the women wear the chadar, a large square of thin cloth, folded over the head and falling to the feet. They do not usually go veiled like the Turkish women, though in some regions they wear a diamond-shaped cloth over chin and mouth. The little girls begin to wear the mouth-cloths when eight or nine.

"In Persian Armenia the women wear mostly carnation-red flowered with white, and snow-white chadars. They also wear large blue or red bib-aprons, richly embroidered. When a girl is ten her mother begins to embroider these aprons for her, and gives a pile of them to her on her wedding day. The young men take their brides to their father's house to live, but the bride is not allowed to speak to her husband's parents for many months, and even then only in a whisper."

TWO LITTLE ARMENIANS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.
(*Their father is studying medicine in the United States.*)

"What do the boys wear?" asked Rob.

"Dresses, like the girls, till four or five; sometime between five and fifteen they change to the men's dress of full trousers to the knee with stockings below, sash, short jacket and round cap or fez. In the larger towns boys and men wear European dress as a rule, but the women and girls cling to the native Armenian costume. When the wealthier men wear the native dress it is of fine cloth, light blue perhaps, the jacket richly embroidered in gold thread at back and sides, the plain fronts opening on a gold-embroidered vest. With this suit they will wear a red sash and red fez.

"The houses of the well-to-do and rich in the larger towns are of

course more comfortable than the mud houses of the country. They are always plain on the outside however, though behind the latticed windows they may be rich with costly carpets, silk divans, hammered iron-work, and stuccoed ceilings set with thousands of tiny mirrors that glitter like jewels.

"But the town houses have flat roofs like the mud houses of the country, and in summer rich and poor alike live on the roofs. There the household work is carried on, and the weaving of rugs and the making of gold-thread lace; there they have their meals; if the mirig has callers she takes them up the ladder to the roof to visit; there the children play, and if you, Rosette, were to visit little Markarid you would play up there with her jingly dolls — and she would treat you, perhaps, not with candy, but parched melon seeds and popped rice; and then at night all spread their mats and go to sleep on the roof."

PERSIAN ARMENIAN WOMAN WEARING CHADAR AND MOUTH-CLOTH.

"That must be jolly," cried Rob — "to lie in bed and look up at the stars and moon."

"On these roofs," continued Professor Jo, "on the twenty-fifth of every February, sacred in the Armenian church as the day the boy Christ was taken up to the temple, great bonfires are built; and the young folks dance about them and sing and and leap through the flames. Meanwhile the Mohammedans carefully close their windows that the 'sins' which they believe the Christians to be burning may not get in."

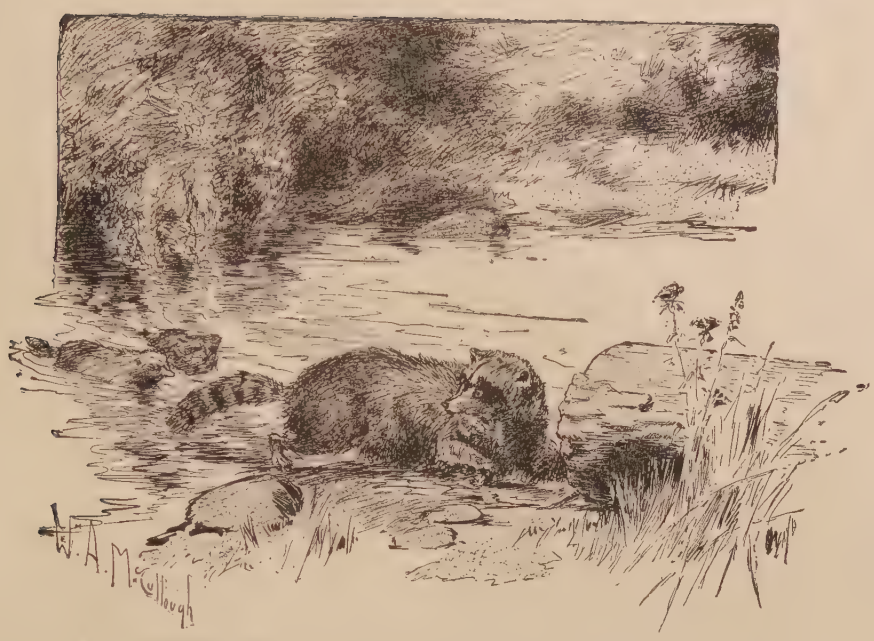
The twins thought this a very queer custom, but the Professor told them something queerer.

"When two boys fight," he said, "and one is hurt, they wash the wounded boy in water, and then throw this water over the boy that hurt him — they believe in this way the damage is transferred to the other boy!"

Rob and Rosette were laughing merrily over this when mama Rodman came to say it was the twins' bed-time.

*Charles Stuart Pratt.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



SHE LED THEM DOWN THE DROOPING BRANCHES INTO THE POOL.

## HOW MAMMY COON SAVED HER BABIES.

MY hound Carlo loved to hunt, and would track anything, from bears and wolves down to chipmunks. But his greatest delight was in raccoons. The very largest and fiercest of these ravagers of our corn-fields, if he once got hold of it, he would dispatch single-handed in two minutes.

We had a hired boy, about my own age, called "Billy," who liked to hunt as well as I did. Beginning in September, he and I, each with a light axe, punk, flint and steel (we had no matches in those times), used to go out every week-day night with Carlo. Whenever we came to a patch of corn or late oats, the dog would jump over the rail fence, and if there was a coon in the field he would either nab it on the ground or drive it up a tree. Then we would kindle a big fire and chop the tree down. The moment its top touched the ground, Carlo would find the coon, no matter how cunningly it might hide. But one night, an old mother coon, with two half-grown young ones, completely outwitted him.

These three "ringtails" were enjoying a supper of green corn in a small field just across the creek from our house. We had entered the field from the further side, and the mammy coon, watchful for her babies, heard Carlo rustling on the trail before he had got near her. Instead of foolishly running back to the woods, she led her youngsters up a big weeping-elm tree, standing on the brink of a deep pool into which some of its branches drooped.

All right so far; but in five minutes Carlo came to the elm, and his peculiar bark told us he had treed game.

But it was a dark night; the tree-top was well clothed with leaves and, as in that dry weather we dared not kindle a fire so near our barn, we could not see the coons at all. Neither did we dare cut down the tree, because it was a specially beautiful one, purposely left for ornament.

So, leaving Carlo to keep watch all night, we went home to bed, intending to come with a gun at daybreak and shoot the coons. But we didn't.

Right opposite the tree, on the other side of the creek, stood our milk-house, built over a live spring, the water from which ran through a rough pipe of hollow logs into the pool.

At the earliest glint of day, Billy and I jumped out of bed and went over to the tree, with a double-barreled gun loaded with buckshot. Carlo was still on guard, and when he saw us barked joyously.

We peered at every part of the tree-top, but not the first hair of a coon could we see! What had become of them? We knew there was no hole in the tree, and as for their coming down on the land side and passing Carlo, that was out of the question. They were gone, however; that was certain, and we felt as foolish as Carlo looked as soon as he understood the mortifying fact. All three of us went home, greatly puzzled.

After a while the dairy maid went into the milk-house; and there, by the open spring, at the head of the draining logs, crouched three trembling coons!

The mammy coon had softly led her young ones down the drooping branches into the pool, crossed it, entered the hollow log pipe and crawled to that strange place of refuge, leaving no scent behind.

Didn't she do some planning? At any rate my father was so impressed by her sagacity in evading the dog that he would not allow us to sacrifice her or her babies. He turned them gently out, and they scampered off to the woods.

*W. Thomson.*

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# A YOUNG INVENTOR.

AN American boy is born to "inventions" as the sparks are to fly upward; from a rabbit-snare to the steam-engine there is nothing he does not think *he* could improve.

My family Inventor, aged ten, was thoughtful over a new idea — "a great idea," as yet a profound secret.

He had succeeded on a mouse-trap, but that was an old story now; he soon tired of his successes, still sooner of his failures, but this new invention he told me would be "GREAT."

It was — in its own way.

Greater even than his "improvements" on the sewing-machine which left it a very sick machine and caused it to be sent for proper doctoring to a sewing-machine hospital.

We were in the drawingroom after dinner when crashing noises and smell of steam penetrated from a remote pantry.

"Fire" was naturally a first thought, for a fog of hot vapor rolled in from across the hall as frightened servants ran in, leaving opened doors.

"It is not fire," says my small boy quickly, "but I think my new machine is not working just right."

He explained that while the down-stairs dinner left the pantry free he had started his machine. Then finding he could not control it, he came in to us, took his book and — listened.

His idea was to wash dishes and "not have the trouble of doing each piece one by one."

The large marble sink of the up-stairs pantry was to be the trial-

ground, for he knew in that were always put the finer glass and china for leisurely washing-up after dinner.

His "machine" was a wheel with a few broad blades, turned by the water from a faucet above, hot water of course for cleansing. The dasher-wheel was bridged across the marble basin, and if he had "thought up" a wire "receiver" to hold steady the things during the operation, he would have come close to the "Patent Dish Washer" now in common use.

But you can't know everything at ten. The water fell all right on the wheel and the wheel did its part, gayly churning the soap to foam — also the china and glass into a mad dance. Hot steam filled the room and snapping crashes told the fate of the china. Seeing he could do no good, and only getting his little hands scalded in his vain endeavor to turn off the faucet, he left things to their fate. He knew the right people would soon hear and set things straight. When the opened windows cleared out the fog of hot steam, and the heated faucet was stopped off, a woful wreck was disclosed.

The General was suffocating with suppressed laughter, but knowing the child's sensitive hatred of being laughed at, and really feeling for his wounded pride, he kept his gravity. And I seeing the reddened hands took him off to comfort them with cooling applications and soothe his heart by assurances that it was not a loss I minded, for money could replace it. And I told him of a real loss *I* had caused when I was his age — a loss that made *my* mother very sorry, for no money could replace the beautiful things that had been brought to Virginia long before our Revolution by my great-grandmother, and were not mere china and glass but home-memories, for generations.

"Look always at the intentions," my father would say.

Neither my boy nor myself had *intended* any but pleasant help but it had turned to harm. And though boys are supposed to do all the mischief no boy could have got into more than I did "once upon a time."

"If you can remove it, *never*, NEVER leave a child with a troubled heart for the night." I left my little man comfortable, and laughing to think of *his* mother as a heedless child of whom everyone said, "She never thinks!"

*Jessie Benton Frémont.*

# A FOUR-FOOTED TRAPPER.

MANY wild animals, which unlike our domestic pets can have learned nothing from man, display so much sagacity at times that some people believe they have minds.

I myself have seen doings of various untamed forest creatures that would seem to prove that they possessed the faculty of reasoning.

The earliest case within my recollection occurred sixty-one years ago, when I, a boy of ten, was living in the backwoods of Canada.

Through our partially cleared farm of 400 acres ran a stream called Etobicoke Creek. Along the margin of this creek I used to set traps for muskrats and mink with great success. Once I caught, more to my delight than his own, a splendid male otter, whose single pelt was worth fifty times as much as that of a muskrat!

These traps were set a few inches below the surface of the water, each being attached to a long string or light chain tied to a peg in the bank. Whenever a mink or a muskrat got caught, it would make at once for deep water, where the weight of the trap invariably caused it to drown. Then, when I came along each morning, all I had to do was to seize the string and haul the traps in and take out the game.

Well, that year I began to trap in October, so soon as the fur was good, and almost every night throughout the month each one of the three traps caught something; so, counting the valuable otter skin, I was getting pocket money at a great rate.

But one Indian Summer morning, early in November, I found that all my traps had been pulled ashore and robbed. Two of them had muskrats's toes still sticking in the toothed jaws, and the other had a mink's foreleg — the bodies had been torn off and carried away.

Looking around, I found in the soft sand a number of footprints, a good deal like raccoon tracks, but larger. Greatly puzzled, I went home and brought my father down to see them.

"These are wolverine tracks, Willie," he said. "It's the greediest and most cunning beast I know of. I've seen them in the Hudson Bay Territory, but never one in this part of the country. They're famous for robbing traps, and no wolverine ever gets into one himself."

"What does it look like, and how big, father?" I asked him.

"A very wicked-looking, dark-brown creature, about the size of a large raccoon, with a short bushy tail, short strong legs, sharp claws, and feet much like those of a young bear," he replied.

The moon was full at that time, and being anxious to get a sight of this strange animal I got up at 3 o'clock next morning and hid myself near the reset traps, in the thick top of a small hemlock tree.

I perched there for about four hours, and saw nothing; but just at

HAND OVER HAND."

daybreak the wolverine came softly out of the wood, and looked around in every direction. Finding all quiet, he then went, one after the other, to two of the traps, which had not caught anything. He thrust his forepaw under the jaws, sprung them as cleverly as any person could have done, and devoured the baits.

Then, with his front paws, he took hold of the light chain holding the third trap which was out under water, and drew it in, hand over hand, just as I would have done. There was a fat mink in it. He bit through the leg that was caught and hurried off with the body.

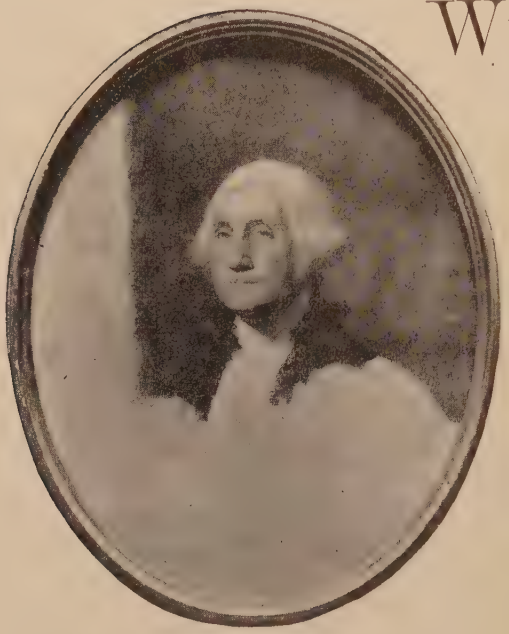
He must have "reasoned" that there was a trap at the end of the chain, also how to get it.

*W. Thomson.*

# Twelve Years Old.

# CHILDREN A CENTURY AGO.

*(When Grandfather's Grandfather Was a Boy.)*



GEORGE WASHINGTON.— *From painting by Stuart.*

WHEN your grandfather's grandfather was a boy he had but few of the things that you feel you could not get along without.

When he got up in the morning he had no warm room in which to wash and dress himself, for there were no stoves; and he would have opened his eyes very, very wide if any one had told him about a bath room, where he could turn on hot or cold water from a faucet.

Your grandfather's grandfather seldom ate white bread when he was a boy. Rye or corn bread, beef, pork and fish were what he lived on, and he knew no more of oranges and bananas than he did of bicycles. To him, knowing only the home-made tallow candles, an electric light would have been a piece of marvellous magic, and an ice-cream soda a taste of fairy-land.

Your grandfather's grandfather had his games and his good times, but not nearly so many as you have to-day. He knew how to swim and skate, row and ride, and you may be sure he had tamed and trained a fox, or a crow, or a 'possum or a 'coon, or some other of the wild creatures he had snared and trapped or taken boldly from nest or lair.

He went to school in a little unpainted schoolhouse. He would have opened his eyes wide if he had heard what you have to study now.

Past the schoolhouse ran the highway, joining town to town or village to village. The lumbering wagon or rattling stage-coach, filled

with goods or passengers, traveled along it, and at the passengers in the coach your grandfather's grandfather would stare with some envy. It was a rare thing to be a traveler in those days. A Boston boy who had visited New York was a "nine day's wonder," one of the world's greatest travelers.

But people heard about other people even if there were no newspapers or telegraphs. Great men had already lived in America, and in every village were old Revolutionary soldiers who could tell stirring stories of battles, and of the captains who had led them to victory.

Of one of these captains all the world was talking, when your grandfather's grandfather was a boy. For that same captain was the foremost man in the world, and your grandfather's grandfather flung his cap high in his honor, like all the boys in America whenever that great leader's name was mentioned.

You know who that famous captain was. He had been a boy years before your grandfather's grandfather was born, and the world has not yet grown tired of hearing stories about him: how as a boy he had been true and noble, loving his mother, helping in his home, learning in his boyhood to do his duty and to do it well.

He was brought up on a simple Virginia farm. He was the best rider, the strongest wrestler, the swiftest runner, the surest hunter of all the boys roundabout. He could jump the farthest, throw a stone the greatest distance, swim the longest, climb the highest, and in the end he climbed higher than any man in America or in all the world.

You know his name, what boy or girl in America does not know it? He was George Washington, the Virginian — the good boy in his home, the smart young surveyor, the plucky young captain of backwoodsmen, who fought the Indians in the Virginia mountains, beat the French at Pittsburg, saved the day when the proud English soldier, Braddock, lost his wits and his life, spoke strong words for liberty when Americans rose in rebellion against their English masters, led the armies to victory during the seven years of the American Revolution, guided the people to peace and stood before all the world as the greatest, and best American — the first President of the United States.

*Elbridge S. Brooks.*

THE CHILDREN'S RECEPTION.

## A PRETTY NEW-YEAR'S CUSTOM.

CHRISTMAS everywhere is the children's great holiday, but New-Year's in one city at least, Washington, is a very big frolic for the little people.

While their mamas, dressed prettily, are receiving New-Year's calls in the drawing-room, and their papas are driving over the wide avenues and handsome streets of the National Capital to pay at "high noon" their respects to the President and his Cabinet, the little Washington Dorothys and Janes and Bessys and Rachels and Francescas and Isabels are busily dressing up in their mama's or big sister's gowns. The flying curls of gold or brown are pinned high up on the cunning heads; and with "such splendid trains" and "such lovely lace," in mama's long gloves, and decked with mama's "pins," they make ready to "receive" their friends, Jack and Tom, Harry and Aleck.

These wee dames generally "receive" in groups. Mysteriously, all over the city, about twelve or one o'clock, little sunny-faced girls are

bobbing in and out street-cars; or if papa can spare the coachman a few minutes, before he himself starts out to make calls, the carriage door flies open at some little girl's house, and out hops Dorothy, Rachel and Rose, perhaps with powder on their yellow hair, and tiny black "patches" on their velvet cheeks and chins, just like great-grandmother's portrait! And exactly what is in that bag they carry, nobody knows!

A half-hour later, with much giggling, winking, blinking, curtseying and bowing, the "receiving ladies" hasten, pell-mell, into the cosey library, or sitting-room, given especially to them by mama for their New-Year's callers.

"LET'S SEE HOW YOU LOOK WITH YOUR HAT ON!"

Just as mysteriously, the little men of the city, the country, the village, from the Riggs Hotel, the Shoreham, or Willard's, step into the cable cars, or mama's carriage, or walk, dressed in their "Sunday-est" clothes, with canes and silk hats, kid gloves, and a "beauty flower" which their mamas have pinned in their button-holes, and all with engraved or written cards tucked away in their little side pockets or card cases.

It is quite the fashion for the dozen or more little girls who "receive" together, to bring their best dollies in their best clothes to sit on the sofas and divans. The dolls are introduced, and luncheon is served to them.

Often the "receiving parties" are to be seen chasing one another out on the lawns, like butterflies in the sun, with shouts, gay laughter, a wondrous holding up of trains and a very distracting dropping of hairpins. For, after all, the pretty custom is only a frolic! and the wonderful "ladies and gentleman of fashion" are but happy, merry

children, and their wise mothers are very careful that the calls and receptions shall be looked upon only as merry childhood's fun.

The little Washington people are very fond of calling on their elders, too, to wish them the "compliments of the season." A little blue-eyed man of four called on all his mama's best friends last year, and on his dainty card was engraved: *A Happy New-Year! From Fred L. Sturtevant.*

On many a Washington New-Year's has the warm sunshine been made golden by the little heads of the children who, like flocks of gay-plumaged birds, have flown in and out of my own home, with funny gowns and hats, very spry little legs, and very merry voices and dancing eyes, to wish us a Happy New-Year. "I *do* wis' 'oo a Happy New-Year!" said our small neighbor last year, little Blessing De Witt, aged two, running across the way and joyously presenting us his card.

*Margaret Spencer.*

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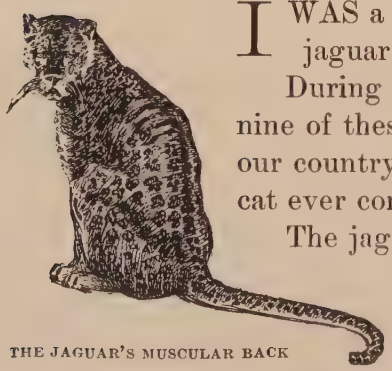
# LITTLE MANUEL AND THE JAGUAR.

(*Great Cats I Have Met.*)



THE JAGUAR'S MUSCULAR BACK

I WAS a young man when I met and slew my first jaguar.

During my lifetime I have killed, or helped kill, nine of these terrible creatures. Only one of them in our country, in Texas; Texas is as far north as this cat ever comes.

The jaguars are midway in size between the tiger and leopard, two of the worst cats, but they are much handsomer and quite as dangerous.

I was visiting on the coffee plantation of a Portuguese gentleman in Brazil, about a hundred miles north of Rio Janerio. Senhor Rinaldo was a great sportsman, and his little son Manuel, about twelve years

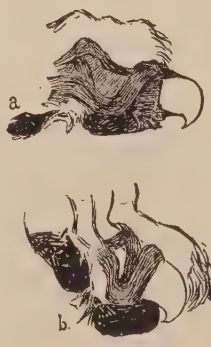
old, was a real little expert with fishing-rod and fowling-piece. It was needful there that even a little boy should know how to use a gun, for on every hand were dense vine-clad forests full of dangerous game.

THE JAGUAR'S PAW IN REPOSE.

One hot forenoon, after an expedition on the river for fish and wild fowl, Senhor Rinaldo decided to row up stream still further, to lunch on a piece of open ground kept clear of underbrush and trees, a pleasant spot, round as a fairy's ring, covered with tropical flowers, and closely surrounded, even at the river-front, by thick forest.

After the meal was over, Senhor Rinaldo and I dreamily smoked and rested in the shade. But Manuel was on the wing. Gun in hand, he flitted about among the dazzling flowers, picking such as he thought might be new to his beautiful young mother whom, in a curiously chivalrous way, he was wont to pet as if she had been a little sister.

By and by the youngster had wandered quite across the glade. There he sat down to sort his flowers, in the edge of the forest. He was directly opposite us. Not for a moment, here so near us, did either of us imagine that any harm could befall the boy. But suddenly we saw the little fellow spring to his feet, drop his half-arranged bouquet, throw up his gun, and fire at some object by us unseen.




ACTION OF JAGUAR'S CLAW; *a*, OPEN FOR ATTACK; *b*, SHEATHED, THE MUSCLES CONTRACTED, THE WEIGHT BORNE ON THE TOES.

The shot was instantly followed by a snarling scream. Through the powder smoke we saw a brilliant streak of color dart in a curve from the dark trees and descend upon the boy. As he went down, he shouted: "O, papa! papa! the tiger! the tiger!"

Racing for life, we dashed across to the rescue. I, being the younger and more fleet of foot, got first to the scene, dreading to find it one of horror. What I did see was this: Manuel stretched out alongside a decaying log, and over the log with its jaws fastened upon the gun, which the young

hunter instinctively held before his face, sprawled the form of an enormous jaguar.

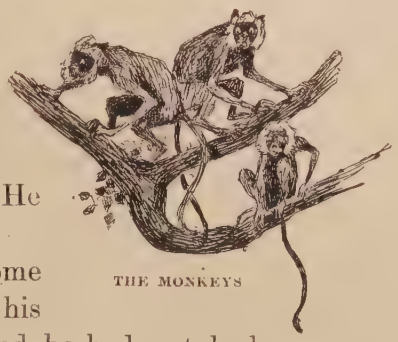
The furious beast was bleeding from a wound in the back of its

"IT LET GO OF THE GUN AND SPRANG SAVAGELY AT ME."

neck where the charge of bird-shot, fired at close range, had cut a furrow. This red torrent streaming down over the boy's breast gave him all the appearance of being mortally wounded. To pass over the one

hundred yards of space had probably occupied me twelve seconds and I knew the cat had had time to dispatch the boy. I supposed my brave little friend was dead.

When I was about ten feet off, the jaguar let go of the gun and sprang at me, his retracted lips showing a full set of fangs, and his yellow-green eyes glowing like live coals. This was a foolish move, for a heavy bullet from my gun entered the open mouth and passed through his head. He sank down at my feet, dead.



THE MONKEYS

By this time, Senhor Rinaldo had come up, and in a moment he had his boy in his arms. Then, to our amazement, we found he had not had even a scratch, thanks to the protecting log and to the gun-barrel which the beast's teeth had deeply indented. "Why, papa," said he, "I'm not a bit hurt, and mama's flowers are all safe!"

A monster he was in size — nearly ten feet long, counting in his short tail — but he was also one of the most beautifully-furred creatures I ever saw. The thick, lustrous fur was a rich fawn color, profusely dotted by dark, glossy rosettes, and in the center of each of these spots which ran along his sides was a smaller spot of light yellow. Across his breast and along his spine were several unbroken black streaks.

JAGUAR AFTER MONKEYS.

There was great rejoicing on the plantation, especially by Manuel's mother. Though the jaguar will not openly attack a man face to face, he will skulk for miles on the track of a person and at the first good chance make a spring, and he will attack and kill children in bright sunlight.

Senhor Rinaldo's Indians told me that the forests were so thick and dark the beasts wandered at all hours for prey. Monkeys were their favorite food, but they visited the plantations and destroyed colts, calves and even full-grown horses.

*W. Thomson.*

# KITTY KA-TINK.

BY MARY A. ALLEN

NELLIE: "O KITTY KA-TINK
QUICK QUICK AS A WINK
NOW CLIMB UP THAT FRIENDLY OLD TREE;
FOR OLD DOG BOW-WOW
IS AFTER YOU NOW,
AND CRUEL AND FIERCE IS HE.

O KITTY KA-TINK
YOU RISE AND YOU SINK
WITH THE SWAY OF THAT BENDING BOUGH.
WHAT IF YOU SHOULD FALL
TAIL, CLAWS, EARS AND ALL
RIGHT INTO THE MOUTH OF BOW-WOW.

W.H. SHELTON.

# NELLIE OGG AND HER GOATS.

VI. — JOCK'S FAVORITE STORY.

OCK thought the fairy story of "The Bachelor of Glengairn," was the beautifullest story he listened to. And so too said Maisie. And Nellie told it to the goats often. This was the story.

"A gray and loney bachelor once lived in a stone castle up Glengairn; as pretty a place as need be, when the banks were yellow with primroses.

"He lived there alone, with the butler, the housekeeper, and a maid named Nora, and was very lonesome; and often wished he had a companion to ride with, to walk with, to hunt the deer and rabbit with, to shoot grouse with, to go a-fishing with, to talk with at night when the wind howled outside, to pour his tea at breakfast — in short, some dear, jolly comrade, to help do everything, for he was a very, *very* lonesome bachelor indeed, as well as gray."

On the moor, where Nellie lived, and up Glengairn, where this bachelor lived, a great many fairies lived also. And they lived in little cone-shaped hillocks, called fairy hillocks to this day, though I am sorry to say the fairies themselves have all gone away since people from America and all the world have taken to visiting the moor where Nellie lived. But then there were more fairies than real folks, and they helped the folks about their work; such as finishing up Mammy Ogg's spindle of sheep's wool. Mammy would go to bed at night, leaving it half full, and lo! in the morning, there it was beautifully spun! and her goat's milk curd, left over night, would be made into the beautifullest cheese!

Sometimes, too, they did a bit of mischief, such as dancing on Daddy Ogg's stomach, or tickling his ears, which gave him bad dreams.

"Well, one day, this gray and lonely bachelor had been wandering up and down the hills, and across the moors, and in the dark forests

of fir, and feeling tired, at last sat down on a hillock to rest. He did not notice that it was a fairy hillock, for his loneliness made him absent-minded, so that he did things, not knowing exactly what he did.

"HE SAW SOMETHING VERY DROLL WAS GOING ON."

"He sat there for some time, thinking his sad thoughts about the jolly comrade he hadn't got, when all at once he saw something very droll was going on about him.

"All around his feet the heather had been burnt, and there were the bits of white stumps, and the tiny black holes, and the twisted stems and all manner of whirlimagigs, just as there always are where heather has been burnt.

"And as he looked, the little black holes turned into bright black eyes; the bits of stems were changed to legs and arms and feet and sprawling little bodies, that rolled and twisted, and skipped and jumped, and twinkled and whirled in endless reels and jigs; in short, he saw a whole village of jolly little fairy folk at their revels.

"After watching them awhile, the lonely bachelor took up a big pebble — for that is what you do when you come upon a circle of fairy folk at their sports — and threw it in the midst of the tiny dancers, saying:

"'*Let all that is within be mine!*'

"And lo! the fairy folk vanished in the wink of an eye; and from out the circle a lovely lady rose up, with hair like sunbeams, and eyes blue as a June sky, and clad in glistening raiment that moved like a willow branch when she walked. And he took her by the hand, and led her up Glengairn to his castle, where she lived with him forever and a day; and it was primrose time. And he was no more a lonely bachelor, though still gray."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*Frank Pope Humphrey.*

HE LED HER UP TO HIS CASTLE.

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# THE TONGUE.

BEHIND the white bars of his cage,
He hurries to and fro —
This restless little vagabond —
And works a world of woe.

Behind the white bars of his cage,
By kindly impulse wooed,
He moves — this chainless prisoner —
And works a world of good.

*Charlotte W. Thurston.*

## A JUNE RACE.

THE red, red rose by the garden gate
Called to the others: "You're late! you're late!
I've got a flower and three buds out —
Pray, what are the rest of you about?"

And — would you believe it? — by afternoon
The white rose had blossomed — yes, so soon;
But the pink moss-bud, with its cap of lace,
Came last of all in the June-rose race!

*Annie Isabel Willis.*

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## EFFIE AND WALISA.

EFFIE HARDING, eight years old, was glad when the carriage at last drew up at the great building of the Indian School, and her uncle, who was the superintendent, came running down the steps to meet her and her mama who had come to visit him.

At first she forgot everything else in seeing her favorite uncle, but after a time she nestled up to him, and, "Uncle Kit," she asked, "do the little Indian girls play? And do they hurt when they play? Do they shoot?"

"O, yes," said Mr. Osmond, "they play. Yes, some of the girls shoot very well with bows and arrows."

"Will they shoot me, Uncle Kit?" Effie asked, trembling.

"Shoot you, Effie?" he laughed. "Why, they don't shoot people; they only shoot at a mark."

"And won't they hurt me?" she asked.

"What have you been saying to this child, Maud?" Uncle Kit asked Mrs. Harding.

"It wasn't mama," faltered Effie, "'twas the girls. They said the Indian children would shoot at me, and would hurt me."

WALISA.

Her uncle went to the door and spoke to somebody outside.

In a few minutes the same door softly opened, and a little Indian girl came in.

"Good morning, Walisa," said Mr. Osmond.

"Good morning," answered the Indian child.

"Walisa," he said again, "this little girl is afraid of Indian girls!"

Walisa did not speak. Nor did she come any nearer. She stood looking and looking at the little white girl. And as she looked, it seemed to her funnier and funnier that anybody should be afraid of Indians! Walisa had always thought that it was the Indians who were afraid of white people. Her bright, dark eyes danced with fun until they shone like stars, and dimples came about her mouth. Her black hair was as smooth as Effie's, and she wore a pretty dress of dark blue, and a white apron.

But Effie had turned away and was holding her face close against her uncle's arm. There she waited to hear what Walisa was going to say. Walisa didn't say anything. Neither did mama, nor Uncle Kit.

All at once Effie wheeled around. And then she and Walisa stood looking straight into each other's eyes. The little Indian's were so pretty as they danced with fun, and her dimples were so sweet, that at last Effie laughed. She too had found out how funny it was to be afraid of Walisa!

Now, if she should ask a certain question, she thought, she should know whether or not little Indian girls were like little white girls.

She went up to Walisa. "Do you play dolls?" she asked. This was the question.

Walisa nodded, and her eyes danced more merrily than ever. "You come, I show you," she said.

The next minute Walisa and Effie were walking hand in hand through the hall and upstairs to the great room where all the Indian girls slept, with their beds in long rows.

Effie saw a large doll on a chair. "Is that your doll?" she said to Walisa.

"It my turn to-day," answered the little Indian girl.

WHERE THE INDIAN GIRLS SLEPT.

"What?" said Effie. And a week afterward she wrote home:

"DEAR PAPA:

Walisa is an Indian girl but she doesn't ware any fethers on her head like the pictures. I love her. The little Indians have to take turns about playing dollys — they haven't enough to go round. Each has the dolly a certain day. Santa Claus forgot them. Mama says I may ask you please brake my bank theres most a whole dollar in it and buy me the prettiest paper dolls you can find. And papa please buy me twenty-four — one for each little Indian. The little Indians never quarrel over their turns but just wait round and look at the girls that have the dolls. If you saw — you'd want their days to come every day.

Good-by, from your loving Effie."

If there was a happier girl than Effie when she gave out the twenty-four paper dolls, it was each little Indian girl as she received one.

*Frances C. Sparhawk.*

# "THREE SUNDAYS BEFORE EASTER."

*Children's Day in Heidelberg.*

IT was truly a bright spring Sunday, but no brighter than many another; why, then, should all the children in old Heidelberg turn out on this particular Sunday, take possession of the streets, form themselves into little processions and go marching hither and thither about the city?

Whenever I looked from my window, which commanded a view of the city and surrounding country, I would see these odd processions. They seemed to be everywhere. When I took my afternoon ramble I met a number of them, and a nearer view only made me the more curious.

In the middle of each procession were two large cone-shaped objects as tall, or even taller, than a grown person. One of them was covered with grass, a mixture of ivy and evergreen boughs, and ornamented with flowers and ribbons. The other was covered with plain straw.

How odd they looked, those big cones moving along among the children, as if alive! I stared at them in wonder, and at last I saw at a small square opening in the front of each of the cones a face! and shortly after I discovered at the bottom of each cone, a pair of feet! Yes, there was a boy walking inside and holding up the light framework.

But all this did not explain the meaning of the processions, and it was not until evening that I learned all about it.

The processions were carrying out an ancient German custom, so ancient in fact that its origin can be traced to heathen people — the celebration of the return of Summer.

On Mid-Lent Sunday, which comes three weeks before Easter, Summer is supposed to arrive, and to proceed at once to chase away Winter!

Summer is represented by the gay green cone, and Winter by the straw cone.

At some time during the progress of the procession the green cone runs up against the straw cone and hectors and mauls and torments it, and so puts an end to the reign of Winter. Everybody along the route is in sympathy with the green cone, and seems glad to see it lording over Winter, and all join in with the children who shout the ancient Summer-day song:

"Strich, strah, ströh!
The Summer-day is here!"

The children all carry long wands. These wands are decorated with tufts of green at the top, and with gay and floating ribbons.

THE STRANGE PROCESSION.

In Germany there are certain cakes which belong to certain holidays. The pretzel is the special Summer-day cake, and therefore a pretzel is attached to the top of each of these long sticks; and fastened inside of each pretzel is an empty egg-shell, the egg being the Easter symbol of new life.

*Alice Crossette Hall.*

# THE WHIRLING GLOBE.

*All the Children in all the World.*

IV. — THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE.

PARIS — ah, Paris is the city of artists," said Professor Jo, as Rob whirled the globe and the pencil pointed to the capital of France, on the banks of the Seine. "Young artists from America, and all other countries, go to Paris to learn to paint, and model statues, and make pictures for books and magazines. It is a city of science, too; and there, not long ago, was built the very biggest globe in the world."

"How big is that?" asked Rob.

"Well, this globe," answered Professor Jo, tapping the globe beside him, "is not as tall as you; but if another boy should stand on your head, and half a dozen more on his, one over the other, the boy at the top would hardly be able to see the north pole of that great globe. It is forty-two feet in diameter. The largest globe in this country is not quite twelve feet through; the second largest in Europe is eighteen. The great French geographer, M. Réclus, is now planning to build a huge globe four hundred feet through."

PARIS, LOOKING ACROSS THE SEINE TO THE TOWERS OF NOTRE DAME.

"I think they must be very fond of geography in France," said Rosette — "perhaps even the little girls like it," she added, with a funny look that made Rob and the Professor laugh.

"Little girls in France," said Professor Jo, "used to be kept mostly at home with their mamas, and taught there, or in convents; and more attention was given to manners and housekeeping than to books. But the present republican government has established fine public schools for girls all over France, where they are taught like the boys, and sewing and dressmaking besides; yet still many are sent to convents and to private schools, where, as at home, great attention is given to manners. It is true that French children are very polite; they are taught to say kind and agreeable things, and to pay graceful compliments, from the cradle up. Girls in private schools study at home, and go to recite only once or twice a week. Then, and whenever they go out from home, they are accompanied by the mother or governess.

"The boys, though, except when very small, are let to go alone; and at eight o'clock you may see them running along the Paris streets, wearing capes instead of coats — blue capes with hoods — and flat bérets or tam-o'-shanters, and carrying their books in black leather bags. Some of the boys wear long trousers and black blouses belted at the waist.

"In school, the recitations are mostly written, and very well written, too. Fencing is taught, as gymnastics are taught here, perhaps because France is such a military nation — for you must know, Rob, that every French boy, when he grows up, has to serve three years in the army. Brevets or diplomas are awarded by the government, one at sixteen, one at eighteen or over; and to receive these honors boys and girls, of both public and private schools, must go up to the Hotel de Ville, in Paris, and be examined. Without these diplomas it is difficult, after school-days, to secure business positions in France."

"Do the schools let out for Saturday?" asked Rob.

"No; but every Thursday afternoon is a half-holiday. And they have recesses, as you do, only the teacher always goes out with the children. Often they march off to one of the old palace gardens, the Tuileries or the Luxembourg perhaps, and play there."

"What do they play?" asked Rob.

"The games are very like ours, tops, marbles and ball, battledore and shuttlecock, grace-hoops, hide-and-seek and blind-man's-buff. As a rule, French boys are gentler in their plays, and perhaps less sturdy and manly, than — American boys for instance. After the play, if the young Parisian hasn't already spent his pocket-money, he will perhaps buy at the candy-stand a glass of licorice water. At noon, in many

PARIS SCHOOL-BOYS GOING INTO THE GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES.
*(From a snap-shot photograph.)*

towns, hot soup is served to all the scholars, but each carries bread and a napkin from home.

"To the old palace gardens, also," continued Professor Jo, "the nurses take the babies, in baby-carriages or in their arms. The Paris nurse wears a cap with gay ribbons hanging to her heels, and a long full cloak big enough to cover in the baby too if need be. Many of the nurses come from the provinces, and wear their own picturesque costumes."

"Tell something about French babies," said Rosette.

"Well, in the first place, the baby is a very important member of the French household, more so than in most countries. If a girl-baby,

the parents begin the very first year to lay aside something for her 'dot,' which is a sum of money saved up for every French girl to have when old enough to marry. The peasants have a pretty belief that if baby takes his first step behind the priest it will bring good luck, and insure the going in right ways ever after. So when baby is old enough to begin walking he is carefully stood up behind the priest, in church perhaps, and if he so much as puts one little foot before the other, while the priest is walking in front of him, great is the rejoicing. Then the christening is often made a great occasion, a dozen families with babies clubbing together to have the christenings at one time, and all the relatives going with them in honor of the beautiful ceremony. Nothing however is more interesting than the crowds of babies in the old palace gardens of the Tuileries, where once the little princes built sand forts and dug their gardens."

"But why are there no little princes now?" asked Rosette.

"Ah, Rosette," replied Professor Jo, "to answer that would be to tell the history of France."

"Tell it," exclaimed Rob — "Napoleon was a Frenchman, wasn't he?"

"Yes; and the same land that has given to boys the hero-name of Napoleon, has also given to girls a heroine in Joan of Arc, the peasant girl who wore white armor, rode a black horse, and led the armies of France to victory.

"Well, to begin," went on the Professor, pointing with his pencil, "France is a six-sided country, six hundred miles across, in the southwest corner of Europe. It is a land of white villages, old castles, and gray churches. It is a land of fruits and flowers — apple orchards with winter snow in the north, vineyards in the east, chestnut groves and fisheries in the west, and in the south, on the sunny Mediterranean, olives, oranges, roses, and perpetual summer.

"The history of the land that is now France begins just before the Christian era, 50 B. C., when the great Roman emperor Julius Cæsar

conquered the country, then called Gaul, and made it a Roman province. The people of Gaul, as of all Europe west of the Rhine, including the British Isles, were Celts, but they adopted the language of their conquerors, and Gaul became the most civilized of Roman provinces.

"After five centuries, the Teutonic tribes from over the Rhine burst through the eastern frontier of Gaul, overcame the Roman power, and settled there. Several small kingdoms sprang up in the south, and one in the north, of which the greatest king was Charlemagne. These Teutonic or Germanic tribes were also called Franks, whence the present name of France.

"The power of the Germanic tribes, like that of the Romans, lasted five centuries. Meantime the invading Franks had adopted the language of the country, and grown away from their fatherland, while the power of the ancient nobility had risen above that of the Frankish ruler. So in 987 A. D. Hugh Capet, Count of Paris and Orleans, was made king, and founded the French monarchy, as distinct from the Germanic kingship. That was the real beginning of the France of to-day.

"During the next eight hundred years, Hugh Capet's little kingdom, barely fifty miles across, was built up, province by province, as you put together a dissected map, till it reached its present area. During these eight centuries, the nation had grown rich and powerful — or rather the king and nobility had, but the people had grown poorer, and were oppressed, and robbed, and imprisoned without cause — and the end came in the terrible French Revolution."

"What was that — did they fight?" cried Rob.

"Like wounded wild beasts," said Professor Jo. "The people rose up all over France and took their rights by force. They tore down the prisons, they sacked the palaces, they guillotined king, queen, and nobles, till the streets of Paris ran blood.

"In those dreadful days the mobs in the streets had a wild song and dance called the 'Carmagnole' — and to-day in the old Tuileries gardens, where those same mobs danced and sang it, the French girls have a play that is a relic of the Carmagnole. They join hands in a circle, as for 'ring-around-rosy,' and dance and sing this verse:

'Dansons la Carmagnole!
Vive la son! Vive la son
Dansons la Carmagnole!
Vive la son du canon!'"

(O, dance the Carmagnole!
Hurrah the sound! Hurrah the sound!
O, dance the Carmagnole!
Hurrah the sound of cannon!)

"I like 'ring-around-rosy' better," said Rosette, shaking her head.

"And were there no more kings?" asked Rob.

"The Revolutionists made France a republic; but, soon after, Napoleon became the hero of the people, and they crowned him emperor — and thrice in the century since the Revolution has France changed from empire to republic. The present republic dates from 1870, and governs France for the good of all the people."

THE TUILERIES GARDEN, WITH THE SUMMER SHOW OF ANCIENT ORANGE-TREES IN TUBS.

"How do the little girls dress?" inquired Rosette.

"The upper classes in the cities, especially Paris, dress about as you do — for you know, Rosette, Paris sets the fashions of the civilized world, for girls and their mamas. If you were a peasant girl, though, you would wear a plain coarse gown, a close white cap, and put your bare feet into wooden shoes stuffed with straw."

"Don't they have stockings?" exclaimed Rosette.

"Often not. The peasant dress however varies greatly in different provinces. Blue and red are favorite colors. The men wear blue blouses week-days, black blouses on Sunday, and in some sections red bérets on their heads.

"France," went on Professor Jo, "is a land of bright colors and light hearts; a land of cosey homes with thrifty owners. The children are workers too. The girls help wash in the brooks; they tend the cows and sheep all day off in the pastures; they herd the geese

and turkeys, knitting, knitting, all the while — even the little tots can knit. On the coast the boys pack sardines, and in the vineyard regions schools let out for the grape gathering."

"Don't they have holidays?" asked Rob.

"O, yes; France is the very home of holidays. Every Thursday afternoon is made a little holiday, for school-children, with an extra good dinner may be. They often have these dinners out of doors, for France is full of walled gardens, with vine-covered arbors where tables are set. Every birthday is a family fête Then too there are military parades, and church fêtes, with processions.

"The great church event of the French child's life," continued Professor Jo, "is the First Communion. For days before, the children are busy gathering flowers and making wreaths and garlands. The house-fronts are hung with white, the church is garlanded, and flowery altars are set up along the roadside. On that day the children kneel before their fathers and mothers and ask forgiveness for everything wrong they have ever done. Then the girls are dressed in white, with long white veils; white ribbons are tied around the boys' left arms; and all march in procession, through the flowery white streets to the church, and up the church aisles to the altar.

BRETON GIRLS WASHING CLOTHES.

"On April first, the French children, instead of making 'fools,' make presents of 'April fish' — colored and gilded paper fish filled with funny things.

"Then every city celebrates its own historic events. And on July 14th the whole nation goes wild in memory of the fall of the Bastille, in the French Revolution — as we celebrate the Fourth of July."

"And Christmas?" cried Rob.

"Christmas is a church and family festival. In every church is a

tableau of the Nativity — the Christ Child in the manger, with Mary and Joseph, the shepherds and the Wise Men, and even the oxen. At midnight there is a service, when all join in singing Christmas carols; and there is a little night feast in every house when they get home. French children set their shoes, in place of hanging their stockings; and it is not Santa Claus that fills them with toys, but the Christ Child — going over the roofs with a laden donkey instead of a reindeer sleigh, or, as some believe, with a host of little angels to carry the gifts. In France, however, the great gift-giving comes at New Year's.

"And, queer to tell," concluded the Professor, "the day after New Year's is kept, in some parts of France, as Mother Goose Day — for the real very-first Mother Goose lived in France, in the eighth century. She was Queen Bertha Goosefoot, mother of the mighty Germanic King Charlemagne." *Charles Stuart Pratt.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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# BOCKERS.

CHAPTER IV. — THE SUBSTITUTE TEACHER.

BOCKERS went to his classroom in no good humor. He found the boys in an uproar. Their regular teacher was absent. A young girl, a recent graduate, had been sent in as substitute.

He sat down hard, and the class laughed, not only at the clatter, but because they saw he had jarred the ink-well set into the desk behind him and sent a stream of ink down upon the cover of Peggy's new reader. Peggy picked it up and slapped him with it full in the face, leaving a black smear on his cheek.

Bockers' next move was to fasten a pin in the toe of his boot and then press it hard against the lower part of the monitor's back which he was able to reach by sliding down in his seat and bracing one foot on top of the other.

"Ouch!" exclaimed the monitor.

The young teacher turned nervously. She looked about for a

moment, and then told Peggy to leave the room. Bockers' hand was up in an instant.

"Put your hand down," said the teacher.

"Peggy didn't do it," said Bockers sturdily.

"Who gave you permission to speak?" said the young girl.

"Well, he didn't do it," persisted Bockers. "I did it — and I'll do more than that to that sneak of a monitor."

The class applauded, and Peggy gave his peculiar chuckle. This

"WHAT A DEAR LITTLE DOG!" THE TEACHER SAID.

was too much for any teacher's endurance. "You go out of the room anyhow," said she to Peggy.

"'Taint fair," persisted Bockers. "I did it."

"Will you be quiet?" demanded the teacher angrily. "Come out and sit here," pointing to a desk directly in front of her. Then, to Peggy: "Stand outside the door till I tell you you may come in."

"Just my luck," muttered Peggy, though he was rather glad to escape lessons. He enjoyed himself by opening the door every few seconds and making faces at the class through the crack.

Bockers sat in blissful idleness on the front seat. For want of something more interesting to do he began studying the new teacher. She was a pretty girl, delicate and sensitive like his mother, Bockers felt sure, for she had just such blue veins on her temples. Bockers wondered whether she had nervous headaches like his mother.

A tapping of feet and a low humming started at the back of the room. A boy opposite the doorway was answering Peggy's grimaces. A fight with text-books had begun across the right aisle. Bockers saw the young teacher clutch the sides of the high chair on which she was sitting. He saw her bite her lip, and suddenly the blue veins swelled till he was sure she had a headache.

He straightened himself up. Setting some figures on his slate he seemed to be hard at work. While the teacher was settling the scuffle in the aisle, he leaned over and signaled to Peggy in the door: "Stop! stop that!" Then he passed a note round the class, directing it to those who had started the humming: "Shut up, or we'll have the old Dutch woman in here!" He referred to an old teacher, a German, who stood no nonsense from the boys and was therefore frequently detailed to discipline unruly classes.

That afternoon the poor little substitute went home with a light heart. She had put the boys in the room in order and had kept them in order, and was hopeful of getting an appointment. The room had a reputation for unruliness.

Bockers met her on the street after school and touched his cap.

"What a dear little dog!" she said, as Dave ran up against her.

At that, Bockers vowed in his heart to keep order for her every day. Just then Dr. Jim appeared. The substitute bowed shyly to him, and went on.

"Was it you who saw the man who stole pipe from my house?" he said to Bockers.

"Yes, I saw him," said Bockers.

"Well, then, we want you and that other young hoodlum at the police court to-morrow morning — nine sharp, understand?"

"Y-es, sir!" said Bockers, with wide eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*Margaret Compton.*

# VALENTINE FROLICS.

PERHAPS Washington is peculiarly a children's town, for I know no other place with so many big frolic-days for the little people. Following fast on the New Year's fun comes Valentine Day, and close after that the Easter egg-rolling on the White House grounds.

For days before the "Fourteenth," mysterious trips are made to the stores. Troops of very litle men and women flock into the dining-room after dinner with lovely paper, ribbons, cards, cupids, heads, and mucilage. The "darlingest girls," the "sweetest cupids and doves," for five cents! "Reg-u-lar beauties" for seven! And for a cent dear little ones can be bought for Baby Jack, or Emily, or Frank.

Pasting, cutting, planning, and chatting!

Such marvels of envelopes, big and little, cut out of white paper! Fringed ribbons, sachet powder, and bunches of violets, made into precious gifts.

From early morning until late bed-time this fun goes on. Grandfather senators and society mamas, devoted aunties, and proud uncles find time to direct "in an unknown hand" the funny, loving messages.

And then, when the day fairly sets in! Long before breakfast the door-bell begins to ring. Then a loud rap on the kitchen door! Then at the side-door, and at all the porches! What a rushing, scampering and running! Valentines are dropped mysteriously, and one catches a glimpse of blue caps, short jackets, and very tricky boy faces.

Little Tom fairly rolled out of his white bed at six o'clock in the morning once, when a messenger gave him a big envelope, within was this verse written underneath a cupid:

*TO TOM—FROM JENNIE.*

*"I send a song of love,*
*Sweet in every line.*
*Four-and-twenty kisses*
*In this valentine.*

"O, mama!" shouted Tom, "Jennie has choosed me with most a hundred kisses."

In some neighborhoods a post-office box, marked "Valentines" in big red or white letters, is often nailed to a tree, or fastened to the porch or gate, or put up somewhere in the court or area. It's always easy to find!

At noontime and after school, "two by two," or in rows, and tribes, children slip up and slyly drop valentines into the box. They peep and scream and run out from behind lamp-posts, tree-boxes, shrubs and porches. Curls bob up and down. Caps of scarlet, brown and blue pop out from a corner. Long braids of hair, like funny tails, fly past the box. There are merry shrieks of discovery: "Run, run! I see you, Tom! I know that was Harold!"

THE VALENTINE BOX.

After dark the door bell rings every minute. The children conclude to sit on the sofa in the hall, so to "jump quick" the next time.

With rosy cheeks, and very shining eyes, the blessed babies tumble off to bed at last, hugging their boxes full of valentines, sometimes twenty or thirty; and after they are asleep, the bigger men and women look the missives over with great fun and glee.

*Margaret Spencer Delano.*

# A CLIMB UP POPOCATEPETL.

GOING UP.

OVER three centuries ago, when ten of Cortez' soldiers climbed Popocatepetl, at the time of the Spanish Conquest of Mexico, they came up over the Cordilleras from the East. They made a great adventure of it, but didn't get to the top of the volcano after all. Last year we went up the opposite side from the Spaniards, starting out from the City of Mexico very comfortably one morning on a railway train. We were a party of eight, and reached the top, all of us, even I, a schoolgirl of fourteen! It is said no girl so young ever made the big climb before; the volcano is one of the highest peaks on the Western continent, over 17,000 feet high, higher a great deal than the famous Mont Blanc in Europe. Two of the other three girls were my sisters.

You can see the great snow-covered peak everywhere in the region, but not exactly as it looked to Cortez and his Spaniards. Then it was a live raging volcano, sending up pillars of smoke and fire, and flooding the mountain-side with red-hot lava. Now it is almost dead, extinct.

At the time of the Conquest of Mexico, nobody had ever tried to go up Popocatepetl, until these soldiers of Cortez tried it. The natives were afraid of the mountain. They had all sorts of terrible beliefs and stories about it — about both Popocatepetl and the other snowy peak close by — Prescott says they thought the departed spirits of wicked rulers lived down the crater and made all the fearful bellowings and convulsions. Nobody believed that a person could go up, and come back alive. The Indians who went up with the Spaniards fled back before they got very high, and the Spaniards had to turn back when almost up, such was the suffocation from smoke and flame and sulphurous fumes and flying cinders.

Two years after, some of the Spaniards tried it again. This time the volcano was quiet, and they reached the crater. They went up as

much to get sulphur to make gunpowder for their army, as to see the sight. They drew lots, and the one on whom the lot fell was lowered down into that thousand-foot-deep hole in a basket, several times, to scrape up sulphur. They let him down about four hundred feet. You may be sure we girls were anxious to get a peep into that awful place!

We left the cars at a small village. Here we each mounted a mule and started for the mountain. I picked out one that I thought had a

POPOCATEPETL, FROM THE EAST.

gentle and patient expression of countenance, for I never had been on horseback, and felt frightened. When I got on I screamed, "Oh, it's going! it's going!" but after a bit I enjoyed it.

It was very warm when we started, but grew colder and colder the higher we went. At first the ride was through heavy pine woods, and at every open spot, the little village where we had left the train looked smaller and smaller, until it slowly went out of sight. After a while, as we came out in the open air and rode along, it began to rain and we had to put on our wraps. We were wet through and very tired by the time we came in sight of the two huts where we and our mules and guides were to spend the night, and glad enough we were to find a good fire burning cosily when we alighted.

By four o'clock next morning we had breakfast and started again on our mules. In an hour or so, we came to the snow-line. Here we began our climb on foot over the ice and old lava. We all had our feet wrapped in gunnysacks, and then had sandals bound on. We covered our faces with sweet-oil and magnesia, for the sunburn at that height is very bad.

We started on up together, each furnished with a guide and a climbing-stick. I began in great spirits, but when we were three fourths of the way up I became very sleepy. I would stop and lie down, and almost go to sleep. My sister would say, "Florence, get up!" and I would answer, "Yes, I'm coming," without making the least effort to start.

At last, after a lot of hard climbing, and many rests, we reached the crater, which Cortez' men were the first to see. We gathered around it and looked down in. It is a big hole, three quarters of a mile across, and very deep. All around the sides are sulphur springs where the sulphur comes out. These are smoking, and they look like a lot of little chimneys. But there was no fire, no bubbling lava, no rumblings and groanings.

When we started to come down, I felt as if I could not walk the distance. So I sat down on a mat and had my guide pull me down. You may think it would be fun to slide down a mountain, but it wasn't fun to slide down Popocatepetl! I got all covered with lava, and in the bare places I would go bumping over stones. But I enjoy thinking about it all, now.

Parties often scale the mountain in these days, but after those Spaniards went up, nobody tried it again until 1827.

*Florence L. Blackmore.*

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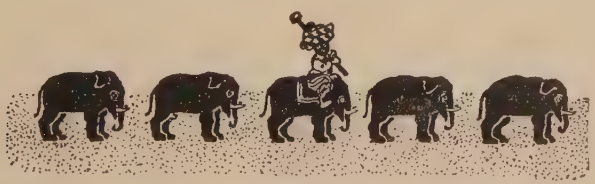

# MISS MARY'S VALENTINE.

"IF I had a nickel, I'd buy you a valentine, Miss Mary," said little Sam.

"I suppose a valentine is always a gift, isn't it?" said Miss Mary. "Well, I don't know why it needs to be just a sheet of paper with poetry on it! I've heard of valentines, in the old days, of gloves, and money, and jewels. Why not a present of anything one likes? I like to have you a good boy — *you* can give *me* a valentine of being a good boy all day! You like to look into my bureau-drawer — *I* will give *you* a valentine of letting you do that!"

For when Sam had been very good he was sometimes allowed an interview with the pretty things in Miss Mary's second-bureau-drawer. And if he been very good indeed, she let him take them out and hold them one by one. And if Tom and Tessy were there to see them, too, then little Sam was in a state of bliss.

There was the ivory Chinese puzzle, where one ball was carved inside another ball, and another ball inside of that, and they never came apart for they had never been joined together except by nature when they grew in the tusk of the elephant, and the puzzle was how the carver ever did it!

And there was the lovely mother-of-pearl fan; and the sweet-smelling sandal-wood fan; and the ivory fan on whose sticks little mandarins bowed to queer little ladies.

And there was a nest of boxes, one box holding another as he unscrewed their covers, till it seemed as if he never would reach the last.

"All these things came from China," said Miss Mary.

ALICE·BRACH·SMITH·&

"China? where's that?" asked little Sam.

"Oh! over on the other side of the world."

"Down underneath us?" asked Tessy.

"Well, yes, you might say it was underneath us in the daytime," said Miss Mary. "Your uncle brought them to me from China. And the last time he came he brought me this ring," and she showed them a slender hoop cut from a piece of pale-green jade.

"It's just the color of moonlight," she said. "And it had a little jade heart swinging from it by a gold wire. And I can't think where I lost it! I'm ashamed to have your uncle come home from sea and find I've lost that little heart."

"Where did you lose it, Miss Mary? I will find it for you!" cried Tessy.

"What a fine valentine that would be if you could! But, O dear, no! I lost it a year ago."

Presently they had their things on and were off to the garden — for they lived in that part of Virginia where in February there is not much frost in the ground, and they were each making ready their own little flower beds.

"What you doing, Sam?" exclaimed Will, when he noticed Sam throwing out the dirt from quite a hole that he was digging. "I should think you were going to plant a whole watermelon!"

"She said China was just under us in the day time," said little Sam. "And I'm going to dig down and see. Perhaps I'll get a whole lot of the puzzle-balls," still throwing out his little shovelfuls of earth.

"Well, that's bright!" said Will. "It's — it's eight thousand miles through! Think you'll get there by dark?" But Sammy kept on digging.

"And you'd have to go through fire, too," said Tom. "I heard teacher say there was fire 'way down under us."

"Oh! what's that?" cried little Jane, as something bright fell out of Sam's shovel, and rolled back into the hole.

"Oh! it's a spark of the fire," cried Tessy, starting to run away.

Then they all laughed; and suddenly Sammy flung himself face down over his hole, and grabbed a double handful of earth, and

throught it up, sifting it through his fingers, and there was a little bright thing left in his hand, a bit of pale green stone with a gold wire in it. And little Sammy rubbed off the clinging earth with a great shout; for it was Miss Mary's little jade heart!

"O, Miss Mary! My Miss Mary!" little Sammy cried, running breathlessly to find her. "I 'most went to China, and here's your heart, and I got it for you, and it's your valentine!"

"You dear child!" said Miss Mary. "It's the best valentine in all the world! And you went almost to China to find it? Dear me, how tired you must be—you must come in and have a turnover!"

*Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

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# A LITTLE GIRL IN RED.

WHEN in red Anita goes,
Her winsome face all ruddy shows,
And the grown-up folk oft smile and say,
"How is our little red rose to-day?"
She has a red mouth and round red cheeks,
Like the red holly-berry the red breast seeks;
She has from the cold a little red chin,
With a dimple to tuck the rosebud in.

When in red Anita glows,
Her little heart with joy o'erflows,
And the children all, they shout and say,
"Oh! little Red Riding Hood, please come play!"
She has a red muff and a long red coat,
A big red hat which ties at the throat;
All dressed in red from her head to her feet,
Was ever a lassie so dainty and sweet?

*Mary A. Winston.*

# NELLIE OGG AND HER GOATS.

VII. — MAISIE IN TROUBLE.

"MAISIE! Maisie!" called Nellie warningly. "You must not go so near the edge. You'll slip over."

They were far up the glen, where the grass grew close to the edge of a cliff, over which it would be the easiest thing in the world even for a sure-footed goat to slip. But Maisie, eager to get her fill of the sweet grass, did not heed Nellie's warning.

Jock looked up and bleated. But little Maisie, who generally answered him quickly and ran at his call, paid no more attention to him than she had to Nellie. The grass seemed to grow sweeter and juicier at every step. She cropped on and on, drawing nearer the cliff each instant.

"Maisie! Maisie!" called Nellie again. And at that moment Maisie's fore-feet slipped. She gave a quick scramble, but it was too late. Over she went, with a sharp little bleat as her heels disappeared.

It was not a very high cliff, that is, it was not more than fifty feet down; but there were rocks at the bottom and it was not a very nice place to fall.

Nellie ran instantly to the edge and lay down full length on the grass and peeped over. She thought she should see poor Maisie lying dead below, or at least with a broken leg or two. But instead of that, she heard a faint bleat. And then stretching her head still further she saw Maisie standing on a little shelf of rock part way down the side of the cliff.

On this shelf grew a low clump of birches and a mat of ferns, so that Maisie had good footing and safe, so long as she did not try to move about. But above and below, and on each side of the little shelf, the rock was bare and flat, so there was no way for Maisie to get up or down.

"Poor Maisie!" said Nellie.

"Baa-a-a!" bleated Jock. He had come up and was peeping over beside Nellie.

"Keep still, Maisie!" called Nellie, "and I'll run for Daddy." And Nellie ran like a hare down the glen and across the moor. "Do hurry, Daddy, dearie," she said to him, "I'm so afraid Maisie will fall off!"

GOING DOWN AFTER MAISIE.

Daddy stopped only to find a stout rope he had, and a tattered old plaid. Daddy knew just what would be wanted. Then they both ran back and the first thing Daddy did was to peep over and see that Maisie was all right. Yes, she was all right, and bleated loudly when she saw Daddy's face.

Not far from the edge grew a stout low fir tree. To this tree Daddy tied one end of his rope. Then he threw the other end over the cliff and down the rope he went, hand under hand — every boy will know just how — till he came to the shelf.

There was just about room enough for Daddy to stand there with Maisie. The first thing he did was to wrap the old plaid around her.

Then over this he tied the rope. Maisie kept very still which was lucky. For if she had struggled or kicked, it is more than likely that she would have slipped over and gone down upon the rocks, in spite of all Daddy could do.

Having tied her, Daddy then went up the rope, hand over hand, and Maisie bleated piteously, for she thought he was going to leave her there. But as soon as he reached the top, he began to pull on the rope, strong and steady, and Maisie felt herself rising. As her feet left the shelf, she was frightened at finding herself dangling in the air at a rope's end. But she did not struggle. She only cried "Baa-a-a!" every inch of the way up.

It did not take more than three minutes to pull her up, and safely over the cliff's edge. Nellie had her arms around her neck the next instant. Jockie capered a reel around them both. As to old Janet she had never once stopped cropping through it all!

And Daddy said, "It is well for you Maisie, that you fell where you did, for if you had gone a foot or two either way, you would have been killed on the rocks."

*Frank Pope Humphrey.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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# A LITTLE ROYAL TREE-PLANTER.

ALPHONSO XIII.

THEY have just had their first Arbor Day in Spain. The country was getting bare of trees. The little boy king, Alphonso, went out a few miles from Madrid and planted the first tree, a pine. Then each one of two thousand children from the Madrid schools also set a tree. Each child received a medal with this inscription: "First Arbor Day, Instituted in the reign of Alfonzo XIII., 1896." Hereafter, Arbor Day is to be kept all over Spain, and there are to be children's excursions to the little new forests, to watch how the trees grow.

*P. S. C.*

A CHRISTMAS STREET FAIR IN GERMANY.

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## A RUSSIAN FRIEND OF MINE.

OF all the sturdy Russians of high or low degree
Whose names have tripped us up whene'er their names we've chanced to see,
There's one who keeps his mother, his sister, and the maid,
From morn to night-fall busy — at least, that 's what is said.

O, no, it is not Romanoff,
Nor Kutusoff, nor Gortschakoff,
Nor Suvarof, nor Lemontoff —
His name is Buttonoff.

His shoes about his ankles pouch out in dreadful gaps,
And that may be quite Russian — I think it is — perhaps —
And all his clothes he fastens with pins that scratch and prick,
Until this poor young Russian is sometimes almost sick.

It mayn't be thus with Romanoff,
Nor Kutusoff, nor Gortschakoff,
Nor Suvarof, nor Lemontoff —
But 'tis with Buttonoff.

In vain this Russian's mother, his sister, and the maid,
Have sewed his buttons on so fast they surely should have stayed;
In vain they sleep with needles, and eat with spools of thread;
They have most awful nightmares, and dream of buttons fled!

They never dream of Romanoff,
Nor Kutusoff, nor Gortschakoff,
Nor Suvarof, nor Lemontoff —
They dream of Buttonoff!

"'TIS BUTTONOFF!"

And yet this blue-eyed Russian is very fair of face,
He oft displays a manner of quite bewitching grace,
And I, myself, have seen him act well a merry part,
And know full well that he's ensconced in many an older heart.

Dearer than any Romanoff,
Or Kutusoff, or Gortschakoff,
Or Suvarof, or Lemontoff —
Shabby little Buttonoff!

*Gulielma Zollinger.*

# LITTLE JANUARY.

WHO is the little fellow knocking, knocking,
Light as the tapping of the falling snow?
And why this other one with haste unlocking
The gate, in such a fluttering to go?

He cannot wait to see his rosy cousin,
Fur-wrapt, the snowflakes melting in his hair,
The gayest one of all the dear gay dozen
Who eagerly will cross the threshold there.

Come in, come in, then, laughing little fellow!
Quick! shut the door! the wind is blowing drear.
'Tis you, 'tis you, sweet lad, with locks of yellow,
With ruddy countenance and look of cheer!

The grass, the rose, the cherry, and the berry,
Let others bring; the frolic in the grove,
The bursting plum, the reddening leaf, the merry
Music of hayfield-ride and swimming-cove.

But *you* bring sleds, and snow-forts, joyous crying
From ice-boats sweeping on a straining sail,
Bring rushing benders on the ice, bring flying
On the toboggan like a comet's tail!

DECEMBER AND "LITTLE JANUARY."

*A SLEIGH FOR LITTLE BROTHER.*

*You* bring the twilight bustle and glad scurry,
Where silence follows all the happy din,
To hear the story by the fire — O, hurry,
Dear Firstling of the Year! come in, come in!

*Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

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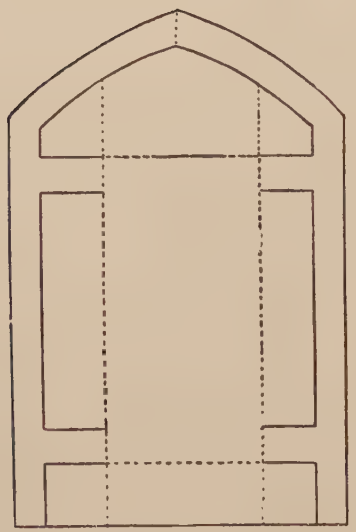
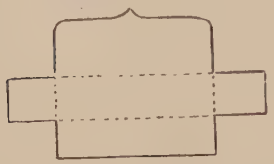
# A SLEIGH FOR LITTLE BROTHER.



PATTERN OF SLEIGH.

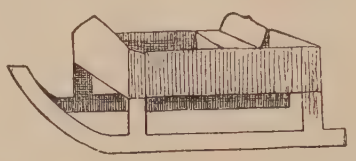


PATTERN OF SEAT.

MAKE this little sled of cardboard, and let your little brother watch you do it.

Do not have the cardboard too heavy and stiff. Draw on the cardboard, accurately, all the lines of the patterns. Cut out both shapes, the sleigh and the seat, on the outlines.

Next with your sharp knife cut through all the inside lines which are *not* dotted. Then cut *half way through* along all the dotted lines, and then bend by a sharp fold. Now the tiny sledge will come easily into form. Lap the ends of the front-piece, and of the back-piece, upon the side-pieces, and fasten with a touch of glue.



THE SLEIGH COMPLETED.

After cutting out and bending the cunning little seat, glue its side-pieces to the sides of the body of the sleigh. You can paint and decorate this little sleigh as you please.

*C. McHugh.*

# THE WHIRLING GLOBE.

*All the Children in all the World.*

V. — THE LITTLE HAIRY AINU.

"IT'S an island, this time," announced Rob, as the globe stopped whirling.

Professor Jo leaned forward to see where the pencil pointed. "Yes, the island of Yezo, one of the four great islands of the Japanese Empire, the one farthest north — and the one where the Hairy People live."

"The Hairy People!" exclaimed Rob and Rosette both together — "who are they?"

"Well," replied the Professor, smiling, "they are called the Hairy Ainu, but just who they are, and where they came from, no one seems quite to know. The Japanese call them the 'monkey-like' men, and sometimes the 'dog-like,' or 'bear-like' people."

"Why, are they so hairy as that, hairy like animals?" asked Rob.

"They are indeed," answered Professor Jo. "If you were to see one of the men sitting naked on the ground — they go naked mostly in summer — you might easily take him for a large ape, if you didn't see his face. But if he turned toward you, you would see it was the face of a man, a face, too, in many ways, more like the faces of Europeans than those of the Mongolians of Japan and the mainland of Asia."

Rob seemed to think this rather strange.

"Yes," said Professor Jo, "the Mongolians are yellow, with smooth skins, and slanting almond-shaped eyes, while the Ainu are a light reddish-brown, have hairy skins, and eyes set as straight as yours — in fact, these 'monkey-like' men, so little above the animals, are now thought to belong to the same family of nations as we ourselves. When the whitish peoples separated in the Ararat region, some going south to India, others west into Europe, the ancestors of the Ainu are

believed to have wandered across Asia to eastern Siberia, and so to the islands down the coast. There the first Japanese emperor found them, when he settled on the largest of those islands."

"When was that?" asked Rob.

"In the seventh century B. C., six hundred years before Cæsar conquered Gaul; but it was not till the seventh century A. D., when they had driven them north into Yezo, that the Japanese established a government over the Ainu in that island. There are now only eight or ten thousand pure Ainu left, and they are growing fewer every year."

AINU VILLIAGE — PEOPLE, HUTS, STORE-HOUSE.

"But what makes them so hairy?" demanded Rob.

"Well," laughed the Professor, "the Ainu themselves say it is because they descended from bears! They say, too, it used to be much colder where they lived, and add, 'Why should we be as hairy as a bear, if not to keep the cold out?' So perhaps in the effort of nature to keep them warm they gradually grew hairy, as the fur of animals is thicker in very cold winters than in warm ones."

STORE-HOUSE FOR PROVISIONS.

"But the Eskimo are not hairy, are they?" asked Rob — "and they live where it is colder still."

"Ah, Bob, that is one of the contradictions that puzzle people."

"Do they live in houses?" asked Rosette.

"O, yes, each family has its own little hut, framed with poles and thatched with reeds, or covered with bark. Before going in, if you are polite in the Ainu way, you will say, 'Hem; hem, hem, hem,' in place of knocking. If the family is at home, you will find them sitting

on the ground, and they will salute you by rubbing the palms of their hands together, and then stroking their hair, and the men their beard with the backs of their hands, while the women rub the forefinger across the upper lip from left to right.

"There is but one room in the hut. In the east side is a bit of a window, and in the roof a hole to let out smoke. The fire is built in the centre on the ground. The Ainu children never heard of chairs, or tables, or beds. There may be a few rough planks to sleep on, also a few mats and skins. One mat serves for door, another for shutter to the window. Over the fireplace is suspended a wooden hook on which to hang the bear meat for smoking, and —"

"Are there bears in Yezo?" broke in Rob.

AINU BOYS AND PET BEAR-CUB.

"Lots of them, black bears and yellow bears; and the Ainu children often have bear-cubs for pets — I'll tell more about the bears when we go outside the hut. Some Ainu families have a wooden mortar and pestle, and a little 'paddle' for stirring liquids, and the man always has a moustache-lifter."

"A — what?" cried Rob.

"A moustache-lifter," laughed the Professor, "which is a stick, six inches or so long, rudely carved perhaps, with which he lifts his moustache when he drinks. And before lifting it he waves the stick five or six times in the air, dipping the end each time into the bowl of drink. You see, besides being hairy all over, the Ainu man has a shaggy beard, often starting close under the eyes and falling to the waist. The hair of the head also grows long, and down over the forehead, though there it is cut or shaved away so as not to fall over the eyes. The hair is usually black, though sometimes while young it is brown."

"Are the children hairy too?" asked Rosette.

"In proportion to their age. The girls and women, though, are not as hairy as the men, but the Ainu are very proud of their hairi-

ness, and so the women try to make it up by tattooing a moustache on their faces. They begin when the baby-girl is only two or three years old, adding a little each year, till a girl as old as you, Rosette, may have a beautiful blue-black moustache as long as mine."

The twins fairly shouted at this.

"And then, as she grows up, the girl's moustache is carried over the lower lip, and curved up across each cheek to her ears. The space between the eyebrows is tattooed black, lines too on the forehead, and also a pattern of lines on the backs of the hands and the arms to the elbow. The boys and men are never tattooed.

A VILLAGE CHIEF, USING MOUSTACHE-LIFTER BEFORE DRINKING.

"The house-furnishings," resumed the Professor, "may also include two or three bark buckets for water, a few wooden bowls for drinking, and, if the family is very thrifty, a rude loom, on which the women weave a coarse yellow cloth of thread made by twisting the inner fibre of elm-tree bark. That is all the house furnishing, often there is less."

"Isn't there a cradle for the baby?" asked Rosette.

"No more than for the bear-cubs in the woods. The hairy mother though makes a doll when the baby is born. She bends a bundle of reeds in the middle, ties a string near the fold for the neck, another below for the waist, divides the ends for legs, and thrusts a stick through below the neck for arms. But the hairy baby don't have this doll to play with; instead, it is laid beside the child, and the mother believes that diseases and accidents from which the child might suffer will then enter into, or befall, the doll. The Ainu are very superstitious, and wear charms. As some people hang up horseshoes for good luck, the Ainu use willow sticks with a tuft of shavings at the end. They place them over doors, and stick them up about the houses."

"Do the children go to school?" asked Rosette.

"They have no schools. As one Ainu said, 'We are taught nothing and know nothing.' They have no books, no writing, not even an alphabet. They can hardly count to ten. As soon as the children

can run about they seem to be left to 'shift for themselves.' I suppose they take care of each other. The older have an odd way of carrying the little ones. A long cord or band is tied to the ends of a stick which hangs across the back; the centre of the band rests against the bearer's forehead, while the little child sits on the stick."

AINU GIRLS WITH TATTOOED MOUSTACHES.

"Like riding in a swing," remarked Rosette.

"When the little hairy folk are vexed," went on Professor Jo, "they frown, thrust out their lips, and make a queer nasal noise like *ohim*. The Ainu never laugh; but they can grimace like monkeys, and move their ears and scalps. They have very long arms, and long toes which they use like fingers in picking up small objects and holding the ends of sticks and strings."

"What do the boys do?" asked Rob.

"They are very fond of climbing trees, which they 'shin up,' American-boy fashion, or if the tree is small they use the monkey method. Then they ride the ponies — for the Ainu are famous bareback riders, and when they have their festivals, after drinking great quantities of rice-wine, they have hors-races. While the men are drinking, the *menokos*, or girls, and the women enjoy a curious sport. They dance in a circle, with one or two children in the middle, calling out the names and sounds of daily occupations, and clapping hands to keep time. The call may be 'Fire, fire, fire,' and then all blow and blow as if kindling one, and dance till breathless. They look very strange dancing barefoot in their long yellow embroidered gowns."

AINU GIRLS — THE DANCING GAME.

"Tell about the yellow gowns, and other clothes," said Rosette.

"This yellow gown, or *atzis*, is worn by all Ainu, men, women and

children alike, when they wear anything. It is made of the elm-tree-bark cloth, and shaped like a long loose-sleeved dressing-gown. It is folded round the body and kept in place by a belt. The women wear them longer than the men. They are embroidered in blue, red and white, the children's slightly, the men's most of all. It takes the wife a year to ornament her husband's atzis, and the decoration of a chief's atzis never ends, additions being continually made.

"In winter they all wear furs, and leggings of elm-tree bark or plaited reeds, and moccasins or boots of salmon-skin or deer-skin. Hats of matted rushes are occasionally seen. But the Ainu are fonder of ornaments than clothes, and will gladly swap all they have for a few bright beads. Children, women, and men too, wear earrings, sometimes metal, sometimes bone, sometimes strips of red cloth through the ears."

"But," broke in Rob, "what about those bears?"

"O," laughed the Professor, "outside the hut you will often see a bear-cage. When the cubs get too old for pets, they shut them up in the cages and fatten them for a year or two, and then have a great bear feast. Beside the hut, too, there is always the bear-trophy — a row of forked stakes bearing the skulls of bears the man has killed. The Ainu admire bravery, and the larger the number of skulls, the higher the man ranks. A bear's head also is the only living object the Ainu attempt to carve. Each village chief wears one of these tiny bear-heads in his crown of shavings and seaweed.

"In front of each hut," went on the Professor, "is a storehouse, perched on posts, and a notched log which can be set up for a ladder. This is to keep the food and other things from the rats."

"What do they eat?" inquired Rob.

"Meat and fish mostly, raw fish in summer, dried in winter. About all the men do is to hunt and fish. The island reeks with the odor of dried fish, and a village can be smelled half a mile away, if the wind is right.

"Yet, though indolent and uncleanly, the Ainu are a gentle, brave, inoffensive people, without laws, prisons, or churches."

"What do they do Sundays?" asked Rosette.

"They have no Sundays — no religion, no idea of heaven, or a future life. When a man dies, they bury his belongings with him."

"Why, that's like the red Indians," exclaimed Rob.

"No; they don't bury them so the man can have them again in the 'happy hunting grounds' he has gone to, like the Indians," said Professor Jo, "for they break them to pieces first. His life, and all that belongs to it, has come to an end."

Just then the clock struck eight, and the Professor dismissed the twins with the Ainu good-bye, "May you be preserved warm!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*Charles Stuart Pratt.*

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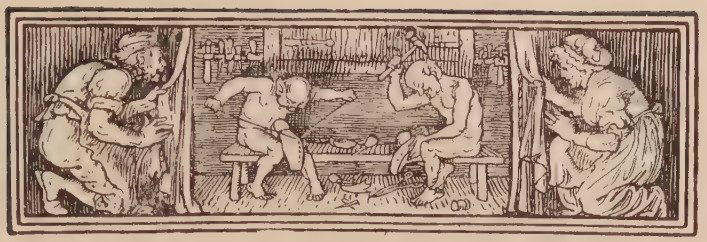
# THE CROCODILE PLAY.

A LITTLE maid I went to see;
Thus pleadingly she said to me:
"Please play '*I found a crocodile.*'
O, but you don't know how? Well, I'll
Say first, you know, 'I one it'— see?
And you must say right after me,
'I two it.' That's right. Now, '*I* three it.'
And *you*, 'I four it.' Yes, you've hit
Upon the way. '*I* five it.' And *you*, O
Be quick, 'I six it.' Yes," and then so low,
"*I* seven it," piped this maid to me.
While I, "I eight it." Then laughed she
So heartily I could but smile
To think I *ate* the crocodile!

*Lilla Thomas Elder.*

A VALENTINE.



# PRAYING PAUL.

A LONG time ago — over eighty years ago — there lived, on the banks of the River Rhone, in the south of France, in a tiny white cottage, a very small boy named Paul, and a very large, rough man named Michael.

This Michael was Paul's uncle. He was a very harsh man, and Paul, being very gentle, was afraid of him.

This cottage in which Paul and his uncle lived was built on a hill, and from its attic window Paul used to watch the white-winged ships sail by, every Sunday, when he came home from church.

On weekdays at certain seasons of the year he worked in the vineyards, with his uncle, from early morning till twilight. They were grape-pickers. The grapes grew on vines which ran along the ground, over acres and acres of hill and hollow. The vines didn't grow on trellis-work, as they do in American vineyards.

Paul used to have to work very hard to fill his basket four or five times a day. At a distance, these baskets looked like chairs. They had high backs, and when they were filled with grapes, the pickers would carry them between their shoulders to the cart, where there was a man to pour them into great barrels. When the barrels were filled, they were carried to the wine-presses.

When Paul was about eleven years old, he began to pray that he wouldn't have to pass his whole life away from the great outside world. He was very unhappy, for his work was never done. For, when the day's work was over in the vineyard, he used to work in the the cottage, while his uncle idled about. He used to make bread,

bake it, get his uncle's meals, wash the dishes, and sweep and make the beds. Other boys had hours and hours to themselves, after the work in the vineyards was over; but Paul had only part of Sunday.

He managed to get hold of a few books of hymns and stories, and an old Bible, and these he devoured whenever he could get the opportunity, which wasn't so very often, you may be sure.

His mother had taught him reading and writing, but she had died when he was eight years old, leaving him with his uncle. His father had been a Marseilles fisherman, and had been lost at sea when Paul was a baby. His uncle was his father's brother. After reading the

THE GRAPE GATHERERS.

book of hymns and stories and the Bible through and through, Paul thought that it would be a splendid thing to pray for a better life, far away, with nicer people. So, morning, noon, and night, whether in his own room or at work in the vineyard, he prayed with all his heart in his prayers. But he never stopped work to pray.

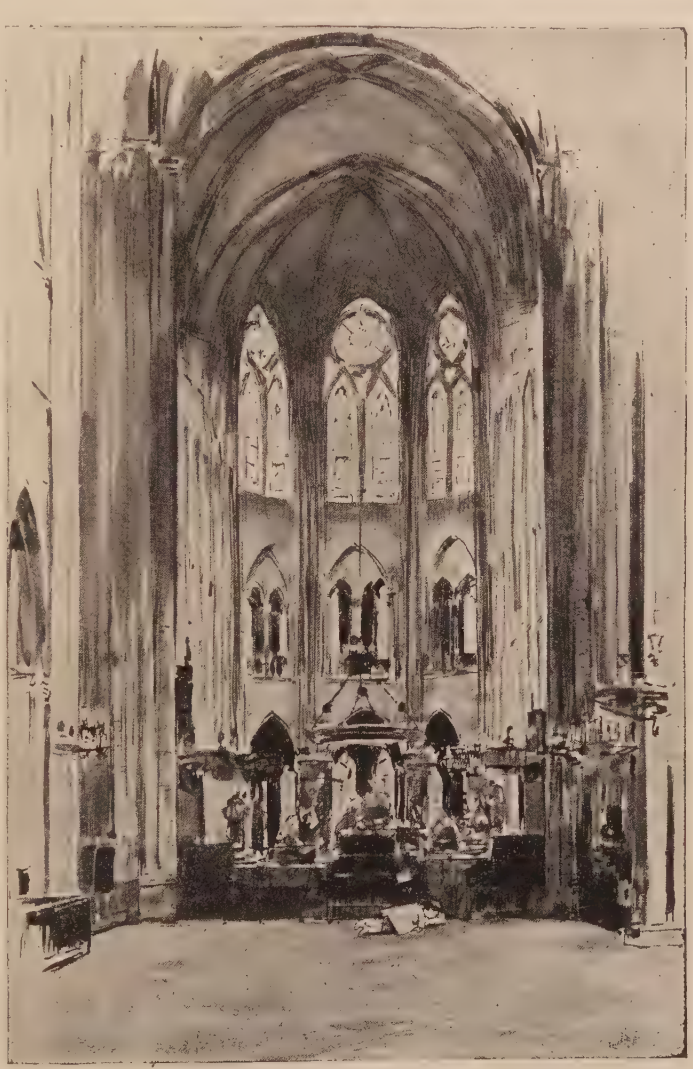
One day, Paul became overcome by the fierce heat in the vineyard, and he had to be carried to the cottage.

For nearly a week he tossed about in his little bed, unconscious of

what was going on about him, but praying all the time. The peasants listened in awe, and from that time on called him "Praying Paul."

Before he was fully recovered, his uncle ordered him to go to work. He managed somehow to do a little every day. But he determined to go away — to Paris — and from there send a letter up to heaven, telling the Lord just how lonely a little fellow he was.

One night, Paul stole out of the cottage and aboard a sloop bound for Lyons. All he had in the world was on his back. In an inner pocket was the letter he had written to the Great Father in heaven. If he could only get to Paris! The captain was very kind and gave him a few francs with which to begin the world, when they reached Lyons.



PAUL ASLEEP IN NOTRE DAME.

After many weary weeks of adventure, Paul found himself in Paris, the Monday morning after Easter. He made many inquiries, until he came, late in the afternoon, to the doors of Notre Dame, one

of the very largest and most famous churches in all the world.

The doors were open, and Paul went in, and straight up to the altar, upon which he placed his letter to the Lord, and then at the altar foot he went to sleep, tired, and all worn out with hunger.

He hadn't been long asleep when a lady, a gentleman, and a little girl entered the church. The little girl had never seen Notre Dame, and her father and mother were showing its wonders to her.

Presently, the party came to the altar, and discovered Paul fast asleep, and near him the letter. The gentleman read the letter and handed it to his wife without a word. This is what the letter said:

"DEAR GOD:

I am a poor little orphan boy, without anybody in all this great world that cares for me. I am coming up to Paris, to send you this letter. I live in the South of France, with a very cruel uncle. He makes me work all the year round harder than he works, and nobody ever says anything kind to me. I want to get nearer to you, for I know you are very kind and good. I have read all about you. Please take care of me forever, and don't tell my uncle where I am. I love you very much. PAUL."

When Paul woke up, he was in bed, in a handsome room. The gentleman and his wife had taken care of him. He became a great writer, and married the little girl; and when he died, at a good old age, all France loved him for the many beautiful stories he had written.

*John Ernest McCann.*

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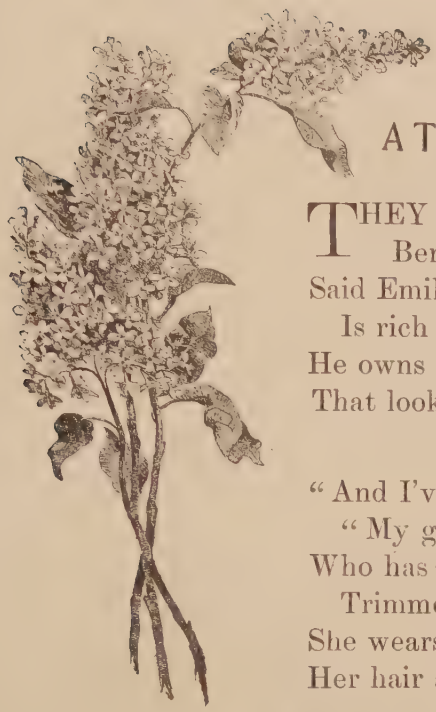
## THE HAIL-STORM.

WE popped the corn at twilight;
Next morn the winds were high,
And April rain-clouds drifted
Across a cold gray sky.

But when rain turned to hail-stones
May cried in great delight,
"Jack Frost has got a popper,
And popped the rain out white!"

*Beth Day.*



# AT RECESS.

THEY sat, the little Primer Class,
Beneath the lilac tree;
Said Emily, "My Uncle John
Is rich as rich can be.
He owns one house twelve stories high,
That looks as if 'twould touch the sky!"

"And I've a cousin," Rosa said,
"My grown-up cousin, Grace,
Who has a light pink velvet gown
Trimmed round with lovely lace;
She wears it with pink shoes, and in
Her hair a splendid shining pin."

THE LITTLE PRIMER CLASS.

"And I," poor little Bess began,
And knew not what to say;
"And I" — a glad thought lit her face
Like sunshine in the May —
"*I* have a sister who has *wings*,
And lives in Heaven, and flies, and sings!"

Loud rang the teacher's warning bell,
  And from the lilac tree
They went back into school again,
  The Primer Class of three;
And not one of them all could tell
The proper way to BAKER spell.

*Marion Douglas.*

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# NELLIE OGG AND HER GOATS.

VIII. — DANGER FOR THE LITTLE GOATHERD.

ONE April morning, Nellie woke with a queer feeling in her head. She tried to rise, but fell back dizzy and sick. She tried again. And then a third time.

When mammy came to look, she found Nellie's flesh hot and her eyes very bright. She said Nellie had taken a feverish cold, and must stay in bed.

The next day she was worse. Little red spots appeared on her face, and it was soon certain that she had that dread disease, smallpox.

After that, for many days, even weeks, Nellie knew no one; neither daddy nor mammy, nor the goats, nor Crummie. Though in her delirium she would talk as though she were still herding the goats.

"Poor Jockie!" she would say, "You did not mean to be naughty, did you now, my man? You were overcome with the temptation, just. See, mammy, he's crying, poor Jockie!"

Then she would break out singing, a scrap of every song she loved. Jockie could hear her through the thin partition singing in the middle of the night.

Jockie never went far away from the hut in those days, and where Jockie was, there was Maisie. But Janet was more like what grown-ups call a "philos-o-pher." She took things easy. "What's the use o' worrying myself about what I can't help?" she said to Crummie. "Whatever happens, things will not be made any better by my starving myself." And she took a daily airing on the moor, and ate her usual amount, and grew sleek and fat.

"POOR JOCKIE!"

But poor Jockie grew thin. He moped so, that Daddy quite loved him. He used to tell the neighbors afterwards how Jockie "wearied for the poor lassie" when she was ill.

Once Daddy tried to drive the goats across the old drawbridge to the island. But they were used to being led. They would not budge one inch, even when Daddy took up a stick to drive them.

Sometimes when her head burned and the fever was hottest, Nellie thought of the great White Mount. And she would say: "Jockie, my man, some day we'll go to the great White Mount. We'll climb the cool white braes, and — maybe — we'll find the Shining Ones with their wings o' silver sheen." For it had always been one of Nellie's fancies about the White Mount, that the Shining Ones lived there.

Mammy, poor anxious mammy, said to Daddy, "I fear our dear bairn is about to seek the land o' the real Shining Ones."

But Daddy said, "Courage, mammy! the little one'll win through yet. It canna be that she was spared from the fearsome snows to flit in the bonnie summer-time."

SORROW IN THE HIGHLAND HUT.

At last Nellie did "win through." The fever left her and she knew Daddy and Mammy, and could whisper "Poor Jockie!" when he came in and put his hairy cheek to the little hand that lay so white and thin and limp on the coverlet.

But how dark everything was, although by mammy's gentle touch and voice Nellie knew it was she; and by Daddy's rougher hand and voice that it was he; yet she could not see them. It must be night, yet never had she known a night so black. She could see no candle or mammy's spinning-wheel; no red light in Daddy's pipe; no glow of smouldering peats on the flat hearth-stone.

And there was Crummie putting in her head with a "moo," as if to say, "And how are you to-day, little goatherd?" Crummie did not use to put her head in at the door at night.

Nellie waited and waited for day to come. At last she asked: "Mammy, dear, is it no' yet morning? I weary for the sunlight, mammy, the night is so dark and so long."

At that very moment the sun was shining brightly in through the

door and the little window. Mammy started at the question. She hurried to the bed. She found that her little girlie would never again see the sunlight, for she was blind!

And there was bitter sorrow in the little Highland hut.

*Frank Pope Humphrey.*

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## THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.

*Memory Verse.*

FIFTY sovereigns England's had
(Six of them were Queens);
Some were good and some were bad —
Most of them "betweens"!

ALFRED, who was called the Great,
Died about Nine Hundred.
(How so good, at that bad date,
I have often wondered!)

Sons and grandsons next we view;
EDWARD fought the Danes;
ATHELSTAN and EDMUND, too,
In short and troublous reigns.

EDRED, EDWIG, EDGAR, next
(Good old Saxon names);
Then another EDWARD, vexed
Still by Danish claims.

Then the Unready king is seen,
By friends and foes befooled;
Until Ten Hundred and Sixteen,
ETHELRED weakly ruled.

The Danish Conquest now brought in
The Danish kings — CANUTE,
HAROLD and HARDICANUTE — who win
But twenty-six years' root.

EDWARD Confessor ushers back
The Saxon Line, which brings
HAROLD, just barely crowned — alack!
The last of Saxon kings.

Ten Sixty-six, on Christmas Day,
WILLIAM the Conqueror filled
The throne, at Westminster — for they
Harold at Hastings killed.

Near ninety years the Normans reigned:
Two WILLIAMS, HENRY, STEPHEN,
MATILDA (though, to queens untrained,
They never crowned her even!).

Her son, as HENRY Second, then
The Line Plantagenet started;
And yielded up his crown again
To RICHARD, Lion-hearted.*

Then JOHN the Magna Charta signed;
Followed by HENRY Third
(The first true Parliament, we find,
In his long reign occurred).

EDWARD the First, and Second, then
With Scotland fought in turn,
And found the chieftains there such men
As Bruce at Bannockburn.

## *THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.*

EDWARD the Third, RICHARD the Second,
And HENRYS three, advance.
A "Hundred Years" of war they reckoned,
Till Jeanne of Arc saved France.

Wars of the Roses brought to power
EDWARD the Fourth. You've heard
How the Fifth EDWARD in the tower
Was killed by RICHARD Third.

HENRY the Seventh was the first
Of the great House of Tudor;
HENRY the Eighth — uncommonly versed
In killing a wife when he'd wooed her!

This Henry's children ruled the land
Half a century after his death:
EDWARD the Sixth, and MARY, and
The great ELIZABETH.

The Sixteenth Century now sealed,
The Seventeenth has place;
The Tudors to the Stuarts yield,
A proud and stubborn race.

Under the tyrant, JAMES the First,
Many to Plymouth fled;
In 'Forty-nine, rebellion burst,
And CHARLES First lost his head.

Ten years Old England had no king;
When Cromwell, great Protector,
Was dead, they found 'twas time to bring
The land a new director.

## *THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.*

The House of Stuart they restore,
CHARLES Second at the head;
Then JAMES the Second ('twas but four
Short years before he fled).

His daughter MARY claims her rights,
With WILLIAM Third she reigns;
Then Good Queen ANNE, while Marlborough fights
The French on Blenheim plains.

The House of Brunswick from that day
Has held the English throne:
Four GEORGES, under whose long sway
The "States" first held their own;

But Canada to England fell,
And Indian Empire, too —
Wellington struck Napoleon's knell
On field of Waterloo.

WILLIAM the Fourth cut slavery's chains,
Brought England peace and wealth;
VICTORIA, full of honors, reigns —
To whom, long life and health!

*Jessie MacMillan Anderson.*

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"RIGHT OF WAY."

# JEAN-BAPTISTE GREUZE.

JEAN-BAPTISTE GREUZE.
*(Painted by himself.)*

THE earliest portrait of Napoleon was painted by Greuze, in 1791. Napoleon was then a lieutenant, Lieutenant Bonaparte. More famous than the portrait of the conqueror is the picture of an unknown girl by the same painter. This picture is called "The Broken Pitcher," because the lovely girl, standing by a fountain, carries a broken pitcher on her arm.

In 1805, Greuze, the once popular painter, died in Paris, poor and almost uncared for. Lieutenant Bonaparte had now become Napoleon, Emperor of France. When Napoleon heard of the sad end of Greuze, he is said to have exclaimed, "Why was I not told? I would have given him a Sèvres pitcher, filled with gold, to make up for all his broken pitchers!"

Jean-Baptiste Greuze was born in eastern France, at Tournus on the banks of the Saône, August 21, 1725. Of the boyhood of Greuze, piously named after St. John the Baptist, not very much is known. His father was a roofer, as was also his god-father. His god-mother was the wife of a baker.

The very earliest incident on record is the terrible scolding his father gave him one day for smearing over the whitewashed walls of the house with charcoal. The little Jean-Baptiste was then only eight — and to him the "smears" were very interesting pictures.

The story goes on to tell how just then M. Grandon, an artist of Lyons, returning from Paris, chanced to pass that way. To the surprise of M. Greuze the roofer, the painter thought Jean-Baptiste's charcoal pictures quite as interesting as did the boy himself, and presently he persuaded M. Greuze to let him carry the boy off to Lyons and make an artist of him.

M. Grandon was not a great artist; in fact, it would appear that his studio was a mere manufactory of cheap pictures, where, as one

biographer puts it, paintings were turned out very much as Jean-Baptiste's baker god-mother turned out loaves — "by the batch."

Still the young Greuze while in Lyons learned something of drawing, of colors, and the handling of brushes. In turning out pictures "by the batch," too, he acquired the power of working fast; and no doubt this facility in handling materials served him well in later years.

THE FATHER READING THE BIBLE TO HIS CHILDREN.

Greuze was not content, however, to settle down in M. Grandon's studio-factory in Lyons; and so, when he had grown up out of boyhood into young manhood, he packed up his crayons and brushes and colors and started for Paris.

In the city of artists Greuze entered the life school of the Academy, and for a time studied and worked, observed and thought. In the midst of the luxury and gay life of the capital he did not forget the simple wholesome life of the country, of his own childhood. Perhaps, indeed, he thought of it all the more, for presently he painted a picture of humble life which set all Paris talking, and made him famous in a day.

THE SLEEPING KNITTER.

This picture is called "The Father of the Family Reading the Bible to his Children." An old man is sitting by a table, the great open book before him, while the family are gathered about listening. The thrifty mother, working meantime, has just stopped to capture one inattentive little boy who had started to play with a frisky dog — a happy touch of humor in the otherwise serious scene.

THE DAUPHIN, LOUIS CHARLES (LOUIS XVII.), IN THE TEMPLE PRISON.

*(From the painting by Jean-Baptiste Greuze.)*

For a century before, French artists, whose patrons were the aristocrats of the court, had painted mostly the dazzling scenes of court life, and portraits of court beauties posed as goddesses. So this truthful picture of life among the common people was something new in French art, and its novelty gained it double notice. It was so excellent a painting, too, that some doubted if it could be the work of a young and unknown artist.

Greuze soon proved his ability by painting other pictures of the same class. Diderot, a distinguished writer and critic of the time, praised his work and became his friend. In 1755, when he was thirty, a picture called "The Blind Man Cheated" won him the honor of Associate of the Academy. And so the little boy, whose father had scolded him for smearing the white walls of the house with charcoal, had become a famous painter in the capital of his country.

THE LITTLE POUTER.

Toward the end of that year, another eminent friend, the Abbe Gouginot, took Greuze to Italy. On his return, in 1757, he exhibited several Italian subjects, but it was the life of the French people which interested him, which he liked to paint — and best of all he liked to paint pictures of French children. His sympathy with children was clearly shown by the naughty little boy in that picture which made his first success — and all his master paintings, to the end of his long life, were pictures of child-life. With the children, too, he was fond of painting the children's pets, their dogs, kittens, chickens, dolls.

Greuze did not make his pictures from models in his studio. Every morning he went out among the people, observing and collecting material for pictures on which he painted after his return. He sketched "on his legs," as a French writer puts it — that is, going

about the streets, the public squares, into village homes, storing up in memory, here a roguish face, an arch look, a piquant pose, there a happy incident; and then these sketches afoot, touched with his graceful fancy, grew into pictures which charm to-day as they did a hundred odd years ago.

THE GIRL WITH AN ORANGE.

In his morning walks, no doubt Greuze really came upon the tired little girl of "The Sleeping Knitter," and the curly-haired boy of "The Little Pouter," and "The Girl With an Orange." One of his original crayon sketches of a child has been preserved all these years, and is here given in fac-simile. Wherever he found his child-subjects, he usually gave them the dress and surroundings of his native village of Tournus. The cradle in one of his well-known pictures is that in which he used to take his own baby naps.

In 1761, Greuze was appointed to paint the portrait of the dauphin, or heir to the French throne. This honor, bestowed by the king, Louis XV., added still more to the growing fame of the young painter.

SKETCH OF A BABY, MADE IN RED CHALK.

That same year, Greuze exhibited a number of paintings of children, heads of young girls, and babies. In his pictures of young girls, Greuze achieved his greatest success. He excelled in rendering the fine texture and tender rose-tints of the skin in girlhood. Perhaps no picture in the gallery of the Louvre is more copied to-day than "The Broken Pitcher," already mentioned. It is always surrounded by art students and admiring tourists. It is said, too, that over in England, in the

National Gallery, Greuze is among the two or three painters whose pictures are most copied — the "two or three" including also Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was painting English children during the same period that Greuze was painting the children of France.

In 1769, thinking himself unfairly treated, Greuze withdrew from the Salon, and thereafter exhibited in his own studio; and to his studio the people crowded, for he was very popular. Personally, he was of medium height, with a slender refined figure. His head was striking and handsome, the forehead rising grandly above bright, well-opened eyes. He talked well, too, of art in general; he also talked much of his own pictures and himself. "Come, look at this!" he would say — "isn't it fine?"

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

"O, yes, he is a little vain, our painter!" wrote Diderot; "but his vanity is that of a child!" No doubt Greuze delighted in his pictures himself, just as we do to-day, and so talked about them to his friends and visitors, not from conceit, but from enthusiasm and boyish frankness.

About this time Greuze was made painter to the king, and for ten years was lodged in the palace of the Louvre. Not only was he popular among the cultured and wealthy who praised and bought his paintings, but among the common people also, for his pictures were engraved, and these engravings were sold in great numbers; they went into the nurseries everywhere, and his name became a household

word. Some of the little picture-people, such as that called "The Bad Child," served in those days as warnings to naughty ones; while others, such as that named "Innocence," represented to children what was fine, and pure, and beautiful.

But now came a turn of the wheel of fortune. Greuze was an old man. His savings were swept away by the extravagance of his wife.

INNOCENCE.

In 1789 the French Revolution burst over Paris in a tempest of fire and blood. Those who might have bought pictures had matters of life and death to face. When social order was restored, and people could once more think of art and artists, lo! the fashion had changed, the taste for classic pictures had revived, a new painter, David, was the favorite — and Greuze was forgotten.

Once, in the years of the Revolution, we hear of Greuze — arranging tableaux at a public fête — and in those years he painted one picture, a portrait, which will be forever famous among pictures of children. This was the little dauphin, the dauphin of the Revolution.

This dauphin, Louis Charles, was imprisoned with his good father, Louis XVI., and his good and beautiful mother, Marie Antoinette, in the tower of the Temple. After his father was beheaded in 1793, the boy of eight, then by royal right Louis XVII., King of France, was torn from his mother and sister, placed in solitary confinement, and cruelly murdered by inches. On one of the few times he was taken out into the daylight, he picked a flower in a crevice of the prison stones, and in passing dropped it as a silent message by his queen-mother's door — not knowing that she, too, had been beheaded!

Greuze's portrait of "The Dauphin in the Temple" shows the noble boy, blue-eyed, bright-haired like his mother, before those two

terrible last years at the end of which, June 8, 1795, he died all alone, save for his jailers, in the gloom of his stone prison — the most pathetic figure, his fate the most heart-breaking, in all history.

In the hard years of his old age, Greuze tried to support himself by giving painting lessons. Toward the last, the government having set apart rooms in the Louvre for needy artists and authors, one was assigned to Greuze; and there, where he had lodged in his prosperity, he died in his poverty, March 21, 1805. His daughter and one friend were with him.

Napoleon's Sèvres pitcher, filled with gold, would indeed have made lighter his cares; not having it, he still bore his burdens with a brave spirit. On the last day of his life, as the sun shone in his room, Greuze said in a cheery voice, "I shall have fine weather for my journey!" — and so saying passed out of France into the celestial country.

*C. P. Stuart.*

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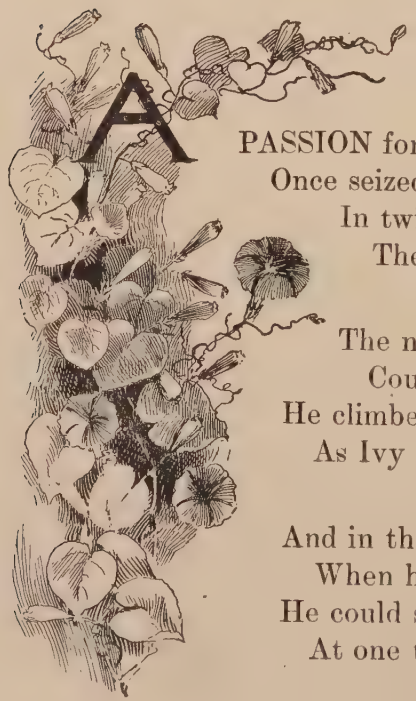


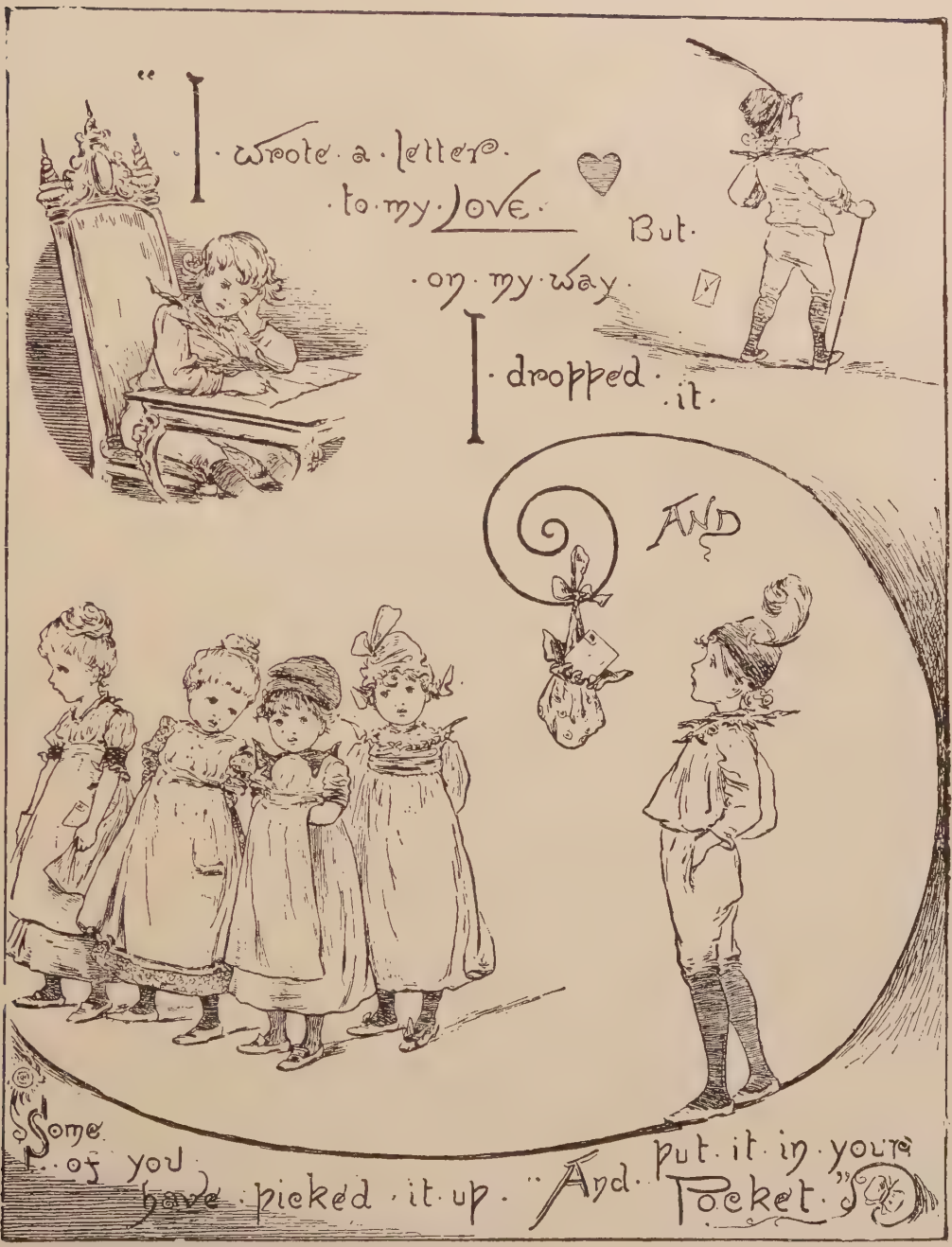
## A MORNING-GLORY.

A PASSION for athletic sports
Once seized upon the flowers;
In twining, climbing, balancing,
They spent the summer hours.

The nimble Morning-Glory
Could soon outstrip them all;
He climbed his trellis twice as fast
As Ivy climbed his wall;

And in the early morning,
When he felt most fresh and fair,
He could swing a hundred clubs and bells
At one time in the air!

*Sarah J. Day.*


"I wrote a letter to my Love
But on my way I dropped it
And
Some of you have picked it up "And put it in your Pocket"

# BOCKERS.

## CHAPTER V. — PEGGY AND BOCKERS IN COURT.

"JUST my luck!" said Peggy when Bockers delivered Dr. Jim's message, at a meeting of the "Jollies," that night.

But the "Jollies" were not at all displeased. They were secretly afraid of the "Acorns," and the distinction of "calling a match off" because their captain and full-back were "witnesses in court" was quite as pleasurable as their chance of defeat at foot-ball.

"What do you get for testifying?" said the monitor, who as "tackle" of the "Jollies" had to be admitted to the meeting.

Bockers refused to answer. So the monitor asked Peggy.

"None of your business," was Peggy's reply. Peggy resented Bockers' disgrace in the assembly-room.

"My father won't swear in court," said the monitor. "He 'affirms,' puts up his hand so — "

"Get your hand out of my face!" said Bockers, and not being obeyed instantly, hit the monitor a stinging blow; and then the score of the morning was considered settled.

Peggy and Bockers were at court early next day. A policeman recognized them and took them to the front, but the boys who had come with them were one and all excluded. As they sat staring about, for it is needless to say that a police court was a new scene to them, whom should they see enter but Miss French, their little substitute teacher! Her eyes were red and she made no attempt to conceal the fact that she had been crying.

"I *wonder* what *she* can be doing here!" said Bockers.

"Had something stolen from her, prob'ly," said Peggy, whose only idea of police-court business was robbery.

And now what was their astonishment to see her go and speak to the prisoner — their prisoner, the lead-pipe prisoner!

"She knows him," said Peggy.

Bockers stared. Then he said, "He's some relation."

"Ye–es," said Peggy, "sure," he added, as they saw the girl take

the prisoner by the hand and then burst into most bitter weeping.

"What ought we to do?" said Bockers.

"I dunno," said Peggy.

"I do," said Bockers. "We must get out. I'm not going to give any evidence against him if he belongs to Miss French."

Just then the tall figure of one of the Dr. Mortons loomed in the doorway.

Bockers at once got up and slipped through the crowd and worked

"LET'S GET OFF BEFORE MISS FRENCH COMES OUT," SAID BOCKERS.

his way to the door; the doctor evidently did not wish to go inside till it was necessary.

"Are you going to persecute?" asked Bockers, looking up into the doctor's face anxiously.

Dr. Joe's eyes twinkled.

"*Are* you?" persisted Bockers. "'Cause me an' Peggy ain't. He b'longs to Miss French, our substitute."

"He — Peggy — Miss French — what do you mean?"

"Miss French's some relation to the man who stole your lead pipe," explained Bockers. "An' she's substitute-teacher in our room."

The doctor glanced up quickly. "Can't stay, been sent for," he

said to a policemen (which was the fact also), and hurried away. Bockers whistled for Peggy to come out, but an officer told him to go back where he belonged.

The two boys sat sorrowfully watching the opening of the court.

"William French," called the justice. "Charged with stealing lead pipe from the premises No. — "

"Not guilty, yer honor," said the man.

"Any witnesses?" asked the judge.

The two boys were thrust forward. Miss French saw them then for the first time, but even though they heard her say "Oh!" in a tone of surprised pain neither of them looked towards her.

They speedily brought their testimony into doubt, for they were both so nervous that they contradicted themselves. Peggy swore to "tell the untruth, the whole untruth;" and Bockers failed in his confusion to answer the question whether he understood the nature of an oath. "I affirm," he said in a dogged manner, and held up his fist.

"Sit down," said the judge angrily. Bockers sat down.

"Where is Dr. Morton?"

"Please, sir," said Bockers jumping up, "he refuses to persecute."

"Put that boy out," called the judge.

The court officer took Bockers by the shoulder. Peggy sprang to his feet. "You ain't going to 'rest him!" he exclaimed. He ain't done nothing!"

"Put him out, too," said the judge. So the officer took each by the collar and walked them to the door.

"Let's get off before Miss French comes out," said Bockers, and away they went, but not before hearing that the prisoner was discharged for want of evidence. The boys never told their classmates who "their prisoner" was. And they bore in silence the hints of the "Jollies" that they didn't know how to testify.

A few weeks later Miss French received her appointment.

"If you can manage such rapscallions as the boys in that room, you can do anything," said Dr. Joe, as he handed her the formal notice.

"There are very good boys in that room," said Miss French.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

*Margaret Compton.*

"THIS SMALL STEALER OF GRAPES WAS GERALD ASHLEY."

## GERALD AND HIS GIANT.

A large dimly-lighted room, with fire flickering behind a wire guard in a grate. A table set for dinner with dainty care, silver, glass, spotless linen. Flowers in crystal vases, pink candles with little pink shades in tall silver candlesticks, in the center a bowl full of hot-house fruit, peaches, pears, great bunches of white and dusky grapes. At the side of the table a boy of six in a velvet suit, with a mane of yellow "love-locks" falling over his shoulders, looking wistfully at the fruit. He reaches forward: he breaks off a bunch of grapes.

"They're papa's grapes," he says half aloud. "He always gives me his things."

Then he crams the fruit into his mouth, eating very fast, and in

spite of his brave words he is careful to conceal the seeds of the grapes he devours in the palm of the other hand. Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all!

This small stealer of grapes was Gerald Ashley, the son of an English army officer, who had left the army when someone died and left him a fortune, and had come to live as a country gentleman on the estate of Cleve Hall. Gerald did not recollect India very clearly because he was but two years old when he left it, but he was quite sure that he loved England best. And indeed, Cleve Hall was the very sort of home for a boy to be happy in, so big and roomy, with a park full of old oaks and a garden full of old roses and such nice bridle paths among the trees to ride ponies on, and a stable where rabbits and guinea-pigs were not only allowed but encouraged. Any boy could be happy in a place like that, and Gerald was very happy. He liked it all, and he liked being the only boy, and in consequence petted and cossetted by every one.

There was one exception. Colonel Ashley did not pet Gerald. He was on the contrary rather grave and peremptory with him, though always kind, and I think it showed what a fine little fellow Gerald was at bottom that he loved his father best of all. He would do almost anything to win a word of praise from him, for he admired him immensely. He was so brave and splendid, he had a sword which he had worn in battles. Gerald was sometimes allowed to hold it in his hand, and that was indeed a proud moment for him. He passionately desired to be approved of by his father, so you may imagine how he felt when as he popped the last grape into his mouth and turned to go into the drawing-room with the seeds squeezed tight in his hot little hand. a rather stern voice demanded, "What have you there, Gerald? What are you eating?"

"Grapes, papa."

Gerald's cheeks were very red, but he made no attempt to evade the truth.

"Where did you get them?"

"I took them off the table," replied Gerald, his cheeks growing still redder.

"Did you have leave to do so from anyone?"

Gerald began to feel quite miserable. "No, papa," he said in a low voice.

"Oh, you stole them?"

There was a scornful tone in the quiet voice which cut Gerald to the heart.

"Papa — indeed, indeed — I didn't. I never meant — they were your grapes, I thought."

"Mine? Yes, but did you ask my leave to take them?"

Gerald did not reply. A lump had come in his throat. He felt very like crying.

"Now, Gerald," said Col. Ashley, sitting down and drawing the child closer to him, "let us talk this matter over. We are friends, you and I, are we not?"

"Oh, papa — yes, yes."

The little voice was choky.

"You know how we have talked very often about what bravery consists of, and how fine it is to be brave. Now, to be brave one must begin with little things and learn how gradually. No boy ever has giant's heads to cut off in these days. If he wants to grow up into a brave man he must educate himself by fighting with small things which are the same to him — tempers, temptations, little faults, and conquering them one by one. When you took those grapes you lost your little battle."

"Papa, I never thought of that — I only, I only — thought of the grapes."

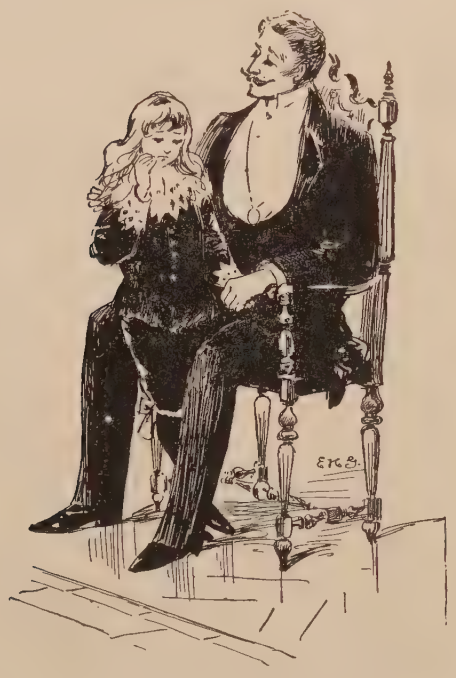
"Yes — but all the same you were beaten. It is mean and ill. And to steal things — even very little things — a gentleman and a brave man will not do it. Remember this, Gerald."

"I will — indeed I will," protested Gerald with energy. It seemed at the moment quite easy to resist temptation.

But four nights after this, Colonel Ashley, coming home earlier than usual, saw a little figure slipping in through the dining-room door. His face grew dark, but he followed and stood in the shadow of a screen to watch what should take place. Very slowly the little feet went across the wide room toward the table. The candles were lit and the watcher could see the boy's face as he stood looking

intently toward the bowl of fruit on the top of which shone a large peach with a cheek like a ripe rose.

Three times the small hand extended itself toward the peach, and three times it was drawn back. At last the hand went out for the fourth time and took the peach. Gerald looked at the beautiful fruit, smelled it, hesitated; then he began slowly to move toward the door. Col. Ashley watched him grimly and gravely, without a word. At the very door, Gerald stayed his steps, stood still for a moment thinking, then turned, hurried back to the table, put the big peach again in the bowl exactly where it had been before, and almost ran out of the room as if afraid to look again toward the temptation which had so nearly overcome him.



TALKING IT OVER.

Col. Ashley smiled to himself behind the screen, a very pleased and happy smile.

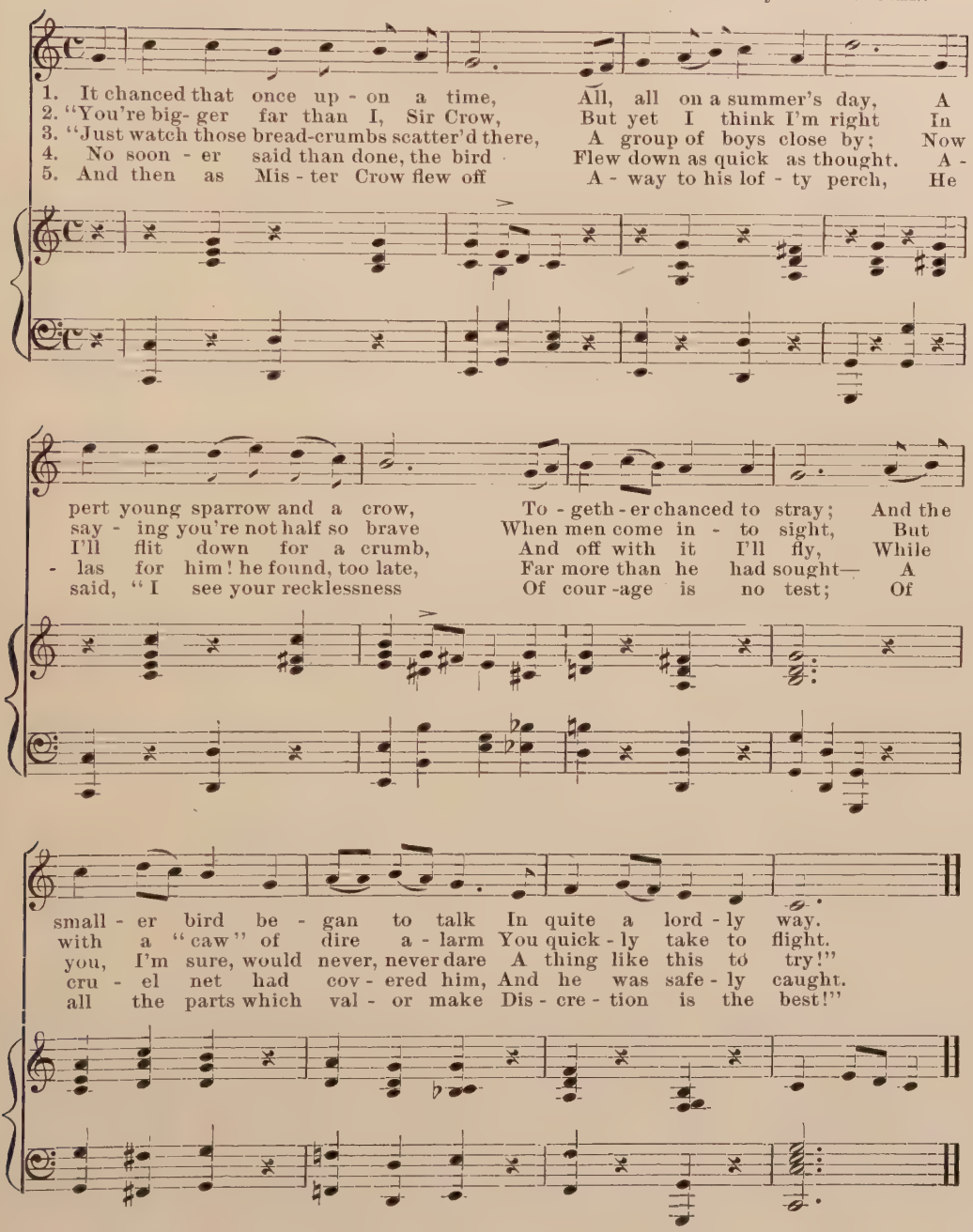
"Thank God," he said to himself. "There is a real giant overcome. My boy is stronger than I thought."

Presently he went into the drawing-room, where he found Gerald sitting gravely by the fire, and quite ready to hear a story; and neither the father nor the son said a word to each other about the big peach and the temptation vanquished. Both were secretly happy, especially Gerald — for to earn your own approbation is even better than to win the approval of some one else. And when one has fought with self and won, there is a sense of inward growth and valor which is particularly pleasant even when you are only six years old.

*Susan Coolidge.*

# THE SPARROW AND THE CROW.

Music by N. SPHOETSEN.


1. It chanced that once up - on a time, All, all on a summer's day, A
2. "You're big- ger far than I, Sir Crow, But yet I think I'm right In
3. "Just watch those bread-crumbs scatter'd there, A group of boys close by; Now
4. No soon - er said than done, the bird Flew down as quick as thought. A -
5. And then as Mis - ter Crow flew off A - way to his lof - ty perch, He
pert young sparrow and a crow, To - geth - er chanced to stray; And the
say - ing you're not half so brave When men come in - to sight, But
I'll flit down for a crumb, And off with it I'll fly, While
- las for him! he found, too late, Far more than he had sought— A
said, "I see your recklessness Of cour -age is no test; Of
small - er bird be - gan to talk In quite a lord - ly way.
with a "caw" of dire a - larm You quick - ly take to flight.
you, I'm sure, would never, never dare A thing like this to try!"
cru - el net had cov - ered him, And he was safe - ly caught.
all the parts which val - or make Dis - cre - tion is the best!"

# How Morning Glory Climbed

A LITTLE Morning Glory lay all winter snug and warm in the arms of brown old Mother Earth. Then one day Spring called: "Come out, little Morning Glory!"

And Mother Earth gave her a gentle push and said: "Go, my child."

Then Morning Glory put up two tiny green hands and looked about her. It was quite dark, for a broad dock leaf spread above her head and shut out the light. And in the darkness beneath it, crawling things moved about; black ants, a long earth-worm, an earwig on his hundred legs, and the bug that children call a "pig."

At sight of these, Morning Glory's tiny green hands shook with affright, and when a big black beetle came by she would have fled straight back into Mother Earth's arms if she could. But she could not. For when Mother Earth's children leave her, they cannot go back.

"Climb, little one, climb!" said the dear old Mother, "and by and by you will get far above the crawling things, and into the light where the winged things live."

So Morning Glory threw out a hand and seized upon the green stalk of a shepherd's purse, and by that climbed up till she came to a level with the dock leaf. There it was a little lighter, but still the shadows were deep.

ALICE·HEACH·WINTER
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RICCO

And "Climb, dear child, climb!" said Mother Earth.

Then Morning Glory seized with one hand upon a stout milk-weed, and up that she climbed, and when she reached the top a single ray of sunlight, like a golden spear, touched her, and warmed her to the heart.

And "Climb, dear child, climb!" said Mother Earth, "and by and by you will come where the sun's golden spears fall like showers of glistening rain."

And little Morning Glory threw out both hands, and seized upon a slender daisy that like herself was climbing to the light. And up the daisy stalk she ran, and came to a sweetbriar bush. And in the middle of the sweetbriar bush was a sparrow's nest with four fledged birds in it ready to take wing.

And "Haste, haste, my child!" said old Mother Earth, "that the sparrows be not there before you."

At that, Morning Glory made still greater haste, for now, through much climbing, she had grown strong and fleet; and she ran with exceeding swiftness up the slender sweetbrier stems that filled the air around with a delicious scent.

When at last she came out on top, there was nothing above her but the beautiful blue sky, and in its midst the shining sun. And as she tossed up her hands in joy at the sight, from each swung a lovely pink bell.

And all around her the sun's golden spears fell like a shower of glistening rain, and a lark sang in the beautiful blue sky.

*Frank Pope Humphrey.*

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"PROUD AS A PEACOCK."

# "SHE NEVER THINKS!"

*(The story that Mrs. Fremont told the Young Inventor.)**

HOW *could* I think? Only ten, and too happy, too healthy, too sure of admiring love from my father and more restrained judicious love, though as sure, from my mother, I took no thought — I just lived — lived through and through from the crown of my busy head to the sole of my hurrying feet. And I was a "popular" child at home and abroad, and servants and friends all had a pleased look and pleasant word for me.

And yet I was "heedless." I did get into lots of mischief. After I gave myself croup chasing the calf round and round in a wet pasture I "thought" for a little while, but soon nearly killed myself following a kitten through a window to the steep roof of a two-story wing; the shingles were slippery from summer heat and I clutched in vain as I slipped faster and faster until I brought up, holding on to the rain gutter — where I hung until a ladder helped me down sobbing into the care of our dignified old butler "Uncle Ralph."

But the worst piece of heedlessness was what I told my boy always to comfort him for smashing my china.

There had been a big dinner party at our house and the many beautiful fine things, too valued for everyday use, were put in a room off the dining-room for careful washing up before being laid by under glass. Our English nurse, Emily, and pretty gay Marguerite the French nurse, were trusted to do this. And my mother drove off for a morning of visits leaving us in our own part of the house where I ought to have staid with the others — we were six; and as the baby must not be wakened, its nurse kept us too quiet for my explosive nature.

I knew both Emily and Marguerite loved to be read to, and though I was but ten my father had taken much time and trouble to teach me how to read aloud agreeably. Soon I was reading a gay story to the two women and as its fun progressed I quitted my chair and sat on the table between them; on the edge of the table which was piled up with fine glass and china.

* See Mrs. Fremont's story in January LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN.

This table was a very large old mahogany affair of bygone fashion with two deep mahogany leaves which had folding props to support them. In time these props had worked loose in the joints and become unreliable ; so it was only used as a side table for the dessert, and the leaves kept folded down.

Now, the table had both its leaves fully opened and on it were the cedar tubs of hot water and piles of soft towels, and lots of fine things.

I was a big healthy fidget, and in the excitement of the story I must have twisted and turned from one to another as I read and so churned loose the weak props — when, CRASH! down came table, china, hot water and my bewildered self.

When my mother returned she was really sorry.

The beautiful old china and fine English cut-glass had been brought over to Virginia by my great-grandmother and had generations of feeling and family association to make of them what no money could ever replace.

I was awfully sorry to have grieved my mother. My father had just left for Washington, as we were in St. Louis for that winter. He would have accepted my grief as enough "lesson;" but "relations" — that cold family judgment seat — thought I should be "made to remember" this calamity.

Did you ever have a pet dog who had to be punished for killing chickens by tying the dead thing around his neck? do you remember his sadness, his shame?

So I felt, when I was condemned to eat from partly broken plates and drink from cups without handles until meals became depressing and unbearable.

It may have been for only a short time but it seemed forever, to me, and I certainly never forgot it.

*Jessie Benton Fremont.*

HOME OF THE SEA LIONS, OFF SAN FRANCISCO.

# THE SEA LIONS AT SAN FRANCISCO.

FUNNY and delightful and not at all dangerous pets, are the famous sea lions at San Francisco, California. They live on several little rocky islands in the ocean, close to the shore; so close that they can be watched easily from the verandah of the hotel near the beach.

And what does a sea lion look like?

A full-grown male sea lion is about as large as an ox; and a baby sea lion is not larger than a calf.

The sea lion has a thick neck, a small head, and tiny ears. His skin lies in great folds about his shoulders; some people fancy it looks like a mane, and that is why this kind of a seal is called a sea *lion*.

The lion has two big fins in front; and his tail is divided, making two more fins behind. It is the front ones that he uses most in swimming. It is always an interesting sight to see one of these lions moving in the water. No boy can swim as fast, or as far, or as easily as he does. On land he looks awkward. He wriggles and flops as he drags himself over the rocks.

The sea lion is not only armed with strong sharp teeth, but has claws at the ends of his fins. He has coarse stiff hair; the baby lions are generally a pretty chestnut brown all over, but the backs of the old ones are a yellowish gray.

His voice sounds like the roar of the ocean in which he lives.

The sea lion eats fish, and crabs, and sea birds whenever he can get them. Sometimes he is able to catch a sea gull in this way: he swims along with only the tip of his nose above water; by and by a hungry gull, flying over him, stops to see whether that brown bit on the top of the waves is not something good to eat! The gull comes down nearer and nearer, and presently the sea lion opens his mouth and snaps up the poor bird.

Each of the sea lions has its own place on the rocks. If one of them tries to take another one's place, there is a great quarrel.

Some of the sea lions are named; there is little Baby Ruth and

SEA LIONS SUNNING THEMSELVES.

big Grover Cleveland. Ben Butler died the other day of old age; he was the biggest and oldest of them all — the King of the Seal Rocks.

The young sea lions cannot swim against a high tide, and so now and then one of them is washed ashore. Then the baby on the beach, and its mother out on the rocks, cry very hard indeed; and when the tide ebbs, the people on shore push the little sea lion gently into the water, and it swims joyfully back to its mother.

No one is allowed to shoot these sea lions, or to hurt or disturb them in any way.

*Evelyn Hibbard.*

# NELLIE OGG AND HER GOATS.

IX. — ON THE OLD DRAWBRIDGE.

ELLIE grew strong fast. Her first food was goat's-milk whey. For mammy and all the folks in the valley knew there was nothing so strengthening for delicate people, and children just getting up from dreadful disease, as goat's-milk whey.

And so well did she thrive on it, that she could soon drink the milk itself, which is still better. And she drank daily every drop old Janet could give her, which was a brimming quart.

"There! didn't I tell you so!" said Old Janet to Maisie. "If I had wasted my time moping about, instead of doing my duty and eating and keeping up my milk, what would my little goatherd do now for her whey and milk — can you tell me that, Mistress Maisie?" and Old Janet looked very virtuous.

Soon Nellie was strong enough to be well "happit" (wrapped) in Daddy's plaid, and sit outside in the sun by the door, where she smelled the heather, for it was August. Then she began to walk a bit, and, almost before you could believe it, was running about everywhere.

At first mammy could not have her out of sight a moment lest some harm might befall her blind little lassie. But Nellie grew fearless as she grew strong. Soon she could run about the paths on the moor as well as when she could see.

But she was not contented until the goats were given her to herd. Mammy Ogg looked out now and then to see that all was right. Nellie led them away over to the other side of the wide moor. Mammy sometimes caught sight of them far up the green slopes of Culbleen.

By and by, the goats thought it time they were taken to the rich island pasturage.

"There must be plenty of sweet grass there by now," said Old Janet, smacking her lips.

"Plenty o' sweet grass," said Maisie, with a little skip.

"Plenty o' sweet grass," said Jock, with a high jump.

"Baa-a-a! baa-a-a!" It sounded like this, as one morning they ran towards the drawbridge. None of them understood how dangerous it would be for their little blind goat-herd to try to cross the old broken bridge.

BLIND NELLIE CROSSING THE BRIDGE.

And Nellie seemed to forget the danger. For when they all said "Baa-a-a!" again, and Jock gave her a gentle push towards the bridge, without hesitating a moment, she stepped on and tripped lightly over, with Jock at her heels, Maisie just behind, and Old Janet following and smacking her lips at every step.

The goats after a caper or two fell to feeding, and Nellie fell to knitting—and far in the west was the great White Mount.

Mammy Ogg by this time had known so sure no harm could come to Nellie, that she did not look out so often to see that all was right. This day she was busy baking oat cakes and making a kind of goat's-

milk cheese stuffed with caraway seeds, that Daddy liked. She did not look out at all, so she did not know that Nellie and her goats had crossed the bridge.

Daddy Ogg had been at his moss all day getting out peats for the winter fire. So neither did he know.

They staid on the island till the air grew chilly. By this Nellie knew it was almost sundown and time to go home. She folded up her knitting and called her goats. As she stepped on to the bridge Daddy came in sight of her, for he, too, was going home.

When he saw her Daddy stopped short. For an instant he could not move. Then he dropped his peat, cutter and creel, and ran like a deer to the bridge-end. There he pulled off his heavy deer-skin shoes, and threw off his heavy tunic, to be ready to jump in and pull her out of the water.

For surely she *must* fall in, thought Daddy. No blind child could cross safely the narrow beam of that broken bridge. He panted heavily, but did not dare speak one word lest it should startle her, and make her take a false step.

O, it was wonderful to see her come! so fearlessly, so lightly, setting down each small foot in exactly the right place every time. An inch or two aside would have sent her down into the water! Jock was at her heels, with Maisie a little behind, and then Old Janet loth to leave the good pasturage. And as at last Nellie stepped off the bridge, she stepped straight into Daddy's arms!

*Frank Pope Humphrey.*

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LOST.

# The Sunshine Corner

"THEY called him Tottles." Here Miss Myrtle looked up from her little manuscript book as if to see what was thought of a story beginning that way. She was not saying it herself, she told them, but the story took that way of beginning.

As the children seemed waiting to know why they called him so, she went on reading:

"They called him Tottles because of a slight limp in his walk, as if one leg was the least bit shorter than the other. He was seven years old, and he had not yet begun to have any kind of a good time. No boy has a good time leaning against a fence just watching the play go on! If it were a choosing-sides game, and one side had a boy more than the other, then the head fellow on the other side would look round and at last call out, 'Well, come along Tottles!' Just as if he too were not a boy, with a boy's liking to run and shout and '*holler*!' and as if his patched clothes and his homely little face could make him have different feelings from what the other boys had — and what if Nancy, the woman he lived with, did take in washing, and if he did have to carry the bundles!

"All that could not hinder Tottles from being a boy, a live hungry boy like the rest of them, with feelings to be hurt, and possible tears to cry with, and possible smiles to smile with!

"The nearest he came to having a good time was when the teacher read a fairy story, and when at Sunday school he heard about the angels. Tottles classed them all in together as good and beautiful creatures and helpful in the way of doing favors. And as he had so little of a pleasant kind to think about, he thought about these angels and fairies a great deal, especially at bed-time.

"After all, it was well that Tottles had so little else, for otherwise he might not have had the Dream that did so much for him.

"He had crept off early into his cot by the attic window. It was open, and he fell asleep listening to the far-off shouts of boys at play, and thinking about fairies and angels.

"Now as to his dream; it was of a womanly Being, sweet-faced, gentle, and with an expression so beautiful and so loving that he could not turn away his eyes. Her form was lighted by a light which seemed to come through the window from some place far outside, whence came also sounds of rejoicing. Standing at the foot of his cot, looking at him, she said, 'Will you please us by making some happiness? You are unhappy, and your unhappiness helps to darken the world. We like it better the other way; like it light. Out yonder some of us are rejoicing over our plan for turning children into sunshine-makers for life. You are to be one. You are to make people smile with pleasure — that is what it is to be a sunshine-maker. Your work begins to-morrow morning.'

"'But I am only a little fellow,' he answered; 'only *Tottles*.'

"'Little things are what we wish done,' she said. 'There are plenty of large things done, Every pleasant smile is a ray of light, and plenty of rays make plenty of sunshine. Your work is to look out for chances to do small favors. Did you know that even a dog likes a pleasant word?'

"'I know he wags his tail,' said Tottles.

"'That *means* smile,' the womanly Being said. 'Will you begin in the morning?'

"When a Being so beautiful asked him in tones so enchanting, what could Tottles do other than just what he did, and say, though a little doubtfully, 'Yes — ma'am' — a little doubtfully, for — Nancy? Nancy as smiling was a new idea."

Miss Myrtle stopped reading.

"This is enough to read at one time," said Miss Myrtle, closing the little manuscript book. "Now let us talk about it."

*Miss Fillissy Follissy.*

# SALLY'S LAMPS.

(*A True Story.*)

"DO go in with me, Lizzie; I don't dare go alone," entreated Sally Patten. Her little face under the quilted hood had a frightened look.

"Y-e-s, I'll go," replied Lizzie Dole, knocking the snow from her calf-skin boots.

It was fifty years ago, and the two little girls were on their way home from school, and had got as far as the shoemaker's shop.

It was not shoes Sally wanted — it was a book. Mr. Pike, the shoemaker, kept the books of the town library in one corner of his shop on some deep shelves. They were covered with brown paper, and some of them were story-books. Sally loved dearly to read them when they were brought home by her mother or her brother Jack, but never yet had she dared go in and ask to take one home herself.

Mr. Pike was a big man with a gruff voice and such a heavy beard! He never looked as if he liked little girls very well. But Sally had heard of a remarkable new story that had been bought for the library, and wanted it without waiting for Jack or mama.

"Want your foot measured?" said Mr. Pike, looking up as Sally and Lizzie entered the shop holding each other by the hand. It was Sally to whom he spoke; she was just ahead of Lizzie.

"No, O no, no! A library-book! But I — I've forgotten what they call it." She looked at Lizzie; but Lizzie too had forgotten the name. "About — about the men that eat each other up," cried Sally in desperation.

Mr. Pike rose from his bench. "Do you mean 'Typee'?" he asked.

Sally had never seen Mr. Pike smile before and it struck her as dreadful. The smile seemed made up of big white teeth and long black beard.

"You're the Widow Patten's little girl, are you? I hope you're careful of books?" said he.

Sally could not answer. She seized the book from his big hands and ran out of the shop.

"O, didn't he look like the wolf that ate up Red Riding Hood's grandmother!" she whispered as soon as they were out of hearing. "I wouldn't go in there again for fi-ive million dollars!"

But when Sally reached home and sat down in the kitchen where her mother was getting tea, and read "Typee" by an oil lamp she felt consoled. It was a wonderful story. She didn't care whether she had any supper or not; she wished she could sit up all night to read. When she went to bed she slipped the book under her pillow for fear Jack might take it up and get interested in those cannibals before she finished it.

Next morning Sally's work was to trim the lamps. Not kerosene lamps; these held whale oil, and they had no glass chimneys. First Sally ran for a big pin to pick up the wicks. I wish you could know how funny those wicks looked!

Then she found that the oil was stiff with cold. She set the jug on the back of the stove to soften the oil. Dear me, how long it did take to soften it! Well, she could read awhile. She must find out what had become of those good men on the island that weren't eaten up. What if Jack should come along and pounce upon the book!

He didn't come. No, Jack was not to blame for what happened to that book a few minutes later. He was busy filling the wood-box.

It was that slippery oil-jug; I dare say the handle had got too warm. Sally did not spill more than a spoonful — but a spoonful on a book! "Typee" was lying open on the table and swallowed every drop! Sally screamed and caught up the book; but it was well soaked in oil. She began to cry silently.

"That library-book will have to be paid for," exclaimed Jack. Yes. And they were so poor! Alas!

"Look here," said Jack, pitying his sister's distress, "I've got a quarter of a dollar in cash, and I'm going to have twenty cents more that Mr. Jones owes me for shovelling snow. You've been awful careless, Sally; but I'll let you have it, yes, I will!"

"I — DID THAT," SHE GASPED.

This was lovely of Jack. But Mrs. Patten said at once that forty-five cents was not enough. The book must be worth at least a dollar and a half, if not two dollars.

Sally buried her face in the cushion of the rocking-chair and cried harder than ever.

"O, don't," said Mrs. Patten. "We'll contrive some way. You'd better run right along to school now, and carry the book to Mr. Pike on your way, and tell him, and ask him what it's worth."

"O! O! O!" cried Sally. "I can't! I can't!" she was going to say. Then remembering that this was all her own fault, that it was she who had spilled the oil, she changed to "I must! I must!"

Her mother little knew what it cost Sally to do that errand. And Sally had to do it all alone too, for Lizzie Dole was sick.

She entered the shop with cheeks aflame and panting breath.

Before she spoke she held out the greasy library-book. "I — did that," she gasped. "How much is it worth?"

Mr. Pike stared at her and then at the well-oiled "Typee." She did not dream of it; but he was saying to himself, "A noble girl! There's more in this girl than I mistrusted!" More than that, he was a tender-hearted man and very sorry for trembling Sally. "The book?" said he in a grum tone. "O, you needn't pay anything for it. I guess we'll have to charge it to wear-and-tear!"

How queer! What did he mean by that? But one thing Sally understood of this speech — one joyful thing. Her mother need not pay for the library-book!

Mr. Pike was smiling from ear to ear, but *not* like Red Riding Hood's grandmother's wolf — O, not at all like that! It seemed a sweet smile. Sally liked it; Sally liked the man.

And how happy she was! "Typee" went home under her arm at noon, and though she wasn't a cannibal, her mother said she "devoured" it, whale-oil and all.

*Sophie May.*

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## GRANDMA SAYS.

GRANDMA says, some single word
Has by a multitude been heard
And caused a thousand thoughts to grow;
And, surely, Grandma ought to know.
Grandma says, a single smile
Has traveled on for many a mile,
And scattered hate and tears and woe;
And, surely, Grandma ought to know.
Grandma says, a helping-hand
Has reached across a mighty land —
Much further than our steps could go;
And, surely, Grandma ought to know.

*Ella Randall Pearce.*

# THE WHIRLING GLOBE.

*All the Children in all the World.*

VI. — THE GERMAN CHILDREN.

"YOUNG GERMANY."

"ATLANTIC ocean — France again — no, Germany! It's Germany," said Rob, as the whirling globe slowed up and then stopped.

The Professor lifted the pencil and said, with a smile, "You are right — we have come to the country of the Christmas-tree, and the Kindergarten."

"O," cried Rosette, springing up and clapping hands, "did Froebel live in Germany?"

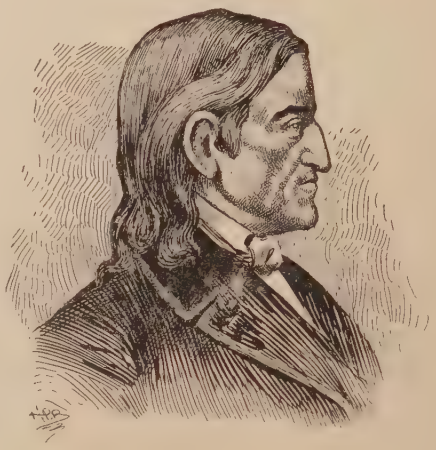
"Yes; it was in Germany that he established the first Kindergarten, half a century and more ago, in 1840. It was opened on the anniversary of the birth of another famous German, Gutenberg, the man who invented — what?"

"Printing," answered Rob promptly.

"Froebel," went on the Professor, "was then an old man, nearly sixty, tall, thin, with long gray hair, but with the young heart of a child. When this old man danced and sung with the children like one of them, the villagers looked on in wonder; they thought him crazy; they called him 'the old fool who plays with children.' Froebel had been a teacher for many years, and for a long time had been planning the gifts and occupations, the plays and songs, of his child-garden.

"During the next ten years, mothers and teachers came from far and near, to learn how to teach little children in Froebel's way, and other kindergartens were started. The new education was spreading, and Froebel hoped soon to see it become part of the school system of his native land, when, in 1851, kindergartens were forbidden by the government! This act nearly broke the gentle heart of Froebel. The next year, soon after his seventieth birthday, which the children of the villages about came and celebrated with a kindergarten festival,

he died. In 1860, however, the law was repealed, and kindergartens have since sprung up all over Germany, and are spreading throughout the world."



FROEBEL.

"Tell about the schools for boys, and girls," said Rob — "kindergartens are for babies."

Professor Jo smiled a queer smile at the boy who so short a time before had been a "kinder" himself. Rob's cheeks grew redder still, he smiled too, and then laughed outright.

"Well, in the first place," said the Professor, "the government manages all schools in Germany, public and private, and every child has to go, from six to fourteen. The girls' schools open at eight, the boys' at seven; so the German boy has to have his first breakfast by candle-light much of the year."

"His *first* breakfast?" queried Rob.

"Yes; they have two breakfasts in Germany. The school-children take their second breakfast, a sandwich and an apple perhaps, at ten A. M., when they have a recess of twenty minutes. At the end of each hour except ten, they have a recess of ten minutes; and in the middle of the week they have a half-holiday. In summer, if so hot the thermometer rises to 77° by eleven o'clock, the children have the right to ask that school let out for the afternoon."

BERLIN SCHOOL-CHILDREN AS NEWSPAPER CARRIERS, WITH THEIR DELIVERY BAGS.

"What do they study?" asked Rob.

"O, the same studies as you do, and, besides, regular lessons in the Bible. The church hymns also are taught in all the schools. The girls don't have much arithmetic, but during the six hours each week while the boys have arithmetic the girls are taught needlework, especially how to darn. The

Germans give great attention to the geography of their own country, and the city children study also maps of their own towns. Above all, German children are brought up to be patriotic. The school-rooms are hung with pictures of the emperor and empress, Bismarck, Moltke, and others great in German history. The national ballads and the national songs are learned in the public schools — it would make you hurrah, Rob, to hear a German school sing 'The Watch on the Rhine!' In no country do the scholars work so hard as in Germany. They have little time or strength left for play, and so have no national sports like our base-ball and foot-ball."

THE EMPEROR CHARLEMAGNE.
(*From painting by Albert Durer.*)

"Don't the little boys have any plays?" asked Rob.

"They are not such merry play-children as Americans," answered Professor Jo. "Soldiering is the favorite play; and the gift they covet most is a uniform with gun and sword. If the little German boy can find a long cock's feather, he sticks it in his hat and thinks it looks military. Outside the town there are generally play-forts, built long ago, where the children go on holidays, as did their fathers and grandfathers before them, to have mimic battles. All this is because Germany is a great military nation. Besides, every boy expects to become a real soldier at twenty-one; rich and poor, nobles and peasants, then serve side by side for three years."

"But why do they want so many soldiers?" asked Rob.

"To protect the 'Fatherland,' as the Germans fondly call their country, from the French and other European nations; not to make war, but to prevent it, by being so strong and ready that no other nation will dare attack them. For you must know, Rob, that the great German nation of to-day is made up of those Teutonic tribes

which conquered France in the early days when it was called Gaul — and these two nations have never been good friends since."

"I'd like to hear about those old Teutonic tribes," said Rob.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AS A BABY. (*From painting in the Hohenzollern Museum.*)

"Our first knowledge of them," said Professor Jo, "comes from the Romans. A little more than a century before Christ, a host of men suddenly appeared on the snowy slopes of the Alps, sitting on their shields, and coasting down into Italy. These men were large, half savage, and wore on their helmets the heads of wolves and bears, and the horned heads of oxen, and the spread wings of eagles. Their long hair was light and their eyes were blue, like most Germans to-day — for these invaders were the ancient Teutons. After some years of fighting the Romans drove them back home.

"About the third century A. D.," went on Professor Jo, "the multitude of little Teutonic tribes began to unite into groups, which founded small kingdoms or states. In 800 A. D., Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, was crowned emperor over them. Charlemagne was nearly seven feet tall, and so strong he could break apart a horseshoe with his hands. He was a mighty ruler too, and his empire included not only most of Germany, but also most of France, Spain and Italy as well. After his death this vast empire gradually broke up again into separate nations, and Germany into its little kingdoms — of which at one time there were nearly three hundred.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

"At the opening of the present century, the German States were under the foot of Napoleon. After his defeat they formed the German Confederation, in which Prussia and Austria were the chief powers. In the preced-

ing century, Frederick the Great had extended the territory of Prussia and made it a great military power; and now began a struggle between Prussia and Austria for the leadership. This rivalry led to war. Prussia won; Austria was crowded out; and a new confederation was formed by Prussia with the North German States.

"Then came in 1870 the war with France. The South German States now also joined with Prussia, and when the victorious Germans had reached the French capital, the Prussian king, William I., in the French palace of Versailles, was proclaimed Emperor of United Germany. The present German Empire therefore, like the present French Republic, dates from the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. William II., emperor of Germany to-day, is the grandson of William I."

"Are there any little princes and princesses?" asked Rosette.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*Charles Stuart Pratt.*

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# BOCKERS.

CHAPTER VI. — DAVE WINS PEGGY'S FAVOR.

"YOU'VE got to muzzle Dave," said Peggy, one afternoon late in the spring.

"What for?" said Bockers.

"'Cause you've got to," said Peggy.

"Well, I won't," said Bockers.

"Then the dog-catchers'll get 'im!" And Peggy chuckled.

"No, they won't," said Bessie, who was playing with the dog on a step near them. "Will they, dear?" and she drew Dave's paws around her neck and began whispering secrets first into one ear and then into the other.

"Something's the matter!" shouted Peggy, and he and Bockers ran towards the corner. Dave struggled out of Bessie's arms and ran after them. Bessie followed.

"It's the dog-catchers!" said Peggy, and he joined in the chase of a big mastiff.

Bockers looked round for Dave, but not seeing him went on.

Meanwhile Dave, scenting no danger to himself, had trotted across the avenue, paying attention neither to friends nor enemies.

By the time Bessie reached the corner, Bockers and Peggy were far away ; but one of the dog-catchers had appeared from a side-street and at once proceeded to seize Dave.

Bessie foresaw the danger to Bockers' pet. "Dave! Dave!" she called frantically. But the unsuspicious dog took no heed. Bessie was never allowed to cross the street alone, much less the avenue, but her fears and love for Bockers' dog overpowered her, and she ran on to save him.

Just then a loud clang was heard and a trolley dashed round the corner. Bessie, bewildered by the noise and excitement, caught her toe in the outer rail, stumbled and fell.

A shriek from a woman passing by caused Dave to look round. Quicker than the car, quicker than the brakes which the motorman drove down with all the might of a powerful man, the dog sprang, seized the child's dress in his teeth, and pulled with all his strength.

A crowd gathered in a moment. Everyone expected to see a crushed, lifeless form. But lo! although her dress had been caught and part of it wound round the wheel, although one of her curls had been severed from her head and lay upon the track, the child was not crushed. Bockers' dog had succeeded in dragging her just over the rail. She lay white and still, however. Her eyes were closed, and it was thought at first she was dead. Someone lifted her up and carried her to the pavement. The motor-man followed, and when he saw the sweet face the tears welled up into his eyes.

Bockers and Peggy heard a man in the crowd about the dog-catcher say, "Someone's run over there at the corner!"

They dashed back and pushed their way till they caught sight of the familiar dress. Peggy saw it first. His face was as white as Bessie's as he turned to Bockers and panted, "She's killed! and — it's Bessie!"

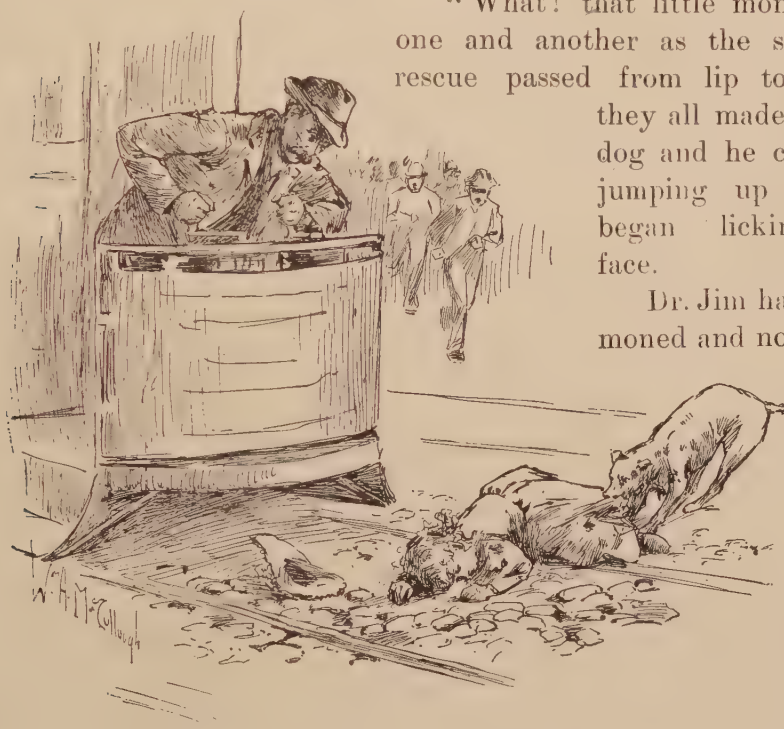
The boys were recognized, and allowed to get to the child. Both knelt down by her, but it was Bockers who thought to raise the little

head and place it on his shoulder and it was he who discovered that she was still breathing.

"She's not dead!" he called out joyously.

At the sound of his voice Bessie opened her eyes. With a gasp she threw her arm round Bockers' neck, and said, "Don't let them catch Dave!"

A great sigh of relief broke from the crowd as Bessie spoke. Then someone set up three cheers for the dog.



"THE DOG PULLED WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH."

"What! that little mongrel!" said one and another as the story of the rescue passed from lip to lip. But they all made way for the dog and he crept in and jumping up on Bockers began licking Bessie's face.

Dr. Jim had been summoned and now came running up. He handled the little one very tenderly and very dexterously. "Not a scratch," said he. "She's badly frightened, that's all! All she needs is to be taken home!"

By this time a policeman had arrived and wanted to arrest the motor-man.

"It wasn't his fault," said a frightened voice. "Please, Doctor Morton, say so."

Bockers looked up quickly. There stood Miss French, and — yes,

both boys saw that the motor-man was their lead-pipe prisoner.

"The child is not hurt," said Dr. Jim. "There's no cause for an arrest."

"Dr. Morton forgave him and got him this position," whispered Miss French to Bockers, and then, "Oh, thank you, Dr. Joe!"

"Yes, thank you, Dr. Joe," said the motor-man, and both looked up gratefully to Dr. Jim.

"Pshaw!" said he, and hurried off.

"Bockers," said Peggy, next day, "will you give me Dave?"

"No," said Bockers, "I won't. But you may have a share of him and we'll buy him a collar and have both our names on it."

"YOU MAY HAVE A SHARE OF HIM," SAID BOCKERS.

And they did, and they had it marked, besides, "DAVE, A LIFE-SAVER

*Margaret Compton.*

(THE END.)

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# THE NATIONAL FLOWER.

SAID Towser to Kitty, with puzzled blink,
"The grown people round us are trying to think
Which flower is best for a national one;
Now, don't you think dogwood would be the most fun?"
"No, Towser," said Kitty; "it seems to *me*
Pussy-willows or catnip much better would be!"

*Eleanor W. F. Bates.*

# FLOWER TALK.

WE give you names, sweet posies,
That in the gardens grow;
But what you call each other
I'd dearly like to know.

You must be little "folks," I'm sure,
You look about so wise,
Half friendly, and half timid,
And half — just in surprise.

Surprised and glad to find the world
So lovely, I suppose!
Say *do* you talk? I wonder
If anybody knows!

If anybody *does*, I s'pose
It must be some of these —
Your little winged visitors,
The butterflies and bees.

But I don't know a word they say;
They only buzz and buzz!
To have *such* voices, I don't see
What kind of good it does!

Say, do *you* understand them,
My little posies sweet?
When up they come a-sailing;
I wonder if you greet

Each other with "Good morning!"
Or some such pleasant way;
How glad I'd be if I *could* hear
The very words you say!

"DON'T YOU TALK?"

But, oh, I'm *such* a different kind
Of little girl from you!—
I'll leave you with the butterflies,
And go and play with Prue.

*M. D. Tolman.*

# NELLIE OGG AND HER GOATS.

X. — THE MAN ON THE HILLSIDE.

DADDY made Nellie promise not to cross the drawbridge again. Nellie kept the promise. But she and the goats soon pined, as before, for their favorite pasturage. So Daddy said one day to Mammy, "I can see the little lassie wearies for her island." And he set to work to patch up the old bridge.

He patched here and he patched there, as well as he could, for Daddy had no nice carpenter's tools. But he made it strong, and all along the way he fastened withes of tough birch for Nellie to hold by. So, after that, she and her goats crossed when they liked. Only Mammy was to look out both ways to see them safe over.

One day Nellie was standing with her hand on Jock's neck. The breeze blew cool upon her cheek straight from the great White Mount. Her face was turned toward the Mount just as though she could see it. And she could, in a way, although she was blind. For she had loved it and looked at it so much, she remembered how it looked; she could see it with what is called "the inner eye." And she said to Jockie just as though she saw it, "How white the snow is against the blue sky! and O, the black firs, Jockie! and the blue shadows in the great corrie! our Scotland is a bonnie land!"

But Nellie could not see a man who was standing a little way up the hillside. He was looking at her, and when she said, "Our Scotland is a bonnie land," he opened his lips as though about to speak. But he only said to himself "Ay, our Scotland *is* a bonnie land!"

Nellie stood quite still for a few moments, with her hand on Jock's neck and her face to the White Mount while the stranger looked at her. Then he moved, and slight as was the movement it caught her ear. She turned.

"Jockie, is it a roe-deer coming down the brae?" she asked. And the stranger saw that the little goatherd's eyes were sightless.

He came forward and spoke gently. "It is no roe-deer, my little lass. It's only a poor wanderer." His voice was pleasing, and Nellie smiled.

"I should ken ye were no' of Deerside by your speech, sir," she said. "Can I do anything for you?" she asked. For Daddy and Mammy had taught her to be thoughtful for the few wandering folk who occasionally passed by.

"HE SAW THE LITTLE GOATHERD'S EYES WERE SIGHTLESS."

The stranger hesitated, and smiled. He looked like a man quite able to take care of himself. Perhaps it amused him to hear this lassie, small and blind, ask if she could do anything for him. His smile like his voice was sweet.

He answered after the moment's hesitation. "Perhaps you can bring me something to eat. I have had nothing for two days but a bit of oat cake."

"O, sir!" cried Nellie quickly. "That I can do," and she at once

pulled out her little lunch of oat cake and goat's milk cheese.

"But if I eat your lunch what will *you* do?" he asked.

"I don't mind waiting till supper-time. I often do that," she eagerly said.

After he had eaten, which he did quickly, for he was hungry, Nellie said, "If you will come home with me and the goats, Mammy will give you a sup of warm porridge, and you can lie by the fire the night."

"No, my lass," he answered sadly. "That I cannot do. But I thank you for the lunch. If you are ever in want, which God forbid! may you find someone equally kind."

He moved to go, but Nellie stopped him timidly. "Would you mind, sir," she asked, "letting me pass my fingers over your face? That is the way I see folks now. I would like to see how you look for your voice is very pleasant."

The stranger drew near and stooped that the little goatherd might reach him.

Nellie touched his light hair. "It's fine and bonnie," she said after a moment, "but it's long since it was combed. Eh! but I fear you are sorrowing, sir."

She touched his eyelids and asked the color of his "e'en." "Blue, lassie," he said smiling.

"Blue like the sky, or the great shadows in the corrie?" she asked.

"Like the sky, they say."

She touched his cheek. It was soft as the young moss by the spring. "Ye are no' old," she said.

Then her hands went slowly down his tattered plaid and came to his hands, roughened and scratched with the rocks and briars. She took them in both hers.

"Eh!" she said again, "I fear you've seen sorrow, sir."

"Yes," said he. "Good-by, and God bless thee, lassie." And he stooped and kissed her, and she heard his step as he sprang quickly up the brae.

*Frank Pope Humphrey.*

# PUPPY, A COMMON DOG.

*(A True Story.)*

PUPPY was a fat, curly-haired brown little American dog, rather long in the body, and rather short and stumpy in the legs. His eyes were bright blue at first, but in a month or two became a rich cinnamon brown, with the most intelligent expression possible. Each paw was tipped with white, and on his cunning little breast was a star of cream-colored fur which made him a beauty; so the girls and boys declared who lived in the neighborhood. Puppy had no pedigree, but was a mongrel.

Puppy first saw the light of day in a woodhouse in the heart of the Green Mountains. He liked the air, and never wanted to go in-doors. He was an out-door dog. He persisted in staying out nights, even if the weather was rainy instead of clear. And so by living out-doors and by various athletic sports, such as swimming the brook, taking long strolls in the woods and sunning his fat little body on the door-step, he acquired perfect health by the time he was six months old.

But in a village, dogs, as a general thing, are not popular; and some people, who have fine lawns, pretty beds of flowers, and beautiful plants, dislike them exceedingly.

So Puppy did not always have the appreciation he had later. In those early days, some ladies, who owned great houses, when they saw Puppy approaching would take a little stick and drive him away. Others would complain and declare that Puppy should be killed, or make other ill-natured remarks equally objectionable.

But the little dog, when told to go away, would maintain his position through everything, and only put down his little ears, and shake his curly tail, and look up with his intelligent eyes, walking off at last in a most dignified way, saying to himself: "Some day I shall be appreciated!"

Well, this athletic dog lived, throve, and grew in time to be a fine large fellow — but was still nothing but a mongrel, you will understand; a common dog.

One summer a travelling show appeared in town, and of coure the whole place was in a flutter of excitement.

Now in some travelling shows there are, as everybody knows, men who never go to church or Sunday-school, but who when night comes, look around to see what valuables they can pick up. On this particular occasion, when the entertainment was over, and everything quiet in the village, and all the girls and boys asleep and their parents also, a couple of the showmen determined to go out on such an errand. They silently walked up the main street. Before one of the great houses they halted, and quietly standing there talked in low tones.

"PUPPY GRABBED THE RIGHT LEG OF HIS TROUSERS."

Puppy, at this time, was reposing in the middle of the road. So brown was his coat, he really seemed a part of the dirt in the daily riding thoroughfare of the little town.

Puppy, being a sagacious dog, pricked up his ears at the sight of two men talking in the street in low tones at midnight. Something surely was wrong, for visiting hours were over. Lying flat on his stomach he studied the situation as much as he could, making up his own mind for action if need be.

The men presently crept up the lawn. Most cautiously, step by step, they went towards the house, Puppy following at a distance. Puppy, at this juncture, knew no good was intended.

When the door at the back of the house was reached, and the

latch was being softly tried, Puppy stood stock-still. But with another more decided movement of the men, a low growl was given. Both men started and looked about. In reality they had not before taken notice of anything. Another growl came, fiercer than before. Another and still another came.

One of the men nearing Puppy gave him a violent kick in the ribs, expecting him, no doubt, to slink away. The other man went on with his work, prying the door, and by this time had nearly gained an entrance. But Puppy, with teeth showing, his eyes gleaming with anger, his whole body ready for an attack, commenced, in dog-form, a genuine battle. Growls upon growls came in rapid succession, together with low guttural sounds to which Puppy when angry could give decided meanings.

A big stone shied at the dog made him wince, but he held his own, plainly resolved to defend the property the best he could. Making one leap, Puppy grabbed the man by the right leg of his trousers, just on the thick part of the calf, and there he held on with all his "might and main," nipping, biting, twisting at each turn the flesh with his sharp teeth.

The other man had by this time gained an entrance and shut the door, so Puppy's captor was at his mercy. Puppy held on, and growled and growled and growled between his closed teeth. The man by this time was pretty badly frightened and hurt, and tried hard to escape, and by various movements begged the dog to release his hold. But the faithful creature was not to be shaken off. Like a sentinel on guard he stood, still nipping, biting, twisting as before until the "relief" should come.

A window was suddenly raised. The master of the house who had been supposing for the last two moments that moonlight nights had a special effect on dogs, setting them to growl at the moon, popped his head out and called, "Stop that noise! Go home, Puppy! Go home!"

Puppy, at this, tried hard to raise his head and growled fiercer than ever before.

Then a young lad appeared at a window, and leaning far out, took in at a glance the situation. Rushing down the broad stairs, he

upset the man inside, who was making his way to the door, having heard voices and footsteps. He managed, in his turn, to upset the boy, and escape.

When the boy got out the door, Puppy stood triumphant, holding his prisoner in firm grip. But at the same time he was wagging his little tail nearly off, having recognized the boy, and now he delivered the man up, with a toss of the head, a pant and a shake of his little body, and then sat down to recover himself.

From that day forth Puppy had a standing in the place, although, as I said before, he could never boast of a pedigree.

By many of the townspeople he was considered the watchman of the village. One man offered Puppy's owner fifty dollars for him. Another rich old fellow, who never did like dogs, came to Puppy's house and insisted that Puppy should be sold to him at whatever price suited Puppy's owner.

But all terms were refused. Puppy became the hero of the small town, the guardian of the peace, the caretaker of all homes in the dead of night. He lived to a good old age, doing his duty, and "deserving the respect of his fellow men."

*Mrs. Oliver Bell Bunce.*

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## A DISCOVERY.

OUR Teddy went out by the stream one day
Where an airy flag-flower grew,
And looked out over the ripples gay
And saw reflected its cup of blue.

Two deep lines grew in his forehead fair,
Then he said, with a wondering laugh,
"O, Auntie! a lily is sitting there,
And the stream has tooked her photograph!"

*Susan Hartley.*

# THE GREEN BLUEBERRY.

ONCE upon a time there was a poor little Berry, who could not get ripe.

He lived on a Blueberry bush, and on the bush hung a great many large fat Blueberries, and of course he ought to have been like them; but because he grew too low down on the bush so that the sun and air could not reach him, or for some other reason, he certainly remained a very green Blueberry, although, to be sure, he felt blue enough.

All the other Berries were unkind to him, saying, "No one will pick *you*, Greenie! We, being so big and fat, shall all be picked and put into fine pies and cakes, but no one wants to eat hard green berries, so *you* will be left."

"Yes," said one very big one, laughing — did you ever hear a blueberry laugh? They have such a soft, juicy laugh — "Look at *me*, Greenie! Am I not a glorious berry, so fat, so big, so blue?" The poor little Berry looked up longingly at her, when puffing herself up more than ever in her pride she — oh, what do you suppose happened to her — she burst!

A few days after this dreadful accident, two little girls came to the Blueberry bush, and you can imagine how glad they were when they saw it. In a very short time they had every Berry, and by mistake they had also picked the green one, too.

The children's mother was delighted when she saw the beautiful Berries. "We will have a pie, and we will have a short-cake," she said to the cook, "and Bridget, I will help you look the Berries over." In doing this, she found the green one.

"Why, Eleanor, Margaret," she said to the two children, "here is a green Blueberry! we cannot have *him* in our pie, can we?"

"Ha, ha," laughed the other Berries. "Of course you can't!

Throw him away!" But the children's mother paid no attention to the rude little fellows.

"Mama," said Eleanor, "that Berry is the very same color as Belinda Marion's dress, and I will have it for a locket!" She ran to her new work-basket which had been given to her at Christmas, and from it she took a needle, which she threaded with soft green silk, just the color of the Berry. This she drew through the Berry. Next she brought out a most beautiful doll with blue eyes which could open and shut, and with long curling golden hair, and wearing a lovely green dress which really was the Berry's color. The green silk was tied around her neck, and the despised Berry was now hanging as a beautiful locket in the place of honor, and his little heart swelled with pride.

The green Berry hung on Belinda Marion's neck."

When the children's supper hour came Belinda Marion came to the table too, sitting in her own high chair, and she was very well-behaved and quiet, never speaking one word all through supper time. The children had for their supper bread and butter, milk, and each a small saucer of stewed Blueberries, and oh, how surprised those Berries were, when they saw what had become of their despised Greenie! They almost turned green themselves with envy. In fact one might say they were almost "eaten up" with envy. And the Green Berry sat there in state and saw them disappear!

Nor was this all. The children soon went to bed, first putting Belinda Marion in her white crib, and leaving her in one corner of the dining-room. Belinda Marion shut her eyes directly her head touched

the pillow, and was soon fast asleep. but the Berry kept his one little eye wide open all through the grown people's dinner, which followed the children's tea. When the dessert came in, what should it be but the Blueberry pie! And the Berries in the pie were astonished to find what had become of their green friend! But the Berry smiled and said nothing, and they, too, were all eaten before his very eyes. And he, the Green Berry, hung on Belinda Marion's neck for weeks, and in all probability is hanging there now; at least the last time I saw Belinda Marion and her little mistress he was still there, looking very comfortable, and if possible, greener than ever.

*Alicia Aspinwall.*

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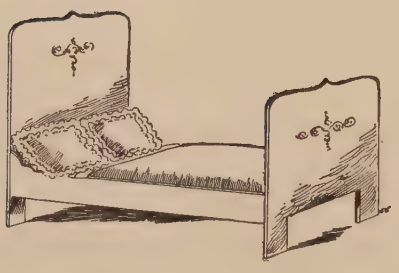
# A DOLL-HOUSE BEDROOM.

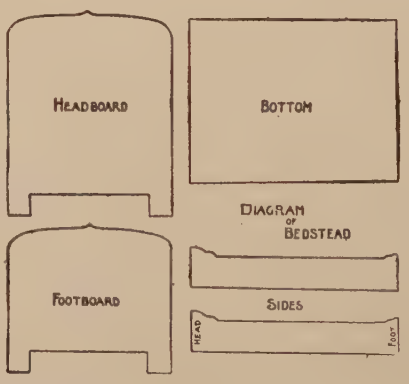


THE BED.

THE furniture for this doll-bedroom is made of cardboard covered with silesia or sateen of a light brown, to look like oak.

There must be a bedstead, a chiffonier, a dressing-table, a wash-stand and one or two chairs.

*The bedstead* must have all its parts covered on both sides; then they are to be joined together by overhand sewing. The bottom, which takes the place of slats or springs, is to be caught in loosely, after the head, foot and sides are sewed together. A mattress and pillows are made by covering pieces of white cotton wadding the right size and shape with soft old ticking or white cloth; tack the mattress.




*The dressing-table* is merely a small wooden or pasteboard box

draped with pink or blue stuff covered with swiss. A fine old handkerchief would do for draping, as the color would show through this and the hemstitching would make a pretty finish. Next, take a long straight piece of the colored drapery, lay over it a similar piece of thin white, and tie it in the middle with a bit of ribbon, making a bow. This centre, thus gathered together, is fastened to the wall by a tack, just over the dressing table. It falls in folds to the floor on either side. Over the table is hung a small looking glass. A round vest-pocket glass will do nicely. A very tiny pincushion may be laid on the table.

THE WASH-STAND.

*The chiffonier* parts are covered with sateen, then overhanded together. The drawers and knobs are outlined lightly in water-color or gilding. It will be well to get help from older fingers in doing this.

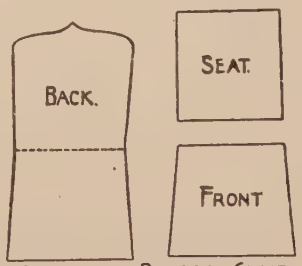
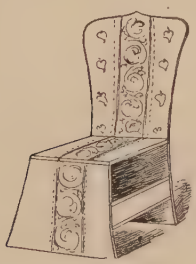



DIAGRAM OF BEDROOM CHAIR.

*The wash-stand* is merely a smaller chiffonier and is marked in the same way; and a little scroll work may be outlined on the head and footboard of the bed.

A small swiss or lace scarf may be laid over the chiffonier, and a tiny white fringed towel — made of a piece of the handkerchief or any old linen — may be laid on the wash-stand.



THE CHAIR.

If a set of toilet crockery that is small enough cannot be found, make part of a five-cent tea-set do, as one doll-house owner did. One of the saucers, with the little milk pitcher, made a washbowl and pitcher. A cup served for tooth-mug, and the square shallow bit of china meant for the sugar bowl made a capital soap-dish, with a cube of white soap laid in it.

*The chairs* consist of back, seat and front. When the parts are covered and overhanded together, they must be steadied by slats made of pasteboard, covered, and then sewed on either side between front and back, as shown in drawing. The chairs may be

covered with some pretty figured stuff if you wish variety.

The bed should have sheets neatly hemmed, and tiny pillow slips. Or you can cover the pillows neatly with fine white cloth and overhand lace all around the edges.

THE DRESSING-TABLE.

Dainty comfortables for dolls are made from one or two thicknesses of cotton wadding covered with pretty silkolene. Or you can make white ones out of old handkerchief linen, tufted with knots of pink or blue embroidery silk.

Very pretty pillow spreads and counterpanes can be made out of old lace or embroidery laid over the blue or pink stuff like that used on toilet table. Sew the lining neatly to the outside and then overhand on all around some narrow cotton lace such as can be bought for three or four cents a yard. You can "full" the lace on slightly, so that it will look like a frill. In fact almost every little girl will take pride in making up a good store of pretty sheets and spreads and comfortables for her doll-house bedrooms.

*Annie Isabel Willis.*

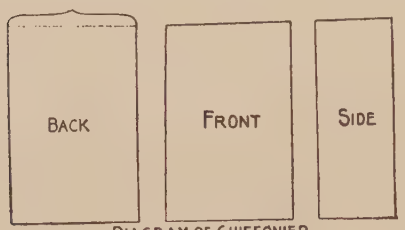
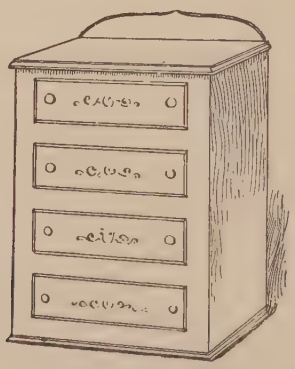



DIAGRAM OF CHIFFONIER
(CUT TOP TO FIT)



THE CHIFFONIER.

# MISTRESS FROG'S SPINNING.

"'TWAS DIS WAY," DECLARED DILSEY.

UT in the yellow southern summer sunshine two little white children and several little black ones were making "frog-houses." This they did by putting a bare foot flat on the walk, and over the bare foot heaping white sand. The glory of the building was to be able to draw out the foot so skillfully from underneath the sand structure that a mound remained with a good opening left as door to the "frog-house."

Many frog-houses fell that day, but some stood, and in those carpets of flower-petals were laid, and sometimes a big, cool leaf was hung for a door.

"Dere! we done all dis work for Mistis Frog, and Mistis Frog can't live in dese houses," exclaimed Dilsey.

"Why can't she?" asked Alice.

"Oh, frogs 'bleeged to stay on de brooks wid dere toes in de water sence Mistis Frog done so scandulous in dem ole days," said Dilsey.

"Dilsey! tell us what 'twas Mistis Frog did in the old days!" cried Alice, eagerly

"'Twas dis way," declared Dilsey, seating herself flat in the sand as only negroes can, her bare feet out in front of her, her toes straight up. "Mistis Frog was allus complainin'. Ef 'twarn't too hot, den 'twas too cole. Ef it rain, den she want sun. Dar come one summertime when de heat wez so great 'twas dryin' up de corn. De pools and brooks wez dryin' up so dat de animals couldn't hardly git a drink. Mistis Frog sat on de hill spinnin'" —

"GIVE US A DROP ER RAIN, MISTIS FROG.'

"Spinning?"

"Ob co'se. Don't you see all dat field yonder full of toad-flax? Dem little blue flowers is toad-flax. Mistis Frog spun dat flax in dem ole days, all day long spinnin' an' singin'" —

"Singing?"

"Ob co'se. Mistis Frog sang sweeter dan any bird in de ole days, singin' an' spinnin', a-settin' on her white satin stool."

"What, Dilsey?"

"You see dem white frog-stools poppin' up in de fields? Dey useter be Mistis Frog's white satin stools, whar she useter set on, spinnin' and singin'. Mistis Frog was allus complainin', but dis hot time Mistis Frog ain't sayin' nottin' 'genst de sunshine, 'caze she wanter git de pretties' blue silk spun you ever see. She say she don't want it *never* rain no mo', 'caze rain 'll wet her blue yarn!

"After awhile, ev'y thing dryin' up, a little cloud come floatin' by. Mistis Frog say, 'Go 'way, cloud! I'm wantin' mo' sun!'

"D'rectly drop o' rain fell —blim!

"Mistis Frog riz up an' flung out her hand. Mistis Frog walk straight in dose days, not hip-py-ty-hop like she do now. She had

pretty hands, not wobblety like dey is now. She say, 'Go 'way, rain! I'm Mistis Frog! I don't want no rain!'

"Rain-drop make answer: 'Ev'ything's perishin' fer rain!'

"'Go 'way,' Mistis Frog say; 'I don't keer. I want ter set an' sing an' spin in de sun!'

"Well, all day Mistis Frog spin an' sing, an' all night in de moonlight her and her folks dance, 'Frog in de middle! And he can't git out! He can't git out! Can't git out!'

"Ev'ything wuz beggin' to her: 'O, Mistis Frog, dough dis be yo' season to spin, let us have a little rain!'

"Mistis Frog say, 'Ev'y dog has its day, an' I has mine like I please!'

"Mistis Frog done her blue silk; but she spinnin' now to make Mister Frog a set of blue soldier-cloze.

"Ev'ything, bird, beast, all come ter Mistis Frog again, an' say: 'Give us a drop er rain, dough 'tis in yo' season to spin! Us perishin'!'

"Mistis Frog des spin on an' sing:

'Mister Frog put on de soldier-cloze,
Went ter de well ter shoot some crows,
Powder flash, and crow flew 'way,
Mister Frog go huntin' another day!'

MISTIS FROG HOLLERS "MO' RAIN!"

"Ev'ything pantin' fer water. Yit Mistis Frog say: 'Ef I ain't ever been suited befo', I'm suited now. I ain't guine ax fer nothin' but sun in my season to spin.'

"Den de birds sing to her: 'Ef yer don't give pity, yer can't git pity!'

"De bees hum to her: 'Yer gotter gibe mercy, 'fo' yer git mercy!'

"De beas'es growl to her: 'Give, nor yer won't git! Give, nor yer won't git!'

"But Mistis Frog spin and sing, trel at las' it git too dry fer her.

She pant and pant. Her satin stool shrivel up under her. Her thread git so dry it whirl round de spindle and break off short and won't spin out no mo'. Her wheel spin round so fast it catch fire and burn all up. Mistis Frog ain't able ter git 'nother wheel yit! Den Mistis Frog, *she* pant and *she* pant and *she* beg fer water and *she* plead fer rain, but all de clouds done pass on by! Mistis Frog, her tongue and throat git so parched dat de song flew out and never come back no mo'!

"'O! water, water, all de time! And no mo' sun!' said Mistis Frog.

"But Mistis Frog didn't git dat wish! Herself and her folks, dey moved from de high-lands ter de swamp, all of 'em. She live in de wet lands yet. Mistis Frog don't spin no mo'. She holler all de time, 'Mo' rain! Mo' rain! Mo' rain!' Mistis Frog 'bleeged ter holler dat.

"Mister Frog, he croak out, 'Knee-deep! Knee-deep!' Mister Frog 'bleeged ter croak dat.

"All de little frogs dey stand on de brook-edge and holler: 'Wade in! Wade in! Wade in!' De little frogs 'bleeged to holler dat.

"And dat's de reason de frogs can't live in dese houses we done built 'em!" said Dilsey.

*Martha Young.*

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"A PENNY, PLEASE!"

# TWO LITTLE CHIMNEY-SWEEPS.

MASTER EDGAR.

ONE Christmas Eve, a good many years ago — in fact, it was in the reign of King Louis Phillipe — a French mama decided to give her little daughters a fancy-dress party, partly as a Christmas treat for themselves, and partly in honor of a little nephew staying with them. This little guest was a very important young gentleman about eleven years old, and answered, when he was good enough to answer at all, to the name of Edgar.

In those days the popular characters for a children's fancy-dress ball were Turks, and Indians and astrologers, together with the great kings and queens and generals of history, though of course there were always plenty of dandies, and shepherdesses and milkmaids. But the most fashionable thing for a little boy was to come as a chimney-sweep. To be sure the costume could not be quite exact. An elegant little Parisian could hardly appear barefoot, nor could he well black himself, or carry a bag of soot on his back. But he could wear the real chimney-sweep woolcap, and the knee-protectors, also the dear little "soot-scraper" at his belt.

THE TURK AND THE INDIAN.

Master Edgar at once announced that he should appear as a sweep. And on the evening of the party he was so delighted with himself when dressed that his aunt had all she could do to keep him from going out in the street to exhibit himself. She begged him to take his place by his little cousins and assist in receiving the guests who were already beginning to arrive.

THE ASTROLOGER.

But Master Edgar had other plans. Ever since his arrival in Paris he had been greatly excited by the shrill yelps of the small sweeps as they followed their masters through the streets crying, "*Haut en bas! haut en bas!* (High and low)!" And now he meant to try the cry himself! What an adventure!

As soon as the dancing began he ran downstairs and in a second was out on the street. He sped round the corner into the rue de Provence. There he marched up and down like a real sweep, shouting, "*Haut en bas!*"

"HAUT EN BAS!"

Near by the rue de Provence was the headquarters of a master-sweep, a big Italian by the name of Sandrino, who had numbers of little Italians apprenticed to him to learn the business. Children, as you can readily see, were very useful in going down chimneys and into small flues, so that often in those days many a child was cruelly stolen from his home to be brought up as a sweep.

The smallest boy in Sandrino's gang, called Miro, had heard the servants in the neighborhood talking of the Christmas ball to be given at Madame Darneval's. So, this night, instead of going home with the rest, he hid near the Darneval mansion, in hopes to see the little masqueraders, and finally he slipped inside the grand entrance hall, behind a tall palm.

"YOUR AUNT WANTS YOU."

Meantime Madame Darneval had noticed the absence of her nephew, and sent a servant to look for him. Spying a little chimney-sweep in the hall, the servant ran down and took him by the arm, saying, "Your aunt wishes you to return to the ball-room at once!"

Miro, dragged along in spite of himself, in two minutes stood in the ball-room, frightened but very happy.

There, he at once attracted the attention of all the other children. They took him for Edgar, the soot on his face really making him unrecognizable.

MIRO AT THE REFRESHMENT TABLE.

"O, isn't he well got up!" said one.

"See, he has daubed himself with real soot!"

"His aunt ought to have forbidden that!"

"*I* shall not dance with him!" said a little eight-year-old marquise.

"Nor I," said a little milkmaid of seven, with her cedar pail. "My milk would turn black!"

But they agreed that he was wonderfully like a real sweep.

Master Miro was not at all anxious to dance. He soon found the refreshment-tables, and began to stuff himself with all sorts of delicious drinks and cakes. Never had he had such a feast! To his conscience he said, "I was told to come up here!"

While all this was going on, there were happening to Edgar adventures quite as odd.

Suddenly, as he was marching along, a powerful hand seized him by the collar, and a terrible voice cried in his ear, "Here, you young rogue! why are you not in bed with the rest! To-morrow morning you'll want to sleep!"

SANDRINO AND EDGAR.

"You let go my collar!" began Edgar indignantly.

"Don't you swell up at me!" said Sandrino, for he it was. "You speak again and I'll send you into a chimney to-morrow morning!"

And rushing him on ahead up a flight of steep stairs, with a kick he landed the little make-believe sweep into a dark loft where several children were already asleep. There, to his amazement and fright, Master Edgar was left, and the door locked. An hour later, still trembling and sobbing, he fell asleep in one of the wretched beds on the floor, in spite of the vile odors and the mice which came out and boldly ran over the beds.

IN THE SWEEP'S LOFT.

At the very same moment, Miro was eating a last cake, which absolutely was unable to find a resting-place in his crowded little stomach. Noticing that the little sweep in the throng at the tables seemed to be ill Madame Darneval, supposing him to be Edgar of course, signed to a servant to take him to his room. There in the true Edgar's bed, the false little Edgar fell asleep, smudging the white pillows and the dainty blue silk coverlet with his sooty face and hands.

Well, when day came, there were explanations. The make-believe sweep and the true sweep were sent each to his own home. Master Edgar was pardoned. His aunt thought he had been sufficiently punished by his night with the mice and the real sweeps.

MIRO IN EDGAR'S BED.

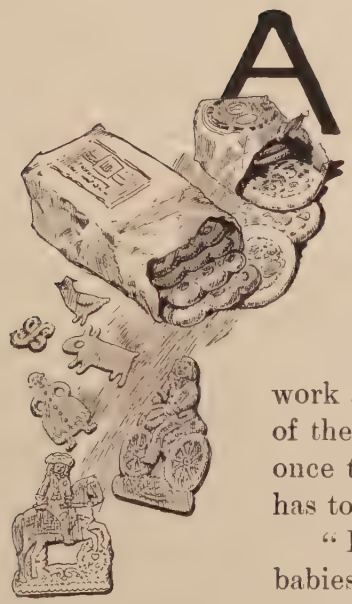
As for little Miro he got a grand cuffing but he didn't complain; instead he often said that the most beautiful evening of his life was when he made himself ill with gooseberry syrup and iced fruits.

*E. F. P. from the French of Marthold.*

# THE WHIRLING GLOBE.

*All the Children in all the World.*

VII. — THE GERMAN CHILDREN (CONCLUDED).



HOLIDAY CAKES.

"ARE there any little princes and princesses now?"' repeated the Professor. "O yes; half a dozen princes, and I believe one little princess — and the princes are as fond of soldiering as other German boys. As soon as they reach their tenth birthday they are made officers in the army. The third prince, a mischievous little fellow, has just been made an officer in the navy. But these royal boys have to work at their studies even harder than the boys of the people. They breakfast at 6.30, and go at once to their lessons. Every German prince too has to learn a trade."

"I'd like to hear about the houses, and the babies," said Rosette.

"German houses are very like ours, except that they have no closets, and no rocking-chairs; and the stove stands like a great monument in the corner of the room, built of brick, covered with white tiles outside, and with brass doors; and at night the people sleep under their feather-beds, instead of on them."

GERMAN BABY IN ITS DAY-TIME FEATHER-BED.

The twins laughed at the idea of a feather-bed for a blanket.

"And then the babies," went on Professor Jo, "in the day-time, are wrapped up in little feather-beds, body, legs, arms and all, and tied around with ribbons. The little girls are often seen tugging about these great soft bundles."

Rosette smiled, and then asked how the Germans dressed.

"In the large places, they wear the modern European or English dress, as we do — except that many men wear their military uniform. In some sections the peasants still wear their ancient costumes — some fifty being found in the Black Forest alone."

BLACK FOREST HEAD-DRESSES.

"What is the Black Forest?" asked Rob.

"The Black Forest," answered Professor Jo, "is a mountainous section in the southwest corner of Germany, where the great dark fir-trees grow a hundred and eighty feet tall, and where for ages the people have been busy carving wooden toys and making cuckoo clocks and music boxes."

"But what about Christmas and other holidays?" demanded Rob.

"The Germans make the most of every holiday. They are fond of taking a lunch and going off, the whole family, for a little picnic, on such days, and on Sunday afternoons — for, though they go to church in the morning, Sunday afternoon in Germany is a time for visits and pleasure-going. Then everybody keeps a birthday-book with the dates of the birthdays of his friends, and every one of these birthdays is celebrated. The birthday child (even a grandfather is called a 'birthday child' on that day) wears holiday dress; friends call with good wishes; there are gifts of flowers and simple toys; and there is always a birthday cake, with tiny candles round the edge, one for each year, and a big one in the middle which is called the life-candle or light of life.

A FAMILY OF HESSE.
(*Southwest Germany.*)

"At Easter, eggs of chocolate or sugar are hidden about the house, and the children hunt for them. Sometimes a huge egg is found which opens into a dainty workbox for Gretchen, or a casket of cakes for Wilhelm. Cake, my twins, is not included in the daily diet, but 'much, much cake,' as the Germans say, is eaten on holidays — on Christmas morning they have cake for breakfast — and most holidays have a special cake. At Pentecost it is a cake coated with cinnamon and sugar. One very popular cake is pfefferkuchen, a hard spice-cake, with nut-meats or chocolate, made in every imaginable shape, stars, rings, hearts, soldiers, beasts, birds, bicycles. The special Christmas cake is marzipan, made of almond flour, rose-water and sugar."

HEAD-GEAR IN THE SPREEWALD.

SUNDAY COSTUME IN THE SPREEWALD.
(*North Germany.*)

"O–o–o!" cried the twins, and then Rob asked what other things the Germans had to eat.

PEASANTS OF SILESIA, SHOWING GIRL'S CHURCH DRESS AND BRIDAL DRESS.
(*Southeast Germany.*)

"O, for odd things, pear soup or cherry soup or raisin soup for dinner, and may be five kinds of sausage for supper. And after every meal they all shake hands and exclaim, 'Blessed meal-time!'

"Then," continued Professor Jo, "there is Spark Sunday, when the people throw up at night disks of burning beech-wood, and Stork Day, and May Day, and the Harvest Festival, and Reformation Day, in memory of Martin Luther, who is honored above all other men by Germans, because he led the Reformation

four centuries ago, and to him they owe their church hymns, a free press, public schools, and the German Bible."

"But Christmas?" persisted Rob.

"Well, Christmas is the gala day of the year in Germany as in no other country. It is said ten millions of Christmas-trees are lighted up in Germany every year — because there are ten million families, and every family has a tree. If any are too poor, they are supplied by Christmas-tree societies established for that purpose. The Christmas-night markets, with their toys and other gifts, are open for two weeks in the public squares. The festivities continue several days. In the churches services are held twice a day, with wonderful music. There is a children's service with responsive reading of the Bible story of the Babe of Bethlehem. The Germans have no Santa Claus with reindeer sleigh, and they do not hang their stockings. Instead, they have St. Nicholas, dressed in a bishop's robe, a mitre on his head, who brings gifts, and also talks with the children

CHRISTMAS EVE — THE "THREE EASTERN KINGS."

ALICE BEACH WINTER

and examines them in the catechism. Often three children dress up as the Magi or Three Eastern Kings, and march through the village bearing a great star of oiled paper with a light inside, going from house to house singing and demanding gifts. Every boy wants to be Caspar, King of the Ethiopians — for then he can be blacked all over like a negro.

"In the German family festival the gifts are not hung on the tree, but placed on a table, the gifts for each one in a group by themselves, and by each group a plate of cakes and bonbons. The tree is small and stands on the table. It is set with tiny tapers and hung with glittering tinsel. When the clock strikes six on Christmas eve, all the bells of Germany ring out and the Christmas-trees are lighted. Each family gathers before its tree, and sings 'Holy Night,' the Bible story of Bethlehem is read, thanks are given to the Great Giver, and then each hunts for his especial pile of gifts. In the villages, the stables are visited at midnight, and an extra feed given the cattle."

The twins thought they would like to spend their next Christmas in Germany, but Professor Jo could not promise it just then.

"The last night of the year is a festival too," he added. "On that night they drink chocolate and eat a particular sort of doughnut stuffed with jelly. They watch the old year out, and welcome the new, with a carnival of noise and fun — shouting to one another as midnight strikes, 'Prosit neujhar!'"

*Charles Stuart Pratt.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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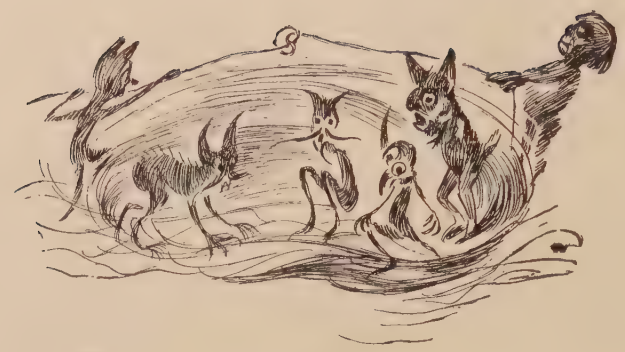
A LIVELY DONKEY.



THE SNARLIES.

# THE SNARLIES.

THE Snarlies got into a little girl's hair,
They said, "Let us make us a little nest there!"
Mrs. Brush came along, and she said, "O, no!
You don't belong here, and away you must go;
This little girl's hair was not meant to look so."

THE UNFORTUNATE LITTLE GIRL.

# WALKING TO PARIS.

CARL is a boy of fifteen. He likes his books, delights in study. Indeed, he would rather solve problems, conjugate French verbs, or read chemistry, than go coasting or play ball. He is already able to read chemistry in both French and German. It is his aim to try to become as learned a man as is his father. Carl's father has told him that if he studies well, he may go to Paris, after graduating from the high school, and study in a grand old university, under some of the most renowned professors in the world.

Carl's home is in a great city. The school he attends is over two miles from his father's house. To reach the school on the street-car is a long, roundabout ride; first, down into the city and then out again, for there is no cross-line of cars.

Every week Carl receives his regular car-fare, with one dollar extra at the end of the month. But instead of riding, he saves his money and walks to school. Walking is one of the most healthful of exercises, and this daily walk in the pure, fresh air has made him broad-shouldered, quick and strong.

Carl was really surprised when he found how rapidly his saving of nickels grew into dollars.

"Father!" he said one day, "I am going to walk to Paris! By walking to school instead of riding, and saving my car-fare, I will earn enough money to pay my way to Paris."

During the school-year of forty-two weeks, at fifty cents a week, he saved exactly twenty-one dollars, simply by not spending a nickel at a time. The one dollar a month extra, from September to July, brought his savings up to thirty-one dollars.

With the close of his first year at the high school, he boasted gleefully that he was "as far as New York!" That is, he had saved enough money to buy a ticket to New York, and pay all other travelling expenses for that distance.

It will take his last two years at the high school to secure his passage from New York to Paris. With his graduation he will be "on the sea." At that time he will have saved more than enough

for a comfortable, first-class journey from the school of his youth to one of the most celebrated universities of the world.

As a young man, no doubt, Carl will often think how his daily walks to the high school led him to Paris. Before this boy had a fixed object in view for saving his money, he was a most extravagant fellow. He found it almost impossible to pass a shop-window with a display of toys, without stopping to buy some trinket that pleased his eye. Candy, nuts and pop-corn were constant temptations. When told he ought not to squander his money in that way, he would reply: "Why, it is only a nickel!"

Now, by saving "only a nickel" at a time, he has a small sum in the bank which is bearing interest and constantly growing. And all his life he is likely to appreciate the good habit formed while "walking to Paris." *Anna Hinrichs.*

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# NELLIE OGG AND HER GOATS.

XI. — BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

ELLIE went home early that night. She was in a hurry to tell Daddy and Mammy about the stranger. She had thought of him ever since she had heard his footstep die away on the braeside.

His pleasant voice lingered in her ear. She had never heard a voice so sweet, so clear. And then he was hungry, and he had called himself a "wanderer;" his plaid was torn and so were his hands. Why should one so fair and kind be a hungry wanderer? Daddy perhaps would know. And so, much to Jock's surprise and old Janet's indignation, she folded her knitting and called them while the sun was yet high. "You can feed on the moor by the cottage," she said.

Daddy and Mammy listened attentively to Nellie's tale. "Eh, puir body!" cried Mammy, when she heard that he had eaten nothing but a bit of oat-cake for two days. "You did well, Nellie, to gie him you bit o' lunch." Daddy's interest grew as the story went on. He stopped smoking and took his pipe out of his mouth, that he might listen better.

"WE'LL GO, WE'LL GO, AND MEET THE FOE."

"Bonnie blue een like the sky? hair fair and fine? hands slender like a leddy's? and torn wi' briars and rocks? Ay, that's *him!* an' he daur na come for a sup o' warm porritch? Oh, puir wanderer!"

"Mammy," he said in a whisper, and he looked toward the closed door and shutter as though he feared his words might pass through to the ear of some unfriendly listener outside. "Mammy, I fear me the puir wanderer is nane ither than our own bonnie Prince. There waur a terrible battle over beyont the hills. Kenneth says the English soldiers are after Prince Charlie to take him alive or dead. He sped awa', thank God, and they did na catch him! And now

they've set a price on his bonnie head — I dinna mind just the sum, but it's a matter o' thousands o' pounds. Eh, do the scoundrel English think a Highland Scot would sell his Prince for their dirty pounds? I'll sped up the glen and maybe I'll chance upon him and offer him cheer. Puir cheer can sic as I offer my prince in his ain land!"

And in the fold of Daddy's plaid, Mammy put an oatcake and a little flask of whiskey, and a whole goat's milk cheese, not large, it is true, but it was their only one. And then Daddy went out.

Mammy saw that Nellie's cheeks were flushed. She said she had better get to bed at once. Nellie obediently went, but she could not sleep. Mammy, too, was restless. Nellie could hear her go to the door now and then, and open it, and listen. She sighed over her knitting. Once Nellie heard her softly weeping.

Nellie knew all about Prince Charlie; how he was their true Prince, who was to come some day and rule over them in place of a dreadful German person who now called himself "King." She had heard the song, and sung it too, that ends in this wise:

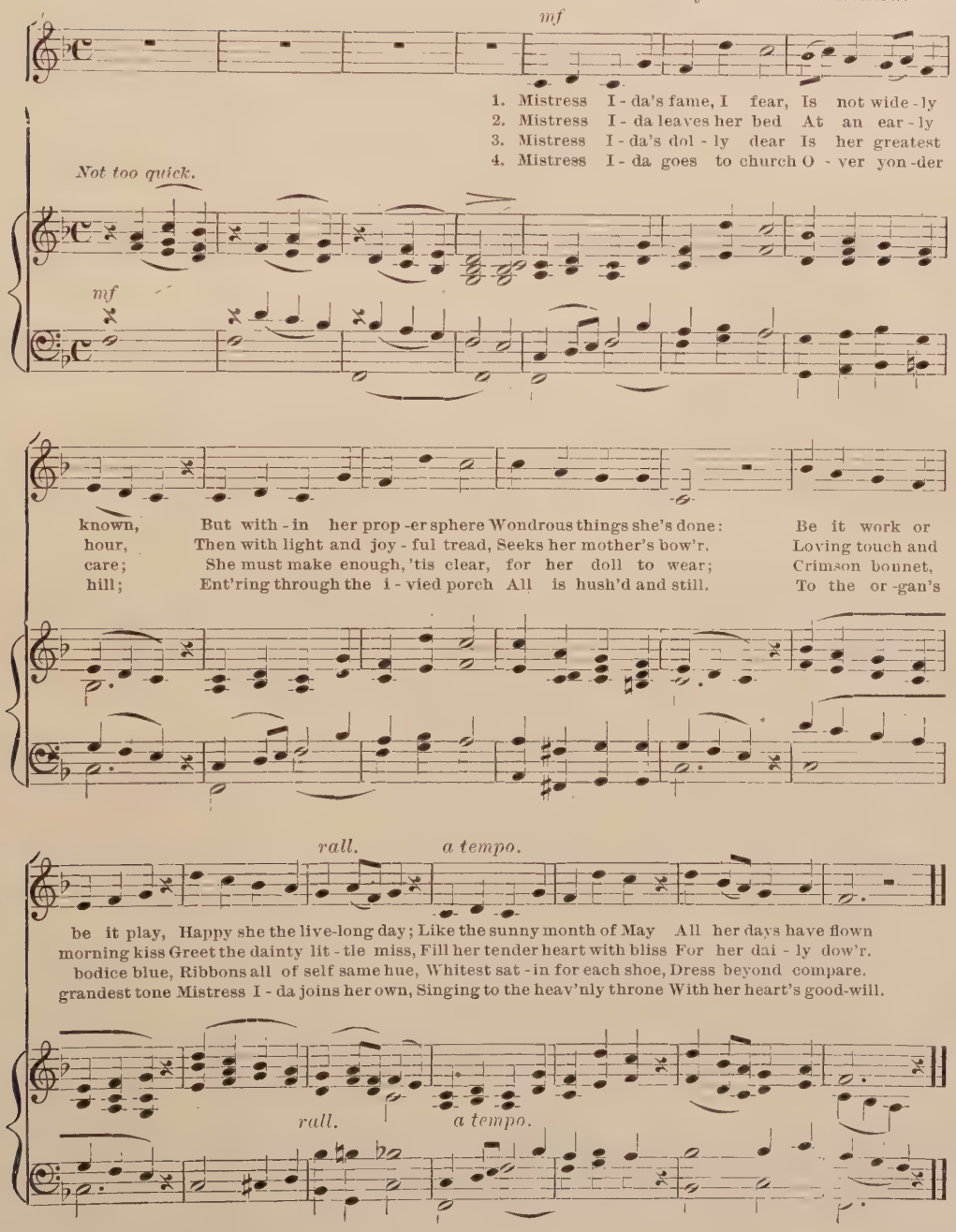
"Fly, Donald, up and let's awa';
We can no longer parley;
When Charlie's back is at the wa'
The lad we love so dearly.
We'll go, we'll go,
And meet the foe,
And fling the plaid
And forward dash
And hack and smash
And fley the German carlie."

Prince Charlie had always been her prince of fairyland; and now she had not only seen him, but had touched his fair hair and held his two hands in hers. And he had spoken to her in his sweet voice. And more than that he had kissed her! And she had fed him. The little goatherd fell asleep and in her dream saw her Prince again, not fleeing and hiding with uncombed hair and tattered plaid and torn and bleeding hands, but with fair curls and in silk attire, with rings upon his slender white hands and laughter in his bonnie blue eyes.

*Frank Pope Humphrey.*

# MISTRESS IDA.

Words and Music by T. H. Bertenshaw.


mf
1. Mistress I - da's fame, I fear, Is not wide - ly
2. Mistress I - da leaves her bed At an ear - ly
3. Mistress I - da's dol - ly dear Is her greatest
4. Mistress I - da goes to church O - ver yon - der
Not too quick.
mf
known, But with - in her prop - er sphere Wondrous things she's done: Be it work or
hour, Then with light and joy - ful tread, Seeks her mother's bow'r. Loving touch and
care; She must make enough, 'tis clear, for her doll to wear; Crimson bonnet,
hill; Ent'ring through the i - vied porch All is hush'd and still. To the or - gan's
rall. a tempo.
be it play, Happy she the live-long day; Like the sunny month of May All her days have flown
morning kiss Greet the dainty lit - tle miss, Fill her tender heart with bliss For her dai - ly dow'r.
bodice blue, Ribbons all of self same hue, Whitest sat - in for each shoe, Dress beyond compare.
grandest tone Mistress I - da joins her own, Singing to the heav'nly throne With her heart's good-will.
rall.
a tempo.

# THE WHIRLING GLOBE.

*All the Children in all the World.*

VIII. — THE CHILDREN OF THE GIANTS.

ROB had just whirled the globe, and the twins were quite excited when it stopped, because the Professor's pencil was pointing for the first time at a country in the Western Hemisphere. "It's the very tip end of South America," exclaimed Rosette.

"Patagonia!" cried Rob.

"The land of giants," added Professor Jo.

"Giants! — are there really giants?" exclaimed the twins.

"Well," smiled the Professor, "the very name Patagonia comes from the great foot-prints, 'patagones,' which the first white visitors saw on the shore. We now know that the size of those great foot-prints was due, not to the huge feet of the Indians, but to their clumsy foot-gear, stuffed out with grass. Still the Tehuelches, or Patagonian Indians, are certainly a race of very tall men, even to-day; and, if we may believe the accounts of explorers, missionaries and captives who have lived among them, they were considerably taller only a few generations back. So it is possible the very big stories told by the early voyagers had some very big facts behind them."

"What was it those early voyagers said?" asked Rob.

"Magellan was the first of all. He sailed from Spain only about twenty-five years after Columbus discovered America. His ships made the first voyage around the world, though Magellan himself got only two thirds the way."

"Why was that?" asked Rob.

"After crossing the Atlantic and sailing down the coast of Patagonia, Magellan entered the straits called Magellan in his honor. He named the great island on the south Tierra del Fuego, 'land of fire,'

from the fires the natives kindled along the shore to signal each other. Then he sailed out on a broad ocean, which he named the Pacific because he found it so 'peaceful' after the stormy Atlantic, and came at last to the Philippine Isles by eastern Asia. There he was killed in a fight with the natives.

"It was Magellan who, in 1520, saw the great foot-prints which gave Patagonia its name, and his companions carried home to Spain stories of Patagonian giants eight or ten feet tall. The Spaniards asserted that their heads only reached to the waists of the mighty savages. These Spaniards were the first white men the Patagonians had ever seen, and they called them 'the men with faces like the snow.'

"Three centuries after Magellan, the great English naturalist Darwin sailed along the Patagonian coast, and from what he saw of the Indians he judged them to average about six feet in height. At the same time an American missionary in the interior saw many men six and a half feet tall; and a few years later another white man, who was a captive for several months, said he could stand upright under the out-stretched arms of many of the natives, which made them nearly seven feet tall, while the average was six and a half feet. In recent years hundreds have been measured, and the average has come down to five feet ten or eleven inches — showing a remarkable change in stature even in the present century."

THE TRICK OF THE PANTHER.

"But what makes them grow smaller?" inquired Rob.

"The race is dying out, like our own Indians of the west; and as the tribes decrease in numbers, so the men decrease in strength and size. Then, too, in Magellan's day the Tehuelches had no horses, and traveled and hunted on foot, but within the next century horses from the Spanish settlement of Buenos Ayres had spread south into Patagonia, and explorers ever since have found them on horseback. The change from the active life on foot, when they had to outrun the

game they hunted, to an easy life on horseback for hundreds of years, may further account for the change from giants to merely tall men. To-day every one, even to the children, has his own especial horse which he rides hunting or in moving the camp from place to place on the vast gray plains."

"What kind of a country is Patagonia?" asked Rob.

"Well," replied the Professor, "it is mostly great plains, rising in terraces from the Atlantic, with the high Andes running down through the western part. Between the Andes and the Pacific is a strip of forest a dozen miles wide where it rains every day; this strip and the south end belong to Chili. East of the Andes no rain falls for eight months in the year. These vast plains were once under the ocean, and the surface is still covered with rounded pebbles and stones worn smooth by the waves ages ago. Over this stony surface has spread a growth of short sun-burned grass and low bushes. The Argentine Republic now owns this cold desert region where the children of the giants live."

THE PATAGONIAN OSTRICH.

"But if it is desert what do they live on?" asked Rob.

"On meat, mostly the flesh of one animal and one great bird, the guanaco and the ostrich — and horse-meat if these fail. The Patagonians depend on the herds of guanaco as our western Indians used to on the herds of buffalo. They also use the wool in weaving rough blankets, and in stuffing rude beds and skin pillows. The guanacos commonly run in herds of ten to fifty, though as many as five or six hundred are occasionally found together, and even as many thousand have been seen in the north-west."

"What is the guanaco like, and how do they hunt them?" inquired Rob.

"The guanaco is a reddish-yellow animal, seven or eight feet long and half as high. It is a queer beast, with 'the head of a camel, the body of a deer, the wool of a sheep, and the neigh of a horse.' It has a long upright neck and a funny short tail. It is a wild variety of the llama, the native South American beast of burden, and belongs to the

camel family. The Indians hunt them on horseback, coming up to the herd on all sides. The animals then don't know which way to run, and so are easily captured by means of the bolas."

"What's that?" broke in Rob.

"It is the peculiar weapon of the region. It is made of three balls of stone or iron, each at the end of a cord of guanaco skin three feet long, the other ends tied together in a big knot. In hunting, the Patagonian carries his bolas wound about his body, but when he approaches his game, riding at full speed, he unwinds the bolas, takes one ball in his hand, swings the others round and round above his head, and then sends all three whizzing through the air, fifty, a hundred, or even three hundred feet. When the bolas strikes the legs of the guanaco it winds criss-cross round them and throws the animal to the ground.

HUNTING OSTRICHES WITH THE BOLAS.

"If a hunter sees a guanaco when on foot, he hides behind a bush and waves something in the air. The guanaco is so curious about it that he comes nearer and nearer, to see what it can be, till at last he is within range of the hunter's weapon. It is said the panthers know the same trick, and will lie on their backs, and wave their tails or kick their feet in the air, till the poor guanaco is lured within reach."

Rob looked as if he did not quite credit this, and even Professor Jo had a twinkle in his eye — still he assured Rob that hunters told the story as true.

"Sometimes the bolas," went on the Professor, "is made of two balls, joined by an eight-foot cord. This kind is used especially in ostrich hunting."

"Tell about the ostriches — do the girls wear the plumes in their hats?" asked Rosette.

"They might if they had any," laughed the Professor, "but they don't; and even the men don't wear feathers in their scalp-locks like our western braves — they sell them to white traders instead. The gray Patagonian ostriches are not as large as their African cousins, and their feathers are not as fine, still some of the birds are as tall as a man — and besides they have three toes while the Africans have only two. It takes a swift horse to run one down — that is the way the Indians hunt them."

"I'd rather hear about the homes," remarked Rosette.

*Charles Stuart Pratt.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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# A BATTLE-FIELD BABY.

WHAT a place to find a baby! and a tiny baby four months old!

On the great wide battle-field, called "Wounded Knee Creek," hundreds of Indians were killed and wounded. They were "Big Foot's Band," in Nebraska. A relief-party was to be sent out to the battle-field the next day; but an attack upon the Agency was made by Indians, and the soldiers could not leave to go. The next day a dreadful blizzard swept over the country, and three whole days passed after the battle before the soldiers could get to the field to look for the wounded and the dead.

Three days on that battle-field a little Indian baby-girl had lain in its dead mother's arms. And how do you think she was found? Hugged up close against her mother's breast, and around them both a warm Navajo blanket, and the white snow covering them like a soft

downy quilt. It was drifted high like a wall on one side, as if God had built it to keep the storm away from them.

Only a tiny bit of the baby's head and feet were frozen. She had on her head a small leather bonnet, covered with beads, which her mother had worked into stars and stripes. An outside leather bonnet, or "pappoose poston," was beautifully embroidered in porcupine quills, dyed red. The long cape was of gingham, lined with flannel.

"Yellow Bird," a friendly chief, took the baby to his lodge. General Colby, in command of the Nebraska troops, heard of the little foundling, and begged to take her home to his wife. All the Indian women had her in their tents. They had crooned over her, calling her pet names, just as we do with our little babies. They called her "Weigala Lanuni" (lost dove), and "Zintka Lanuni" (lost bird). But they wisely gave her to General Colby, and he and his wife legally adopted little Zintka — it is by this pretty Indian name the child is still called.

Zintka is a little over five years old now. She lives in Washington. She goes to kindergarten, and sings and recites the pretty exercises in a beautiful way. She is a very affectionate little child. She has a soft brown complexion, and the true Indian jet-black hair. She speaks quickly and clearly, and sometimes she flashes such a funny, sharp glance at you, that you think of little Zintka's wild Sioux blood, of her Indian parents, and grandparents; and then you almost wonder at the gentle good little girl, whom everybody loves, and who seems to be so like little girls who are white.

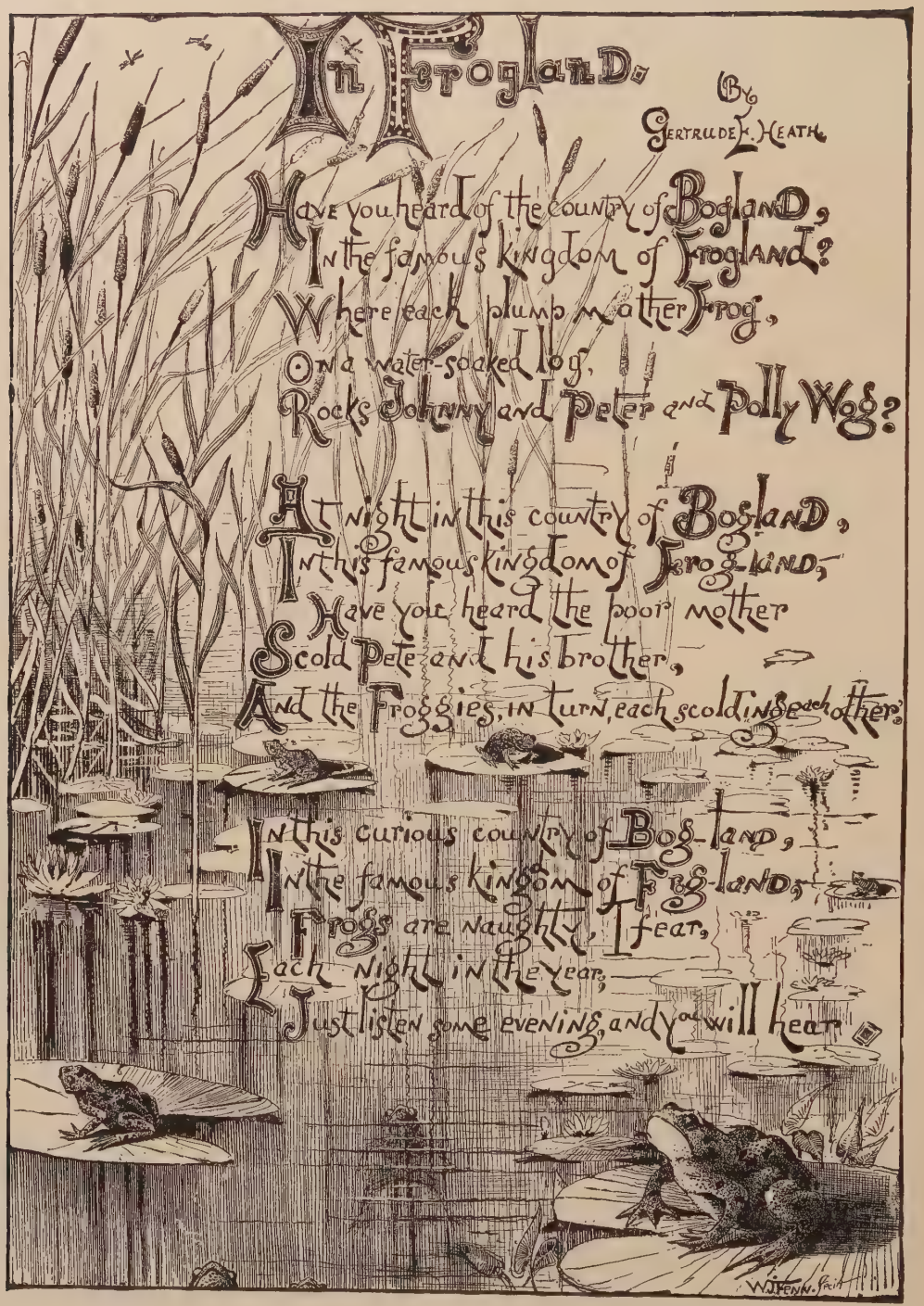
Little Zintka told me that her "dear little dollie once died in the night while she was asleep, but that if she had only heard her, she would have got a doctor."

"Am I really a pappoose, mama?" Zintka often asks Mrs. Colby.

Mrs. Colby answers her, "Yes, dear, a pappoose is a dear little Indian baby; and you are my little Indian baby."

Indeed, the fact that she is an Indian seems to often occupy the thoughts of this dear little Sioux. She is anxious to learn all about herself, and asks some very interesting questions in her efforts "to find out her exact status in the human family," says Mrs. Colby.

*Margaret Spencer.*


In FrogLand.
By
Gertrude L. Heath.
Have you heard of the country of Bogland,
In the famous kingdom of Frogland?
Where each plump mother Frog,
On a water-soaked log,
Rocks Johnny and Peter and Polly Wog?
At night in this country of Bogland,
In this famous kingdom of Frogland,
Have you heard the poor mother
Scold Pete and his brother,
And the Froggies, in turn, each scolding each other?
In this curious country of Bog-land,
In the famous kingdom of Fog-land,
Frogs are naughty, I fear,
Each night in the year,
Just listen some evening, and you will hear.
W. J. Fenn. Sculp.

# VAN DYCK.

VAN DYCK.
(*From etching by himself.*)

IN the last year of the sixteenth century (Mch. 22, 1599), a child was born in Antwerp who, like Velasquez, was one day to become the famous painter of a king and a king's children.

In England, the country of the king, the man was known as Sir Anthony Vandike. In his native Belgium, the boy was called Antoon van Dijck (or Dyck).

The little Antoon, or Anthony, was the seventh in a big family of twelve merry children. He was a handsome boy, with bright blue eyes, and fair curly hair. He began to draw when a very little fellow — and no doubt had lively models among his brothers and sisters. He found the way to art open and easy. His father was a rich merchant, a manufacturer of silk and woollen fabrics, and no doubt fond of art; while his mother was herself an artist, celebrated for her beautiful embroideries. She it was who discovered the artist in her boy, and directed his studies until he was eight, when she died.

VAN DYCK IN YOUTH.
(*From painting by himself.*)

The boy worked away at his drawing for a couple years longer, and then, at ten, his father placed him in the studio of Van Balen, an historical painter. A few years later, Anthony was admitted to the studio of the great master Rubens. This was a special honor — a letter written by Rubens at this time states that he had refused more than a hundred young artists who desired to work under his direction.

One day, when Rubens was absent from the studio, one of the pupils in some rough play fell against the easel of the master. The paint was still moist on the picture, and the face of the chief figure was rubbed and ruined. The pupils were dismayed. At last one proposed that young Van Dyck attempt to paint in a new face — and

he did it so successfully that the next morning Rubens, on coming to his easel, remarked, "That face is by no means the worst thing I did yesterday!" When he took up his brush to paint, however, he discovered the strange touch, but he was so pleased with the ability shown that, when Van Dyck confessed, he readily forgave them all.

Antwerp was a city of art in those days. Back at the beginning of the fifteenth century the Antwerp artists were granted special

CHILDREN OF CHARLES I. OF ENGLAND.
(*From the painting in Windsor Castle.*)

privileges, and they formed a society called the Guild of St. Luke — after that one of the Twelve Disciples who was a painter. Before he was nineteen, Van Dyck had served his apprenticeship, and received the unprecedented honor, at his age, of being enrolled as a "master" on the registers of the Guild. These registers are still preserved.

Many of the great paintings of that day were sacred subjects for churches, and, like Rubens, Van Dyck painted many Bible scenes.

One of these, still in Antwerp and still famous, is "Christ bearing the Cross." He also painted portraits, and his pictures brought good prices as well as good praise.

THE BABY PRINCE JAMES.
(*Study by Canevari from Van Dyck's painting in Turin.*)

Van Dyck was now twenty-one, and Rubens advised him to go to Italy for the finishing touches to his art training, but before he could start something happened.

Over in England lived the Earl of Arundel, a famous patron of artists and collector of art treasures. An agent of his in Antwerp had written: "Van Dyck lives with Rubens; and his works are beginning to be scarcely less esteemed than those of his master." This led to an invitation for Van Dyck to visit the English Court, where he painted a portrait of James I., still to be seen in Windsor Castle.

This visit to England was brief, and he left it with little thought that all the latter part of his life would be spent there. Two years later, having meantime visited Holland and painted many portraits of royalty and nobility, he was back in Antwerp, and soon after started for Italy, riding a white horse given him by Rubens.

PRINCE CHARLES, PRINCE JAMES AND PRINCESS MARY.
(*From the painting in Windsor Castle.*)

Near Brussels he stopped to paint several pictures, including a "Holy Family" and "St. Martin Dividing his Cloak with two Beggars" for the parish church of Saventhem, which are to this day the glory of the place. In the middle of the last century the authorities attempted to sell the "St.

Martin," but the villagers rose in a body, armed with their farming tools, and drove the buyer away. Early in this century the French captured the picture and carried it to Paris, but after nine years it was restored. About the middle of this century, so the story goes, a rich American bribed some thieves to steal it for $20,000., but they were discovered by the barking of a dog — and ever since then a watchman has been stationed in the church at night.

Passing over Van Dyck's studies and successes in Italy, including the fifty great portraits he painted in Genoa, and the famous "White Boy" — and the masterpieces of the next five years in Antwerp — we come to the spring of 1632, and the last quarter of Van Dyck's life.

PRINCE WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

Charles I. was now king of England, and like Philip IV. of Spain was a patron of art; he made art the fashion. The Earl of Arundel, with the approval of King Charles, again invited Van Dyck to the English Court, where he was received with distinction, and lodged by the king in one of the royal guest-houses, the Blackfriars.

The handsome boy had become a handsome man, graceful in figure, refined in manners, and a witty talker. He lived luxuriously, kept open house, and his studio was thronged with the fashionable world. Even the king often came down the Thames from his palace of Whitehall to spend the afternoon with Van Dyck.

Soon after reaching England Van Dyck was appointed "Principalle Paynter" to the king. Within three months he was knighted, as Sir Anthony Vandike; and the king sent him a miniature of himself set with diamonds and hung by a gold chain.

Like Philip IV. of Spain, again, Charles I. of England took great pleasure in being painted. During the nine years Van Dyck now lived in England he painted thirty-six portraits of the king, and they are perhaps the most impressive portraits of a man in all the history of art. Indeed, the mournful dignified head of Charles I. in these portrait has more than once served painters of sacred subjects as a model for the head of Christ.

Among the most familiar and famous of Van Dyck's pictures are groups of the royal children, with their pet dogs. Two of these now hang in Queen Victoria's home at Windsor Castle. In one are five little princes and princesses, a huge mastiff and a tiny spaniel. The tall girl at the left, with a little train to her dress and roses in her curly hair, is the Princess Mary. The little royalty next her, with folded hands and a dress like a girl's, is Prince James, who one day became king of England. Prince Charles, the taller boy by the big dog, was king first however. This Charles II. did not grow up a good man like his father, who is called the "white king" to this day. Charles I. was not a great ruler though, and soon after this picture was painted there was a great rebellion, and he fell into the hands of Cromwell. The little Princess Elizabeth, who stands by the baby Princess Anne, in the picture, was imprisoned with him in Carisbrooke Castle, when a merry little girl of only thirteen. She died there at fifteen, soon after Charles I. was beheaded in front of his own palace of Whitehall.

PRINCE RUPERT AND HIS DOG "BOY."

The other Windsor group shows the three older children, shining out from a sombre background, a spaniel at either side.

About this time Van Dyck also painted the picturesque young Prince of Orange. He it was who wedded the Princess Mary.

In the beautiful gallery of Van Dyck children is another boy, with a dog — Prince Rupert, cousin of Prince Charles, and who as a young man fought for Charles I. so gallantly, and led such daring charges

that he was called the "Mad Cavalier." The famous white hound of the picture, "Boy" — a gift from the Earl of Arundel — was so wonderful a dog that books were written about him, and he was believed to be a witch. He was shot at the battle of Marston Moor, where his master and the king's forces were routed — with a silver bullet it was said, since as a witch he was proof against lead!

In 1640, having been in England eight years, Van Dyck married a lady of Queen Henrietta's household, and then visited Antwerp. The Guild of St. Luke gave fêtes in his honor, and the whole city joined in the welcome.

After his return to England his health failed, and the next year (Dec. 9, 1641), only eight days after his little daughter Justiniana was born, Van Dyck reached the end of his triumphant life.

*C. P. Stuart.*

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# THE KNOT-HOLE IN THE FENCE.

### CHAPTER I. — WHEN TED WAS FIVE.

A MEAN, cruel, wicked little wretch; that, at one time, was what everyone said of little Ted Soper. Ted knew they said it, but he didn't care.

Ted lived in an old cottage in the outskirts of the city. The windows were broken here and there, and stuffed with old clothes to keep the rain and wind out. The floor was worn and sunken, the roof leaked, and the paint was worn off the doors.

There was a broken picket fence along the front and sides of the yard, and the gate hung by one hinge. Along the back ran a high tight board fence. There was a good-sized knot-hole in one of the boards of this fence, and it was through that knot-hole little Ted had taken his first lessons of meanness and cruelty.

It was on that pleasant spring day when his mother left him at home alone for the first time. He was nearly five years old then, and apt to get in the way at the big laundry where his mother worked.

His father was not at home, and that day after his mother had gone Ted went out into the yard and wandered lonesomely about. It was the first time he had ever been left alone, except for an hour or two. He thought noon never would come.

Suddenly he discovered the knot-hole in the fence. He could not quite look through it, he was too short. He piled some sticks of stove-wood on the ground. Standing on them he could see through.

Of course he could only look with one eye, and he could not see over a very large space; but quite close to the fence there was a tree

ON BOTH SIDES OF THE FENCE.

with a pretty seat under it. It was not a big tree, but its branches were close together. The leaves were just beginning to come out, and among them were clusters of pink dots that looked as if they would be flowers by and by; but Ted wasn't sure about that. He had an idea that flowers did not grow on trees.

There was a clean graveled walk, and further on Ted could see other trees, and shrubs, and garden beds, and part of a house.

But there was nothing he liked so well to look at as the tree that was nearest to the fence; the one with the pink dots. There was no one in sight in the garden, and he stood looking through the knot-hole

# THE WHIRLING GLOBE.

*All the Children in all the World.*

IX. — THE CHILDREN OF THE GIANTS (CONCLUDED).

"SO you would rather hear about the homes, would you, Rosette? Well, then, we'll go with the hunters back to camp — for the children of the giants have no homes, but live in tents, and move from place to place as food becomes scarce. There is great rejoicing in camp over the guanacos and the ostriches; the women build up the fires, children shout, dogs bark, the meats are set roasting, and soon, as likely as not, you may see boy and dog gnawing from the same bone. Guanaco meat tastes like beef. The wing is the tidbit of the ostrich.

"The chief occupation of the Patagonians, in fact, is the hunt and the search for food. The children soon learn, at each fresh camping-place, where every berry and eatable seed and nut grows. You may be sure too that they never miss the candy-bush — "

"The candy-bush!" broke in Rob — "what's that, a kind of Christmas-tree?"

"It's a gray-leaved bush from which the sap oozes and hardens in drops that look and taste like white sugar. And there is also, my twins, a chewing-gum bush. It is a kind of juniper, with a gum like pine pitch. The children gather the lumps, hold a live coal to them, and let the melted gum drop into cold water. Everyone chews it, children, women and men. They think it is good for the teeth, and certainly the Patagonians have the finest whitest teeth in the world.

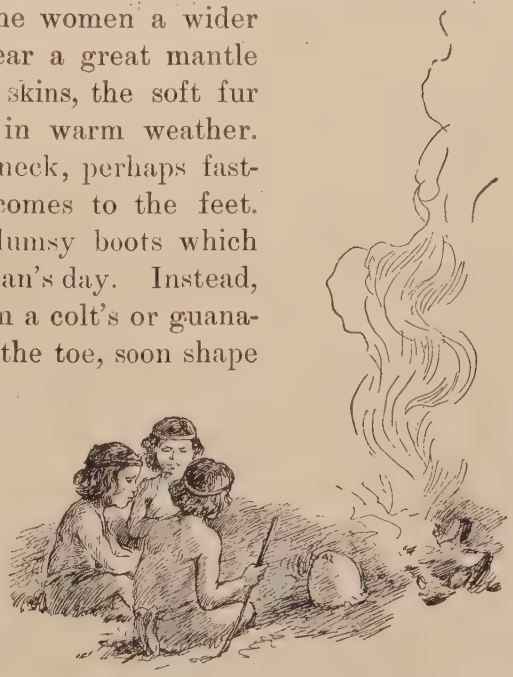
"Sometimes in their food-hunts three or four children will stumble on a big white ostrich egg, and as an ostrich egg is equal to a dozen hen's eggs it gives the whole party a feast. They knock a hole in one end, and then stand it up in the ashes before a fire to roast. They stir in a little salt perhaps if they have it; and it is easy to have salt in Patagonia, for there are lakes of salt water scattered over the plains, and dried-up lakes where the salt is left in a thick crust over the bottom. Sometimes, too, they find a whole nestful of the great eggs,

twenty or even forty. There are three to eight mother-birds in each ostrich family, but when they have laid the nestful of eggs the father-bird sits on them till they hatch, and it is he who looks after the ostrich chicks.

"To go back to the homes," continued Professor Jo," the tents are of light poles covered with guanaco skins, high and open in front and sloping down at the back. They are quickly set up or taken down, and easily carried on horseback. Often they are large enough for thirty or forty people; some are divided by hanging skins so that each one has his own tiny room or bunk where he sleeps and keeps his things."

"What do they wear?" asked Rosette.

"The little children go naked much of the year; the men wear a strip of skin about the waist, the women a wider strip, like a skirt; and both wear a great mantle made of a dozen young guanaco skins, the soft fur inside in cold weather, outside in warm weather. This mantle is drawn about the neck, perhaps fastened with a wooden pin, and comes to the feet. They long ago gave up the clumsy boots which made the big foot-prints in Magellan's day. Instead, they draw on the fresh skins from a colt's or guanaco's hind legs, which, tied up at the toe, soon shape themselves to the leg and foot. Besides, they all wear an under-garment of grease; that is, they oil the body from head to foot. This is said to keep out the cold better than flannel, but it makes them dirty and disagreeable. Their long black hair is kept from the face by a fillet or band about the head. They paint the face and the chest in red and black."



ROASTING AN OSTRICH EGG.

"What do the children play?" inquired Rob.

"They have a game of ball called 'sonkey,' played with sticks curved at the end, and they have toy bolas, with ostrich feet perhaps

for the balls. They make a sort of drum by stretching guanaco hide over a hoop, and flutes by cutting holes in the old leg-bones of ostriches. For pets they catch and tame little baby panthers, and little guanacos. The children are very merry, running, leaping, 'giggling in their gambols,' as mischievous as monkeys and as thieving as magpies. At twelve they have got their education; that is, they know how to get their own living; and by sixteen the boys sober down and go hunting with the men.

PLAYING WITH LITTLE BABY PANTHERS.

"In moving from place to place on horseback, the little children's heads are strapped to boards to keep them from 'waggling,' and the babies are bound to curved wooden frames set on the horses like saddles, the feet hanging over one side, the poor little heads over the other. In this way all the giants' heads become flattened at the back.

"The Tehuelches," went on Professor Jo, "are naturally as kindly and intelligent and brave as they are big in body. For three hundred and fifty years after Magellan they held sway in Patagonia. Carmen de Patagones, the one settlement established by Spain, had to pay them a yearly tribute of cattle, knives and other goods. To within a quarter century the Tehuelche chiefs have dared to ride alone into Carmen, rein up in the square, throw back their guanaco mantles, and demand the tribute. Since 1870, though, the people of the Argentine Republic have crowded down into Patagonia, turning the plains into sheep ranches and killing off the Indians — in a few years there will be no Patagonians left in Patagonia."

Rob's fists doubled up in sympathy with the children of the giants.

"Just as we have treated our Indians!" said Rosette.

"Though the Patagonian giants have no churches, schools, or

books," resumed the Professor, "they have bright minds. They are fond of telling stories, and have a stock of fables handed down from generation to generation. This one is a favorite with the children:

THE FATE OF THE BOASTER.

A Fox challenged a Stone to run a race. The Stone begged to be excused.

"Let us run down the slope of this hill," insisted the Fox.

"I am very sorry," replied the Stone, "but you had better keep out of my way."

"You think you can overtake me? What foolishness!" exclaimed the Fox. "I can run like the wind!"

"We will run," said the Stone.

The Fox darted away like an arrow. The Stone began to roll, and then to jump and to jump, until finally it fell on the Fox, and struck him to death, just as he was arriving at the foot of the hill."

"Why, it's like Æsop's Fables," said Rob, who had just been reading that book.

"They watch the stars too," added the Professor, "and see pictures in the heavens as the old Greeks did. The stars we call the Southern Cross, they call the Track of the Ostrich; the Milky Way, they call the Path of the Guanaco. They have vague ideas of a God, and of a future life somewhere in the sky.

*Charles Stuart Pratt.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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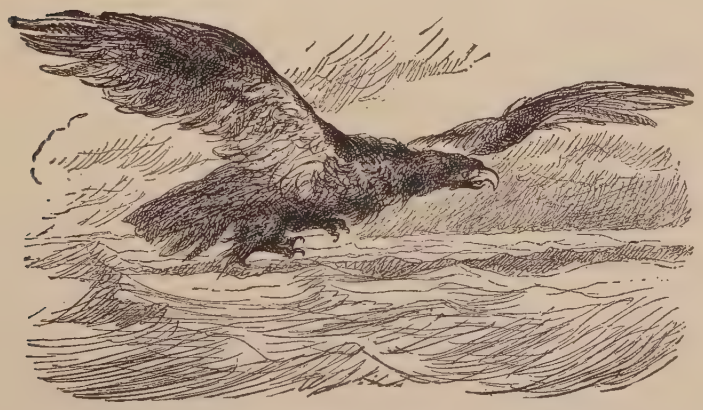

A "LONE FISHERMAN."

## ROSAMOND THE IDLE.

MISS ROSAMOND MAY was so idle, they say,
That her wise fairy godmother took her away
To regions of fairy-land, cloudy and gray;
And there she must stay for a year and a day,
Or still longer, I fear,
Till she does all things that she didn't do here!

All the stints and the chores that she thought were such bores;
The running of errands to markets and stores,
The making of beds and the sweeping of floors,
The tending of doors and the lessons in scores —
Ah, the poor little Miss!
How long it will take her to finish all this!

*Hannah R. Hudson.*

"HE SCRAMBLED DOWN AND RAN TOWARD THE HOUSE."

# THE KNOT-HOLE IN THE FENCE.

### CHAPTER II. — THE BIG BOY THREATENS.

SOME of the dirt went into little Ted's eye and hurt it badly. He got down and rubbed it, first with one hand, then with the other, but that only made it feel worse; and all the time he could hear the other boy on the other side of the fence laughing.

As soon as he felt a little better Ted got up on the wood again. He wanted to ask the boy what he did that for. But the wood slipped as he was climbing, and made a noise, and the moment Ted put his other eye to the knot-hole to see if the boy was still there, there came another shower of dirt that made him get down and throw himself on the ground and just howl!

Ted wasn't much more than a baby, and he lay there and cried, and cried, with the pain in his eyes, until he was tired out. By and by the tears had washed most of the dirt out, and then he fell asleep.

When he woke his father had come, and Ted went into the house. Finding his father pleasant, Ted told him about the knot-hole, and what the boy had done to him.

His father was very angry and called the boy several bad names. He told Ted ever so many bad names to call him, and wicked words to say. He told Ted this would "pay him back."

It comforted Ted to think that he could "pay him back." He didn't tell his mother at night what he was going to do. Ted was a little fellow, but he felt pretty sure she would say he mustn't do it, and he was not going to risk giving up his revenge.

Ted didn't wait long, after his mother had gone the next morning, before he went down to the fence. He got up on the wood and said all the bad words and bad names he had learned.

It was so very still on the other side of the fence that Ted began to be scared at what he was doing, so scared that he trembled, trembled all over. But as the minutes went by and there was no sound, and nothing happened, he put his eye to the hole and looked through. There was no one there!

While he stood watching, he saw a little boy about as large as himself come from the house and down the walk towards the fence. He had a large apple, and he sat down on the bench under the tree, and began to eat it.

Ted was just going to speak to him, when he saw coming the boy he had seen the day before. The little boy hid the apple behind him on the bench.

The big boy came up and stood in front of him. "Give me that apple!" he said.

"I — I haven't any apple," replied the little boy.

"Yes, you have," said the big boy. "I want it, this minute. I saw mother give it to you."

The little boy didn't answer. Then the big boy took him by one arm and pulled him off the bench, and the apple rolled on the ground. The big boy picked it up and bit it.

Then the little boy began to cry. "I want my apple!" he sobbed, "I'll tell mother!"

"Oh! you will, will you?" said the big boy, catching him as he

started to run, and cuffing and shaking him. "You'll tell mother, will you? Are you going to tell mother?"

"No," sobbed the little fellow, and the bad boy picked up the apple, which he had dropped, and went on eating it.

Ted felt indignant all through his small body. "You thief!" he shouted through the knot-hole.

The little boy stopped crying. He looked frightened. He did not know where the voice came from. But the big boy turned towards the fence. "You're there again, are you, Ted Soper?" said he. "You take that back!"

Ted didn't know what he meant by "taking back." He shouted again: "You're a mean thief!"

"Take that back, or I'll come and lick you!" shouted the big boy angrily.

"You can't get over the fence!" said Ted.

"I can go around it," said the other.

Ted hadn't thought of that. He tried to think of some way to keep the boy from coming, and because he couldn't think of anything, and didn't know what else to do, he began to shout out at him the bad words and names his father had taught him.

When he had said every one of them he looked through the knot-hole again.

The boy had finished eating the apple and now he threw the core at the fence as hard as he could. Then turning round he ran up the walk and out of sight.

The little boy was still there. He seemed very much frightened. He looked toward the fence, although he couldn't see Ted, and cried to him:

"Oh, my! he is awful mad, and he's coming! You run and hide, quick as you can, or he'll whale you like fun!"

Ted scrambled down and ran towards the house. He rushed in at the back door, and shut and locked it behind him. He ran to the front door and tried to lock that, and after two or three attempts the key turned in the lock, and not a moment too soon. The big boy was just coming through the gate!

*Beth Day.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*My Dear Miss Fillissy Follissy :*

I am glad you and Miss Myrtle and the Corner Children were pleased to hear of our girl Maggie, and how she brightened up sunless kitchens. The cheeriness has carried its sunshine even into the chamber of our invalid, whom we call Lady Beautiful.

Lady Beautiful cannot do much, lying there upon her bed, but is always planning for some one's pleasure or profit. One day she said to the children that we shouldn't let Maggie do all the Blessing and the Pleasing. Why should not we do something to bless and please Maggie ? Then she asked me, the house-mother, if there were not some kitchen articles which were out of repair, leaky or missing, and said how pleasing it might be to Maggie if the things could be bought, and kept private, and then each of the children take one, and all march into the kitchen and surprise her, some night.

You know what children are, and it will not astonish you that hearing this plan the children began to clap and hop, skip and jump.

Now I knew of a few articles needed by Maggie, and in a few days quite a number had been bought and brought in privately.

Our Lady Beautiful herself, sitting up in bed, put two bits of carpet together with a thinness of cotton batting between, and bound them around with binding, and labelled it " A Soft Spot for Maggie's feet on ironing days." And with Dorothy's help, she made a lively-looking holder and marked it, " A Never-Lender." For poor Maggie's holders are always got away from her, as she told me once when I begged one for doing a bit of ironing, and laughed to see her trying to find one, diving into the bottom of baskets, and far back into drawers, and among tin pans in closet corners, and handing out maybe an old

ALICE BEACH WINTER
C
1909

piece of folded newspaper, or an old pillowcase, or perhaps a real holder, ancient, grimy, half scorch and half holes — a hol-der, indeed!

Now this was all a small affair, of course, only a children's affair, and meant just for that, but we all had a good time out of it. We never thought Tom — he is sixteen — would enter into the plan, but he did, planning a surprise to be done by — but this later.

The various articles were labelled with funny rhymes and then trimmed off with colored tissue paper streamers, and bows and flowers and rosettes. The procession was formed in the upper hall and marched twice through the room of "L. B."

Then it — the procession — went softly down the front stairs and through into the kitchen. First came Toddles, trying to fan himself with a dustpan; next little Dorothy with the "Soft Spot" hanging at her back and the Lively Holder in front; then Willie, wearing a string of various knives; then Lottie, bearing a gridiron aloft; then Jack, with a broom on his shoulder; and I waving a new potato-masher. And you should have seen Maggie as we filed into the kitchen! All she could say was, "Bless you! bless you!" in a startled kind of way. And she sank into a chair, and laughed till she cried, and all the bright things were piled in her lap, and the knives hung round her neck, and the Soft Spot put under her feet, and the children shouted and clapped and laughed and skipped.

And when we thought it was done, who do you think came in with a surprising present? Who, indeed, but Pussy-cat, dragging a mouse-trap, which Tom had tied to her, and a "letter" hung around her neck. And such a shout as there was when I read the letter!

TO MAGGIE!

I cannot tell a lie, ma'am.
There *is* squealing in the house.
But too lazy, far, am I, ma'am,
To go hunting for a mouse.
Though strange it may seem,
I would much rather try
For a taste of the cream,
Or of sweet custard pie.
I can jump on the shelf,
That is easy to do, ma'am,
And just help myself,
No trouble to you, ma'am.
Still, 'tis naughty to shirk
What I feel is my work;
So wishing to please,
I present you this trap,
It works well with cheese,
And it goes with a snap.
So use, please use; oh! do not refuse.

T. CAT.

*Catherine Gildersleeve.*

# THE KNOT-HOLE IN THE FENCE.

### CHAPTER III. — JED AND JOHNNY DISAPPEAR.

TED ran to the window. The boy saw him, but he didn't know Ted was alone in the house, so didn't come any nearer than the gate.

He shook his fist at Ted. Ted didn't make any reply. He was too frightened even to make up a face. The boy went outside the gate and sat down on the side-walk a few yards away. But Ted didn't go out at all.

By and by the boy got tired of waiting and came back. By this time Ted had recovered a little from his fright. He didn't think the boy could get in, so he made faces at him. At this the boy picked up a stone and motioned as if he would throw it through the window. Ted dodged, but the boy didn't throw. Then Ted looked out, and the boy motioned to throw, and Ted dodged again.

They kept this up for nearly half an hour. Then Ted again made a face, and shouted out a bad name. This so enraged the boy that he came a step nearer, and this time when he motioned to throw, the stone came crashing through the window. Then he ran.

Ted didn't dare leave the house until after his mother had been home and he had had his dinner. He believed the boy was waiting around somewhere to pounce on him as soon as he appeared. But after awhile he felt he would almost as lief have the boy catch him, as to stay in any longer. He locked the front-door. The back-door he left open so that he could run in quickly. Then he went as silently as he could down to the fence. He got up on the wood and looked through the knot-hole. No one was in sight, except the little boy.

He sat on the ground under the tree building a house, over a hole he had dug, with some blocks and bits of shingle. He had a little hammer and some tacks, and seemed to be enjoying himself.

Ted watched him for a few moments, then whispered: "Where's the big boy?"

The little boy looked up, listened, and Ted repeated his question.

"Oh! he's gone down town," replied the little boy.

"Is he coming back pretty soon?" Ted asked.

"No, I guess not, not for quite a spell," replied the boy. And then, "Where are you?" he asked.

"Here, by this knot-hole," said Ted.

The little boy got up and came to the fence, and Ted put his finger through the hole. The little boy reached up and touched it.

"Did he catch you?" he asked, as Ted withdrew his finger.

"No," replied Ted, "I got into the house and locked the door."

"He'd a-whaled you, if you hadn't, I tell you," replied the boy as he went back to his building.

"What made him take your apple?" asked Ted.

"'Cause he's mean," replied the child; "he always does it. But I'll pay him if I get big enough!"

"What'll you do?" asked Ted.

"I'll pound him!" replied the child.

"Does he live with you?" asked Ted.

"Yes, he's my brother. His name's Jed, and mine's Johnny. What's yours?"

Ted told him, and they talked about the house Johnny was making, in which, he told Ted, he expected to keep a mouse, if he could catch one.

Presently they heard someone coming. It was Jed. Ted got ready to jump and run to the house in case Jed should discover him. But when Jed came up, he stopped and looked at Johnny's house. "What are you puttering with there?" he asked.

"I'm making a house," replied Johnny, "to keep a mouse in."

"You've got my tacks!" exclaimed Jed.

"No," replied Johnny, "mother gave these to me."

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed Jed. "Now I'm going to teach you to go snooping into my things!"

He went up to the little mouse house and kicked it to pieces, scattering the light blocks and shingles in every direction.

And then he came up and looked through the knot-hole. Ted crouched down on the wood, and Jed didn't see him. Soon he walked away, his hands in his pockets, his hat on the back of his head.

Johnny began to pick up his scattered blocks. "I can't build any more to-day," he said, "I must wait till I have more tacks." Then he, too, went away towards the house. Ted waited for some time hoping he would come back, but he didn't; and soon after Ted's mother came home, and he went in.

He didn't see Jed next day, but he had a long talk about him through the knot-hole, with Johnny. Johnny asked him to come around and play with him in the garden, but Ted didn't dare to. He began to wish that he was big like Jed, not afraid of anyone himself, but all the other boys afraid of him. He thought it must be fine to

TED HAS A WICKED THOUGHT.

go down town alone; and to take nuts, or candy, or apples, or anything the other boys had, and to have them so afraid that they wouldn't fight back. Thinking of this, Ted made up his mind that when he grew up he'd try to be as smart as Jed.

After this, Ted spent much of his time at the knot-hole. Sometimes he saw Jed and Johnny together. Sometimes Johnny would be alone, and they two would hold long conversations, mostly about Jed, and what he had done and could do. Sometimes other little boys came to play with Johnny, but not often, for if Jed was there he was sure to tease, or hurt, or frighten them until they went home crying.

And all this time Ted was learning a great many things. He

learned to be cruel to the weak and helpless. And he learned to tell falsehoods. He learned that both Jed and Johnny disobeyed their mother, and he disobeyed his, going down town when she thought he was at home.

When he was about seven, Jed and Johnny moved away, and Ted never saw either of them again. But the lessons he had learned from them had made him now what I said at first that he was — "a mean, cruel, wicked little wretch."

He was always trying to tease something smaller and weaker than himself. Cats, dogs, birds, and little children, were not safe if Ted could reach them with a stick, or a stone, or his hands.

At almost every house he was told he wasn't wanted there. If he climbed on the fences around the gardens or door-yards to look at the flowers, for Ted did love flowers, or if he lingered in front of the shops where fruit was sold, someone came out and drove him off. Sometimes they pushed him out, if he was inside, taking him by one arm, or by his ear perhaps. At first he used to go quietly ; but as he grew older he sometimes bit and kicked and said bad words as they hustled him along and when he did that he was sure to get pretty rough treatment. He was not allowed to play with decent little boys at all.

For a long time the house on the other side of the fence stood empty. Ted used to go sometimes and look through the knot-hole. He didn't have to stand on anything now. The tree that had the bench under it, on the other side of the fence, had grown, too. Ted knew, now, that it was an apple-tree. It had flowers on it in spring, and always when it was in blossom he used to go and look at it.

One morning, in the spring of the year that he was nine years old, he was walking about the yard before his mother went away, and stopped at the knot-hole to look at the tree. He saw at once someone was moving into the house ; there were people going in and out with furniture and bedding, and he could hear them talking.

As soon as his mother had gone Ted ran around to the other street. The furniture van had gone, but there was someone moving about inside. He went on down town, but when he came home at noon he went around by the house again.

There was a boy sitting at the window. Ted wondered why he

wasn't out on such a fine day, and made a face at him as he went by. The boy didn't look angry, as Ted supposed he would, but smiled pleasantly as if he thought it very funny.

Ted went down to the fence after he had eaten his dinner. There were two children in the garden. One of them was the boy he had seen at the window. He was in a chair such as he had never seen before. It had arms, and little wheels under it, and a pretty robe such as he had seen in baby carriages. The other was a girl; she walked behind the chair and pushed it along with the boy in it, on the gravel walk. The boy was about as big as he was. The girl was smaller. "Isn't it nice here, Paul!" the girl was saying. "I'm so glad mama came here; we can play out when it's fine, and the doctor says 'twill be good for you. And we can tame the birds as we did at home — O, see that dear little fellow on the top-bough of that apple-tree! I do believe he's going to sing to us! If he does, I'll get him some cake and we'll begin to tame him. Sing, little fellow, if you want crumbs!" she called to the bird.

She stepped back from the chair, her arms dropped at her sides, and her head a little on one side, waiting.

The bird began to sing.

Ted went back from the fence, where he could see the top of the tree with the bird perched upon it, as silently as a cat could have done. He picked up a smooth stone and aimed it at the bird.

He drew back his arm all ready to throw the instant the bird stopped singing, grinning as he thought how surprised the children would be when the bird fell at their feet.

Meanwhile the little bird sang on as if its heart was full of joy.

*Beth Day.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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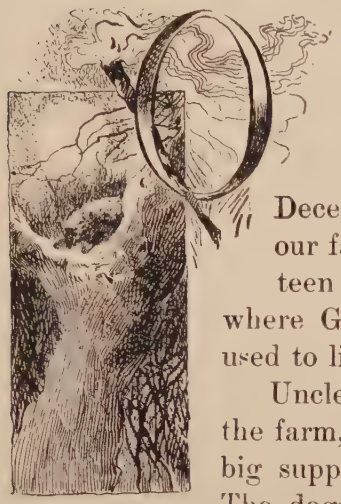
TAKING IT EASY.

# A COON-HUNT IN OLE VIRGINNY.



VER and above all our other pleasures we boys think it jolly fun in the fall of the year to go down to the old family farm in Virginia to hunt coon and possum. We go almost every Friday, in November and December. We live in Washington. To reach our farm we cross the Potomac, and then go thirteen miles on the road to Fairfax Court House, where George Washington and all the old Fairfaxes used to live.

Uncle Jim, a good old colored man, is factotum at the farm, and always ready with his coon dogs and a big supply of pine torches to go on a possum hunt. The dogs are kept tied up a few days before, so they may scent well. In November and December the possums are fat, from eating corn in the big fields. The best time to go is just after a light rain, and when the night is clear, and no wind so that the trail is strong and good.

If we go early enough in the evening we are pretty sure to get a good bag of the little "kitten possums;" the older ones come out later, and near midnight the big coons grow lively.

When we really go for coons we start about ten or eleven o'clock. Uncle Jim heads the procession with his axe over his shoulder, and his swinging lantern, while a small colored boy leads the dogs. We boys follow with half a dozen comrades, white and black, and often our fathers and big brothers go along to enjoy the fun. We all take up the old negro chorus:

"The raccoon got a bushy tail,
Possom tail am bare,
Rabbit got no tail at all,
Nothin' but a bunch ov hair."

Over fences, through the thick woods and underbrush we go; by this time the dogs are leaping and bounding ahead of us. We hear

them now a long way off, now near by. Uncle Jim gets excited and shouts, "Hock 'em out, boys! Talk to 'em! High! H-i-g-h!"

All at once, one dog gives a little sharp bark, another a long drawn-out bark, and then all the dogs bark together! Away we hear them bound; the brush snaps and crackles, branches break and rattle, and the chorus of the dogs fills the woods.

Just how Uncle Jim knows everything is a mystery to us, but he says again and again, as at the first bark, "Boys, dis one's a leetle possum!"

But, little or big, the hunt goes forward. We run and jump, and climb fences, and hop over big stumps, trying to catch up with the dogs. Some of them, away off, are giving short quick yelps, now faster and faster.

"They've treed him!" says Uncle Jim suddenly. "Come on, boys!" And on everybody goes, and we get to the dogs and we find them closed in around a small hickory tree, their heads up, their eyes shining, and all yelping like crazy dogs! A boy climbs the tree, and brings down a possum by the tail. The dogs smell of it, wag their tails proudly, as much as to say, "We did that!" and start off on a run for another trail. Possum is put in the bag and we all follow after the dogs again.

Sometimes we get another soon. Sometimes we run a long way. But at last come the loud quick barks again, and Uncle Jim says, "Treed 'em again!" and breathless and excited, we push forward and find the dogs barking like mad around a great tall oak. Nobody can climb this tree. It must be cut down. So we boys build a pine-brush fire to warm ourselves, while the men chop and chop, and we all lend a hand in holding the frantic yelping dogs. The big tree comes slowly down with groans and creaks, and as the branches touch the ground the dogs are loosed, and with one wild yelp they jump upon a big coon. Sometimes the coon escapes and runs, the dogs follow, and only after a hard fight does the coon give up.

Generally by this time, the dogs are wild to hunt, and unmanagable They jump, and run, till the deep woods ring with their music. If the night is very dark, we have the pine-knot torches. Then what a splendid scene!

At last turning homeward, we strike again into the old darkey hunt-song:

"Possom meat am good to eat,
Carve him to de heart!
You'll always find him nice and sweet,
Carve him to de heart!
Carve dat possom!
Carve dat possom!
Carve him to de heart!"

THE DOGS BARK LIKE MAD AROUND A GREAT OAK.

We get to the farm house about three o'clock in the morning. We often have four fat possums in the bag and a big coon! We keep the possums a few days and feed them clean food to make their meat nicer. Whenever we boys try to pick one up, he "plays dead," and looks very funny. We find these young possums always on small low

trees, but the old fighting coons choose the very largest trees in the woods.

The long tramp, the barking of the dogs, the big glowing fires in the woods, the excitement of the torch-lit scene has kept all eyes wide open, but after a big bowl of farm bread and milk, eaten by a hot fire in the great fireplace, we boys at least, are glad enough to tumble into our beds and go to sleep.

*A Boy Who Went.*

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# NELLIE OGG AND HER GOATS.

XII. — THE EAGLE'S NEST.

VER-LATE it was when Nelllie woke next morning. Mammy had had her sleep and was up and dressed before the little lass had opened her eyes.

Mammy was stepping softly about, not to disturb Daddy. Although he waked up before Nellie went out with her goats, he said nothing about Prince Charlie, and Nellie, being a dutiful, respectful child, asked no questions.

"Daddy will tell by and by," she thought. Daddy never did tell. He never said that he had seen Prince Charlie. But there was no goat's milk cheese on the table. So Nellie knew somebody had had it, and surely it was to the hungry wanderer Daddy had given it.

Daddy's face wore an anxious and uneasy look for several days. Especially on that day when a party of red-coat soldiers passed up the valley. Daddy hid when he saw them coming. He was fearful they might ask him questions he would not like to answer.

The red-coat soldiers returned the next day. They looked very dirty and out of sorts. A rascally boy, they told Mammy, had led them a wild-goose chase over a wet moor and through a dreadfully

rough rocky road by pretending that Prince Charlie, or a man that might be him, had gone that way. But they had not found the Prince, nor any trace of him, and if they could have caught that boy they would have taught him a lesson so that he would not again mislead the king's soldiers.

"Ay, he's awa' safe and sound," Daddy said to Mammy, afterward. Nellie heard that, and then she knew that when Daddy went up the glen that night he had found the Prince. One day she went up very close and whispered in his ear, "Do tell me, Daddy dear, was it Bonnie Prince Charlie I saw?"

"Don't ask questions, lassie," Daddy answered. Daddy knew it was not safe for any person to know where the Prince lay hid. If anyone did know, and should not tell the soldiers who were after him, that person, whether man or woman, or little child, would be terribly dealt with.

Nellie felt sure it was the Prince. She prayed every night that some day he would come back to be their king. Then perhaps she would see him again. But though Nellie lived to be a very old woman that day never came. Prince Charlie escaped from the red-coat soldiers. But to do so, he had to flee to another country, and the German person remained king.

Nellie never forgot that Bonnie Prince Charlie had kissed her. Many who loved him cherished a lock of his sunny hair that he had given them, or the sheets that he had slept in, or the cup he had drank from, or some other thing he had touched. But Nellie Ogg so long as she lived cherished the remembrance of the kiss he had given her.

One day Daddy came home with two baby eagles.

"Do ye mind, lassie, the eagle's nest in the great tree up Glen Tana?" he asked. Yes, Nellie "minded," which means Nellie remembered.

She had seen the eagles flying off for food for their young many times, for eagles had nested in that tree full a hundred years.

It was a tall tree to climb, and once, when Daddy was a boy, he had climbed part way up and been driven back by the angry eagles. And he had never tried it since till that day. But he had noticed for

two days that the parent eagles had not come to feed their babies. Something must have happened to them, though Daddy could not think what it could be. But at any rate, the baby eagles would soon starve to death if somebody did not feed them. So he had climbed up to the nest, put the little eagles in the "neuk" of his plaid made to carry lambs in, and fetched them down.

A BOY LED THEM A WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

Mammy was quite put out when he told her. For, she said, he was no longer a small light lad to climb trees safely, but a big man stiff with rheumatism!

Daddy made a cage of stout birch for the eagles and fed them twice a day, and they grew fast and fledged, and then they were restless to fly, Nellie could hear them lift and rustle their wings in vain effort. And Mammy said they sat and looked up to the sun with their great bright eyes as though they longed to be off.

Nellie begged Daddy to free them, and one day he told her she might open wide their wicker door, and she did. The eagles did not

waste a moment, but jumped from their perch, lifted their broad wings and flew straight to the sun in the west.

"There they gae!" said Daddy, laughing to see them. "Aboon Craigendarroch and the bonnie blue Dee, and past Abergeldie, and o'er the great forest on to the great White Mount!"

And Nellie lifted her sightless eyes and smiled as she fancied she saw them growing smaller and smaller till they were just two black spots hovering in the blue sky over the snow

After a while they came back and nested in the old tree. Daddy and Nellie named them. One was "Bonnie Queen Mary," and the other, "Prince Charlie."

"And I wish," said Daddy, "our own Bonnie Prince was as free to come and gae as yon eagle!"

WHEN DADDY WAS A BOY.

I have told you only a few of the happenings in Nellie Ogg's life. For to tell all of any little girl's life would fill a big book. But I have told you enough to show you that it was a very happy life, and

so it went on. Always a cheerful life, always a happy life was that of blind Nellie and her goats, with Daddy and Mammy in the thatched hut among her beautiful heather-clad hills.

*Frank Pope Humphrey.*

(THE END.)

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# A NIGHT WITH BEAVERS.

AT one time, within my own recollection, the skins of beavers were worth twelve dollars a pound. That was before people began to make men's hats out of silk floss. At that time, not only hats for men and boys, but also winter bonnets for ladies were made out of beaver's fur. When I was a boy, we never used to say "silk hat," but always "beaver hat." Sometimes such hats were called "castors," because beavers belong to the genus castor.

Though I have since trapped hundreds of beavers in Colorado and other parts of the great west, they had become scarce in Central Canada even so long ago as when I was a little boy.

There was only one colony of beavers where I lived. That one was on a small stream, called Beaver Creek, about two miles from our farm. It was there, in 1835, that I caught my first beaver.

Young as I was, those wise little folks so interested me that I used to hide myself near their pond and watch for them whole nights. You may be sure I had to hide carefully to keep from being discovered.

Of course I knew in a general way that they cut down trees and formed big ponds by damming streams, and built themselves comfortable underground houses, with the front door hidden under water, and stowed away provisions for themselves — soft-barked wood cut into convenient lengths, and secured at the bottom of the pond by sticking one end of each piece into the soft mud.

One night I was particularly interested by what I saw. The old head-beaver suddenly stuck his nose and eyes out of the water not far

from my hiding-place, and looked around and listened for two or three minutes. Seeming satisfied, he came out on the bank and waddled off, stopping here and there and knowingly inspecting a number of young trees, but going on until he came to a straight basswood, about eight inches in diameter.

This tree seemed to suit him. He came back to the pond and slapped the water twice with his paddle-like tail. I don't know whether he did it just twice, on purpose or by chance; but anyway, two more beavers came out and followed the head-beaver back to the basswood tree. They seemed to like his choice, and the three went to work and began to gnaw it down with their sharp front teeth, which are exactly like those of a muskrat only much larger.

The tree at first looked to me as if it leaned away from the pond. But in less than half an hour, these clever mechanics caused it to fall with its top toward the water. One of them then went back to the pond and dived down out of sight. When he came up he was followed by seven other much younger beavers, and the whole family of ten worked hard on the basswood for perhaps an hour; by that time they had cut a portion of the tree into five pieces of equal length — about four feet.

Now such pieces of green basswood are very heavy. I wondered how the beavers were going to get them to the pond, over the dry ground. The sagacious creatures did it though, in short order. They took hold of one piece after another, five of them at a time, and dragged it along, so that in a little while all the wood was floating in the water. Then the beavers plunged in themselves and drew the sticks to the bottom and fixed them in the mud so they couldn't rise.

I didn't see any of the beavers again that night; but when I came three days afterwards, the whole tree was gone. The large pieces had been stored for food, and the small branches and twigs built into the dams.

*W. Thomson.*

# The Sunshine Corner

"BEFORE reading more about Tottles," said Miss Myrtle, "let me ask you to look at that rosebush. You see it has to bloom roses. We might say that the chief thought of a rosebush is roses. Just so with people. They act according to the kind of thought they are thinking. Tottles, you know, got the thought of doing something to please some one from the Dream Lady. At last it came to be a habit. I say this that you need not think it funny that he should do something for a butterfly. I will read from the story-book:

"One damp, foggy day as Tottles was walking along by the roadside he saw a butterfly on a buttercup, and wondered why it kept so still so long. He soon found its thin little wings were stuck together backward with the wet, so it had nothing to move itself with. Thought Tottles; 'Some cat may get it,' and he took out his knife and cut off the buttercup half way down its stalk, so he might take it home with its passenger still on board.

"On the way, as he was bending over it, wiping its wings softly with a corner of his handkerchief, up stepped a small boy to see what he was carrying. The wiping startled the butterfly, perhaps dried off some of the heavy wetness. Anyway it moved its wings a little and lighted on Tottles face! The two boys walked on, Tottles keeping his face very stiff and sober and lips shut tight so that no smile-wrinkles should start the butterfly.

"Up in Tottle's little attic they went, very quietly. Tottles pointed to the open window. The other boy shut it, and shut the door. As Tottles tip-toed past his bit of a looking-glass, he caught sight of his sober face with the butterfly on it, and laughed right out. This started up the butterfly, and it lighted down on the table.

"They decided it ought to have some clover blossoms, and went to find some. Every small boy that came along had to be told about the butterfly that had had its wings stuck fast together, and they helped pick clover blossoms; so there was quite a clover procession on the stairs, Tottles at the top, peeping in at the crack he had opened. 'See him?' 'No.' 'Put your head way in.' 'See him?' 'No.' 'Let's go in!' Softly they squeezed through, softly shut the door, softly tip-toed around, but no butterfly. The reason was something made of nothing: a hole; a hole in the window!

"They sat down on the bed and talked: 'Maybe it turned into a cattypillar.' 'No, they don't do that way; a caterpiller has to turn in to a butterfly.' 'What does it do with all its legs?' 'And its fuzz?' 'Does it see with its *old* eyes?' 'Does it *remember* it was a cattypillar'"

Here Miss Myrtle herself laughed at the questions she was reading, and the children laughed, and began to ask her the same questions, especially the last one — *if it remembered?*

"I do not know about that," she said, "but I know the butterfly has to look ahead, and plan for the caterpillars and worms that are to come; for although it does not itself eat leaves, it lays eggs where its little worm children will have plenty of leaves to eat. All these flying creatures have that kind of children, you know.". "Window-flies and all?" "Yes, all."

Then, I, Miss Fillissy Follissy, spoke up, and said I knew of one miller — a moth-miller — a little frisky light-colored thing that I had tried a hundred times to catch by clapping it quick between my two hands. But it always got away, and although it did not eat woolen and fur things itself, it looked ahead enough to lay its eggs right in among them, and the good clothes had to make food for its hungry little moth-worm children to eat.

Miss Myrtle said it was well that the world had plenty of leaves growing in it, for in all the world there are five thousand kinds of butterflies! Just here a little girl told a Butterfly Conundrum. "Why is a caterpillar like hot griddle cakes?" "Because it makes the butter fly!"

*Miss Fillissy Follissy.*

# THE KNOT-HOLE IN THE FENCE.

### CHAPTER IV. — THE FAIRY ON THE SHOULDER.

THE bird stopped singing and stood with its head a little on one side looking at the children, and Ted, with the stone in his hand, stood looking at the bird. All at once it struck him that the bird and the girl looked alike, and it seemed very funny. It was a trim little gray bird, with a reddish-brown spot on the top of its head, and had bright black eyes. The girl was trim-looking, too. She wore a gray dress, and a reddish-brown Tam O' Shanter, and had bright brown eyes and held her head a little on one side.

Suddenly it occurred to Ted that if he should throw the stone, the children would know he was there and maybe go away. He didn't want them to. He wanted to know why the boy had such a chair; and how they could tame birds, and what their names were.

The girl had just come back from the house with some cake. "Where would you put it, Paul?" she asked.

"Over there between the tree and the fence," said the boy, "on the ground, where he can see it."

The girl walked slowly past the tree where the bird still sat, talking softly to it as she went.

"Come, sweetness," said she, "here are your crumbs. Come down — we won't hurt you, nor catch you, nor frighten you. Come, sweetness, and you shall have cake every day. Don't be afraid!"

She scattered the cake crumbs as she talked, and then went back to her brother's chair. The bird watched her, and Ted watched them all. "What fools girls are!" he said to himself. "Birds can't understand. It won't go down there!"

But who knows what birds understand? To Ted's surprise the bird flew down to a currant bush, and then to the ground where it hopped about and picked up the cake. The children staid where they were, the girl talking, first to the bird, and then to her brother.

You needn't be afraid, sweetness — it's just like the one we had at home, Paul. Do you think I can tame this one too, Paul?"

"I hope so, Crissa," replied the boy. "And I hope some wrens will come, too. We'd get brother Tom to make a house for them. I like to see the little fellows. Crissa, it doesn't seem half so bad to have to sit still always, when happy things move about, where I can see them."

The bird had finished its meal, and now flew away.

"Shall I wheel you into the shade, Paul?" asked the girl.

"Yes, please, Crissa. This bench will be nice to have our books and games on," he added as Crissa wheeled him under the apple-tree.

"Are you tired of sitting up?" she asked. "Shall I fix your chair now?"

"Not yet, thank you," replied Paul.

"Now I'm going in, to see if the books are unpacked," said Crissa; "if they are I'll bring the 'Fairy Stories.'"

Ted scarcely moved, he was watching and listening so intently. He had never seen children talk and act as these did. He wondered if they wouldn't quarrel pretty soon; and what made them say "please" and "thank you" to each other. None of the boys and girls he knew used such words. He wondered, too, what the girl meant by having wild birds so tame they would eat out of her hand, and most of all, if the bird really understood what she said. It acted as if it did.

He thought he would try talking to birds himself. If they did understand he would call them up to him and then catch them.

Crissa came back with a book, with blue and golden covers, and then Paul asked her to lower the back of his chair. She lowered it, Ted couldn't see how, until Paul was nearly lying down. She fixed the pillow under his head, and then sat down on the bench and opened the blue and golden book aud began to read aloud the story of *The Imprisoned Fairy*:

"There was once a Good Fairy who lived in a flower. There she worked busily, preparing honey for the bees. She was so careful and industrious that it was always ready, when the bees came, and never one of them ever went away without his honey.

"One day a wicked pixie came by" — "What is a pixie, Paul?"

"Why," said Paul, who lay with his arms under his head, looking

off into the blue sky, "I believe a pixie was a sort of bad fairy. A brownie was a mischievous fairy, full of fun, and always playing jokes on other fairies, and on people. But if I remember rightly a pixie was a bad fairy."

Crissa went on reading: "One day a wicked pixie came by, and stopped to look at the busy fairy. He said to her, 'Tell me how to be beautiful, fairy.' And the fairy said, 'Be good.'

"'O, I don't want to be good!' cried the pixie. 'Is there no other way,' he said.

'"There is no other way,' said the fairy.

"Then the pixie asked, 'Are you happy, fairy?'

CRISSA SCATTERED THE CAKE CRUMBS.

"The fairy said she was, and the pixie said, 'Tell me how to be happy.'

"The fairy answered, 'Make others happy, and do not think of yourself.'

"'O, I don't want to make others happy!' said the pixie. 'Is there no other way?'

"Again the fairy shook her head. 'I know of no other way,' she said.

"Then the pixie was vexed. 'Because you will tell me of no

other way,' he said. 'I will shut you up in the seed of this flower, and you cannot set yourself free. You never shall be free until someone sets you free — then you shall be his servant. You shall go with him everywhere, and shall tell him always, in a voice that none else can hear, what to do to be happy.'

"The pixie touched the fairy with a magic wand, and she disappeared. When the bees came there was no honey. The flower drooped and faded; the seed ripened and was gathered, and stored away for the next season, and then sold.

"The seed that the fairy was imprisoned in was bought by a boy who planted it in the warm earth, and it grew and became a beautiful plant, and by and by bore a flower.

"This released the fairy. She flew to the shoulder of the boy, and although he could not see her he soon learned that she was there, for whenever he was in doubt about what it was right for him to do, if he held his head down close, the fairy would whisper in a soft voice what it was right for him to do. And whenever he did as she told him to, the boy was happy."

"That's a pretty story," said Paul, as Crissa closed the blue and golden book, "but I believe it was a girl that got the fairy."

"Why?" asked Crissa.

"Well," said Paul, "I think the fairy would always say as she did at first, 'be good' and 'make others happy,' and I have reason to think she is on your shoulders."

"Why, Paul!" exclaimed Crissa, "I was thinking that you must be the boy that has the fairy. I wish I did have one."

"I think," said Paul, "that everyone has *something* that tells them what to do, if they would but listen! Listen now, Crissa, and see if you haven't one, waiting to tell you something."

Crissa bent her head for a moment.

"Well," said Paul, as she looked up, "did you *almost* hear something?"

"Yes," replied Crissa, seriously, "it told me to scamper in and see if mama wanted me for anything, or if she thought it time for us to go in," and away Crissa ran towards the house.

That was the first story Ted had ever heard read out of a book

He didn't quite understand it, for he never had heard of a fairy before, and he didn't know what it was. He gathered that it was something that couldn't be seen, that would sit on one's shoulder and tell in a voice that could hardly be heard what one ought to do, and that when one did what the fairy said, he became happy.

Ted wished he had one. He wished Crissa would read some more about fairies; he wanted to know what they looked like, and where he could get one. But when Crissa came back she didn't read; she told Paul they were to go in, and she picked up the blue and golden book and turned the chair around and wheeled it away up the walk.

Ted felt lonesome and wished again for a fairy to tell him what to do. He didn't really want to go down town, for it was almost time for his mother to come home; besides he was hungry and wanted his supper. Then he remembered that Paul believed everyone had a fairy. Crissa had one, for she had listened and then said it told her something. Maybe he had one and didn't know it! He hoped he had, and that it would tell him how to get ahead of all the other boys! He made up his mind that if he did have one, and it told him to do anything, he would do it, if it was to stand on his head!

He said in a half-shamed, half-scared whisper: "Fairy, what did I ort to do?" and held his head down to his shoulder as he had seen Crissa do.

A sudden alert, gratified, yet half-frightened look came into his dirty face, a low, surprised whistle broke from his lips. He thought he heard, or felt, a soft voice say: "Get the wood and kindling your mother told you to get, and have the fire built for her before she comes."

Once or twice more before his mother came, Ted asked the fairy on his shoulder what he ought to do; and when his mother opened the door there was a good fire, the water in the teakettle was boiling, and there was wood and kindling ready for morning. Her tired face lighted up as she looked around.

"Why, Ted," she said pleasantly, "I guess a fairy must have been at work here!"

*Beth Day.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# THE WHIRLING GLOBE.

*All the Children in all the World.*

X. — IN THE LAND OF COLUMBUS

ROB roguishly placed the Professor's hand so that the pencil pointed toward China, and then whirled the globe as hard as he could. "I mean to have it stop somewhere in Asia, this time," said he. It didn't, though. When the globe at last slowed up and stopped, the pencil pointed at the south-western corner of Europe. Rob looked disappointed.

"Why," said Rosette, reading the name in big letters, "it is Spain, Columbus' country."

"And that's where they have bull-fights," cried Rob, brightening up.

Professor Jo smiled. "Yes," said he, "Spain is the country that sent out Columbus when he discovered America, and Spain is the country whose national sport is the bull-fight. This corner of Europe is known as 'the Peninsula' in English and European history; and this great square peninsula, six hundred miles across, of which the south of France is the isthmus, all belongs to Spain, except a strip running up the Atlantic coast called Portugal — all except that and one big rock at the south end."

"A big rock!" echoed Rob.

"The Rock of Gibraltar — the most famous fortress in the world," said Professor Jo. "The rock is almost a mountain, in fact — three miles long, almost one wide, and fourteen hundred feet high. It is full of natural caverns and artificial galleries, and fairly bristles with cannon. The English have held this rock fort since 1704, although besieged by the Spanish for four years toward the end of that century. The old Greeks called the Rock of Gibraltar and the opposite point in

Africa the Pillars of Hercules, and thought them the end of the world, to the west. Gibraltar is the only place in Europe where monkeys live wild."

"Then I s'pose it's very hot in Spain," remarked Rob, "if monkeys live there."

"In the south it is very hot, hot as it is over in Africa; and the fruits and grains are those of the tropics, oranges, pomegranates, figs, dates, rice. No country in Europe has so varied a climate, however, and in the northern parts, on the table-lands and mountains, they raise apples and corn and such things as flourish up in the British Isles. The history of Spain is as varied as its climate and products."

"Tell us about it," said Rob. "Were the early people Celts, as they were across in France?"

"Two or three centuries before Christ, the country was known to the Greeks and Romans as Iberia; but the native Iberian tribes were much mixed with the Celts who had twice invaded the Peninsula. About this time the Carthaginians tried to conquer the land, but the Romans came and drove them out, and then carried on the conquest themselves. The Iberian and Celtic mixture, however, was harder to conquer than the pure Celts, and even Julius Cæsar, who conquered the Celts in Gaul, or France, about 50 B.C., could not subdue the land now called Spain. His grand-nephew, Augustus, whom he adopted as his son and made his successor, finally completed the conquest about the beginning of the Christian era. This Augustus was the famous Roman emperor who was said to have 'found Rome built of brick and left it built of marble.' Once subdued, Spain became more thoroughly Roman in language, manners and religion than ancient France or any other Roman province.

"Early in the fifth century, the great Roman power was weakening, and then came a second conquest of Spain. This time the conquerors were the Visigoths, or West Goths, and other Teutonic peoples. The Christian Visigoths gained the supremacy among the invaders, moved their court to Spain, and ruled there till the eighth century. Then came the Moors, and the third great conquest of Spain."

"Who were the Moors?" asked Rob.

"The Moors were the Mohammedan Arabs and people of the Barbary States across in North Africa. In 711 they crossed the straits between the old Pillars of Hercules, and fortified the great Rock of Gibraltar for their headquarters. From Gibraltar within three years they had swept like a whirlwind over nearly all of Spain; within twenty years they had reached the northern boundary and even raided into France. Then began the long struggle, seven centuries of con-

THE MOORISH KING BOABDIL SURRENDERING THE KEYS OF GRANADA TO FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.
(*From the painting by Pradilla.*)

stant warfare, between the Christian Spaniards and the Moslem Moors. The Spaniards regained the mastery toward the end of the eleventh century. About this time Portugal became an independent nation. This, too, was the time of the Cid."

"The Cid? — what's that?" demanded Rob.

"The Cid was a man — one of the most remarkable in Spanish history. He was a noble of Castile ('Cid' means 'lord'), related to the royal family, and commander of the army. Presently a new king came to the throne, and this noble was banished, but with many followers he overran the Peninsula like a conqueror. It was the day

of minstrels, who chanted ballads of history and heroes. The Cid became the hero of their songs. When real doings ran short, they invented deeds not real — so many and so wonderful that they had to set back his birth twenty years to gain time for all the happenings — and they advanced the age of his war-horse Baviecca to sixty years. By the marriages of his daughters and their descendants, the Cid became one of the ancestors of several famous royal families, the Bourbons of France, the Hapsburgs of Austria, and the royal family of England. An ancient poem or chronicle of the Cid is the oldest document in the Spanish language.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

"Although the Spaniards," resumed Professor Jo, "had returned to power, the Moors still held many sections, and it was not till 1492 that, having already lost the rock-fortress of Gibraltar, they surrendered their last stronghold, Granada, with its wonderful palace of the Alhambra, to Ferdinand and Isabella."

"Columbus' king and queen?" asked Rosette quickly.

"Yes; it was this very Ferdinand and Isabella who gave Columbus his ships, and it was this very year he sailed across the Atlantic to the New World."

"Tell me something about Columbus," said Rosette.

"Columbus was not really a Spaniard — he was an Italian boy of Genoa until he was fourteen. He then went to sea, and became a fighting man, like most sailors of that day. Years after, in a sea-fight off Cape St. Vincent, he was wrecked, and reached the shore of Portugal on a plank — so near did the New World come to losing its discoverer!

After some years in Portugal Columbus conceived the plan of reaching India by sailing westward, and applied for aid to his native Genoa, to England, to Portugal, and then to Ferdinand and Isabella, who after seven years of delay fitted out his little fleet of three vessels, and made him admiral over them, in that memorable year of 1492. As the important last years of his life were Spanish, we may properly

regard Spain, rather than Italy or Portugal, as the land of Columbus. The Spanish themselves regard Columbus as the greatest of Spaniards. The house where he lived is to-day pointed out with pride to all travellers; and among the relics of the great discoverer still preserved and shown is a writing, in his own hand, in which he had set down the many predictions he had found of the discovery of a New World."

"And then what?" asked Rob.

"Well, after 1492 the history of Spain spreads out beyond the Peninsula, into Europe and over the whole world. Union at home, royal marriages abroad which brought added kingdoms and founded the Austrian dynasty, and conquests in both hemispheres, made Spain a great power in the world. Within the next century her army and navy were the finest in Europe, and her dominions were at their widest, including Spain, Portugal (which was united with Spain for half a century), Holland, Belgium, Sicily, most of Italy, North America except the English and French possessions, all of South America, the Philippine Isles, and parts of Africa — forming all together the first empire on which, as is said of England to-day, the sun never set!

THE BOY-KING'S BOY SOLDIERS.

"During the 17th century, the second and last of the Austrian dynasty, or reigning family, Spain fell as rapidly as she had risen in the 16th. Under the Bourbon or French dynasty, which began its

reign with the 18th century, the decline of Spanish power, and the loss of her provinces in Europe and the New World, continued.

"At the opening of this 19th century, Spain fell into the hands of Napoleon, whose brother Joseph was nominally king for several years. The independence of the Spanish people which followed the Napoleonic possession marks the beginning of modern Spain, and of a better government for the people. To-day Spain is the one civilized country that has a boy for a king."

ONE OF THE DRUM-CORPS.

"A boy king! — tell us about him," cried Rob.

"And his sisters — has he any sisters?" cried Rosette.

"The little King Alphonso XIII. has two half-sisters, but no whole one," said Professor Jo with a twinkle in his eye. "The royal boy is only twelve, so his mother is queen-regent, but in a few years, when he is sixteen or seventeen, he will begin to rule. Alphonso is a major-general as well as a king, and, as he is fond of soldiering like most boys, he has a whole regiment of boy volunteers, armed and uniformed and trained like real soldiers. Alphonso XIII. is being carefully educated in modern ideas, and it is hoped by the Spaniards that when he begins to reign he will again build up the prosperity of Spain."

"Now tell about the Spanish boys who are not kings," said Rob.

*Charles Stuart Pratt.*

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

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"WE WOULDN'T CARE IF IT DID RAIN!"

# THE LITTLE TOP-KNOT HEN.

SHE was a tidy-looking little hen, this little Top-Knot, and all her feathers were shiny and smooth. When she had been muffling in the dust on a hot morning she had only to give herself one smart shake and look as bright and fine as ever. As for the rest of the flock they looked tumbled and ruffed-up and dusty for an hour.

Top-Knot had been hatched that spring with a large brood of great prize cochin fowls with long necks and still longer legs, but she did not look the least like any one of them. She was only an old-fashioned little black hen with a queer sprig of a top-knot that made her wear a very knowing look indeed. She stepped neatly about with the rest of the flock for a time and was the leader of all the twelve because she had quick bright eyes and could see a stray grain of corn under a leaf from a long distance.

One day a boy and girl came into the poultry yard to see the little chickens and the woman who owned them showed them this funny flock of half-grown great chickens that all trotted meekly about with their brisk little Top-Knot mate. The mother-hen had already left them and the little black hen took her place.

"She is a bad-tempered little fowl," said the woman laughing. "They're all afraid of her, small as she is; she pecks 'em and flouts 'em and if they quarrel over their corn an' oats she just flies right on their backs and down into the middle, an' with a peck to right an' left she eats the corn herself before they see what's going on. I think I shall put an end to her. She's so masterful that the rest don't get their rights."

"Oh, don't kill that pretty little black hen!" said the little girl, looking quite sad.

"Why, I'll give her to you, dear, if you want her," said the good woman kindly. "She is so knowing that you can make a pretty pet of her, I'm sure. She'll like having things all her own way."

So the new owner went home very happy with the little Top-Knot in a basket, and her brother who liked the hen, too, made a nice coop for her that very afternoon against the woodhouse.

But the Top-Knot was lonely and missed all her cares, and she drooped and cheeped, and when nobody was in sight she would flutter in the coop and cry and call as if a hawk had come for her. At first somebody would hear her and run, but at last nobody minded her foolish troubles and complaints.

One morning when her owners were feeding her and thinking that she began to seem a little more contented, the captive gave a queer little queek and flew out of her prison right over their heads and away she went down the road. They chased her but on and on she first flew and then ran; they could not catch up with her brisk little legs until they reached the gate of her old home in the poultry yard, and there she waited for somebody and chirped and bobbed her head and looked in through the slats.

AWAY SHE WENT DOWN THE ROAD.

When the farmer's wife came out, she laughed and stooped down and stroked the little black hen's feathers.

"Well, I'm glad to see her after all," she said. "All her flock have missed her, and they were straying and hunting all day yesterday and fighting each other dreadfully; there they are all together now sulking in that corner. I don't believe I ever could deal with them and get them well-grown and fattened without her."

She opened the gate and the Top-Knot ran in, and bobbed her head as she looked about. Then she flew across and began to peck and chirp and the sad flock of long-legged chickens came out of their

corner and chirped and cackled back, and off they went together to find a breakfast. The Top-Knot gave more than one of them a hearty pecking by the way.

"Home is home," said the mistress of the poultry yard laughing. "Now you may choose another chick, dear."

But the little girl could not see another that she liked half so well as the busy little Top-Knot.

*Sarah Orne Jewett.*

OFF THEY WENT TO FIND A BREAKFAST.

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# THE KNOT-HOLE IN THE FENCE.

## CHAPTER V. — STICKS AND STONES.

TED was so glad his mother knew about fairies! He asked her to tell him all she could. While she cooked supper he followed her about, helping a little here and there, and she told about the little winged people that once were supposed to live in shells, and in mossy nooks, and in flowers, and to change themselves at will into birds, or cats, or dogs, or even people.

She said, too, that they came out on moonlight nights and danced on the grass at midnight, and that on the spot where their tiny feet had touched the earth the grass became a darker green, and that these spots were called "fairy rings."

Ted was anxious to hear Crissa read more out of the blue and golden book. He wondered why he never had heard of fairies before, and thought about them until he went to bed.

The next morning was dull and cloudy. When Ted looked through the knot-hole there was no one in sight. The little bird was there, hopping about, and picking up crumbs Crissa had left for it. Ted had an almost irresistable desire to get where he could throw at it, but didn't, for fear it might be a fairy in the form of a bird.

"If it should be one," he said to himself, "and I should kill it, all fairies would probably be mad at me, and wouldn't ever help me."

He waited about some time, but Paul and Crissa didn't appear. So he went out on the street where he met a boy he knew.

He told this boy that he knew a girl that could talk to wild birds, and they understood her, and would do whatever she bade them. And she had a live fairy sitting on her shoulder that told her what to do.

The boy didn't believe it, and he told Ted so in a few plain words, and Ted said words back that were bad to hear, and they had a fight, and Ted got the worst of it.

Ted went home, and while he sat there, hating the other boy, the clouds cleared away and the sun shone out, so that it was soon warm and pleasant, and he went out into the yard. He rather wanted to go and find the other boy and have some further talk with him, but he was afraid Crissa might read and he not be there to hear it.

He approached the fence cautiously and peeped through. Paul and Crissa were there under the apple-tree. Paul was in the wheeled chair, and Crissa was sitting on the bench beside him. Crissa was dividing an orange. The fairy-book lay on the bench.

While they were eating the orange, the little red-bonnetted bird flew on the currant-bush, and began to chirp and call.

"O, you sweetness!" cried Crissa. "Paul, he's come for crumbs! You talk to him, so he'll know he's going to have some."

Crissa ran up the path, and Paul began to talk to the bird:

"Crissa 'll bring you some cake! Crissa won't ever hurt you, nor catch you; and I won't, either. *I* can't walk, little bird."

The bird flew out of the currant-bush down on the gravel-walk, and hopped closer to Paul, all the time uttering plaintive questioning

ALICE·BEACH·WINTER

chirps, as if making inquiries. Ted thought this was the strangest thing he had seen yet. Ted had never paid any attention to the ways of birds, and knew nothing about them, except that they were something he could throw at and kill. He made up his mind again that he wouldn't ever throw at one, for fear they might be fairies — they seemed to know so much!

Crissa read that afternoon about a boy that was kind toward every living thing. One day he was out in a deep dark wood, a long distance from home, and lost his way and wandered about until he was tired and weak and almost dying from hunger and thirst.

Then a fairy came to him in the form of a bee he had once saved from drowning in a cup of water. This bee led him to some delicious blackberries, which he picked and ate.

Next, another fairy took the form of a bird he had provided with water one hot day when it was thirsty. This bird led him to a clear cold spring at which he drank.

Another fairy took the form of a cat he had rescued from wicked boys. This cat led him out of the wood; but on the way he was much frightened by a wild beast that came out of a cave in the rocks and stood in the path But a fairy came to his rescue in the form of a stray dog he had fed and cared for when it had no home. This dog drove the beast away.

So the boy reached his home safely, and was always grateful to the fairies that had helped him, and kinder than ever to bees and birds and cats and dogs.

Ted liked this story even better than the first, because he could understand it. After Paul and Crissa went into the house he bent his head over toward his shoulder and asked what he ought to do. He was told the same thing as the day before.

When his mother came home that night she brought him a book with colored pictures on the covers, and on every leaf pictures of fairies. It was the first book Ted had ever owned.

Next morning Ted thought he would go down town early, and get back before Paul and Crissa were out. He wanted to find that boy who didn't believe him, and convince him with his fists that Crissa's bird could understand, and that there was a fairy on your shoulder.

He could hardly leave the book his mother had given him, but was afraid if he had it with him some stronger boy would take it from him. That was the way the boys he knew always did. It was the way he did himself, if a smaller boy had anything he wanted. So he hid it and then started.

Before he got half way down town Ted saw the boy he was in search of just ahead of him. He began to walk faster. The boy saw who was behind him, and he, too, began to walk faster. In a few moments both were running as fast as they could go.

Ted decided to cut across. He climbed a fence, raced across a

TED'S ANGER GREW UNTIL HE WAS IN A RAGE.

garden — over the beds or anywhere — ran across a vacant lot and, panting, came out on the sidewalk just as the unsuspecting "other boy" came by, and grabbed him by the jacket as he tried to get past.

But he let go again, almost instantly. While racing through the vacant lot, which was covered with short grass, he had noticed something, but had passed it before he thought what it might be.

Letting the boy go he went back into the lot. There on the turf was an almost perfect circle of a much darker green than the grass surrounding it. Ted never had seen anything like it before, and he knew in a moment that it was a "fairy ring."

Ah, if he could but wake some night before midnight, and come there, he might see a fairy!

Ted's first thought was to run back home and tell Paul and Crissa what he had found, and ask them to go with him some moonlit night and see the fairies. He hadn't yet spoken to them, or let them know anyone was near them, but now he thought he would that very day.

He met some other boys, and stopped awhile with them. When he got home and went out, Paul and Crissa were there, under the tree.

They were playing jackstraws. Ted could hear them laughing before he reached the fence.

He never had seen anyone play jackstraws before, and he watched them for some time. Just as he had made up his mind to speak, he heard Crissa say:

"Paul, do you suppose we ever shall see that bad boy they told mama about?"

"Perhaps we shall," said Paul.

"Well, I hope we won't," said Crissa decidedly. "I'm sure I couldn't like anyone that had been cruel to dogs, and cats, and birds!"

Poor Ted! he felt sure they were talking of him — and just as he was going to share with them his wonderful discovery!

His anger grew until he was in a rage. He began kicking the fence and pounding it. "I don't want you to like me!" he screamed. "I'm just as good as you are! and I shan't tell you what I've found! I hate, *hate*, HATE you, old Can't-walk! I hate you both!"

Then he ran a little way back from the fence and began throwing everything he could find — sticks, stones, tin cans, lumps of dirt — as fast as he could over the fence, just by the apple-tree.

He threw fast for a few moments until his arm began to ache and his anger to cool. Then he went back up to the knot-hole.

The jackstraws and the box they had been in lay on the bench where the children had been playing with them, but there was no one in sight. Paul and Crissa were gone and Ted did not see them again that day, though he went out many times. *Beth Day.*

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

# The Sunshine Corner

"DID you ever think what a wonderful thing the face is?" Miss Myrtle asked the children, "and how much it can do with so little to do with? Just one pair of eyes, one nose, one mouth, and yet it can tell a great deal. How am I feeling now?" (casting her eyes down.) "Sober!" "And now?" (looking up.) "Smiling!" they shouted.

"Think a moment," she said, "and mention some other ways of looking."

"Cross!" "Happy!" "Glad!" "Cloudy!" "Sunny!" "Sorrowful!" "Sulky!" "Cheerful!" "Mad!" "Merry!" "Ugly!" "Bright!" "Anxious!" were called out.

"And it can tell all this about us without a word spoken," said Miss Myrtle, "tell all this and more just by its changing looks. Now as the face can do nothing of itself alone, what is it that does all this changing?"

"The way we feel," said one; "What we think," said another; "Ourselves do it," said still another.

"Yes," said Miss Myrtle, "*I* changed it, and *I* brightened it. It seems we have fourteen or more ways of feeling, and whichever way we feel the face tells the story. Just notice, if you happen to think of it, how one face appearing at the door of a room can bring in gladness or soberness. The face may have pretty features, and pretty complexion, but it is not these which make a face beautiful. You remember what this book told us of the beautiful countenance of the lady in Tottle's Dream? There is more to come about Tottles. That face—it seemed to him as if that face were always before him. Its pleasing expression made him feel loving. I know how it was

with me. The sweet, gentle countenance of a teacher of my early childhood has never gone from my memory.

"As the Dream Lady said to Tottles, bright faces brighten the world — but I will read it:"

"The Dream-countenance, with its gentle, loving expression made Tottles feel the same way. It was not that he *ought* to do some kind thing, but he felt just like doing it. This was a new feeling. For Tottles had met with so little kindness that his thoughts had been more of the way he himself was treated.

"But as he came downstairs that morning the new feeling seemed to make a new boy of him. What could he do? The only person in the house was Nancy. It was Nancy or nobody. Nancy gave him his food and such clothes as he had, and he carried home the washing, and went for it; and did boy's work around the house when Nancy could make him do it. By scolding, or such stronger ways as she found needful, she made him chop kindling and even pull up some of the weeds.

"Nancy was fond of flowers, and under her bedroom window had quite a show of poppies and marigolds, and larkspur, and balsams. That morning, when the hardworking woman came downstairs with a sober, weary look on her face she found kindling enough for three days ahead! And you may believe that a smile spread over her face! And when she saw the flowers all clear of weeds, and a neat row of stones around to keep the grass out, she laughed, she actually laughed! And this made Tottles feel so lively that he turned somersaults without number.

"But take notice that this gladness was not so much because he himself felt pleased, as that Nancy was pleased. For his teacher had given him a printed slip of paper which said: '*No one deserves praise for doing a good thing, any more than a rosebush for its lovely roses. It is expected that people should do good things, just as it is expected that a rosebush should produce lovely roses.*'

"The next thing to be told about Tottles has something to do with a butterfly," said Miss Myrtle, as she closed the book.

*Miss Fillissy Follissy.*

# THE WHIRLING GLOBE.

*All the Children in all the World.*

XI. — IN THE LAND OF COLUMBUS (CONCLUDED).

"TELL about the Spanish boys who are not kings?'" repeated Professor Jo. "Well," said he slowly, a little smile curling the corners of his mouth, "The German boy intends to be a soldier, the American boy to be, well, president — but if you ask a little Spaniard what he means to be when he grows up, he will answer in a flash, '*Un torero!*' — a bull-fighter!

"As I have said, the bull-fight is the national sport; pictures of it are woven in the tapestries of the palace, and stamped on the coarse handkerchiefs of the peasants; on handkerchiefs, too, and fans as well, are printed portraits of the famous fighters, and these popular fighters are the heroes of the Spanish boys.

"Down into the 18th century, bull-fighting was a royal sport, and only kings and nobles could enter the contest — tradition says the great Cid himself was the first cavalier to ride into the arena with his lance and kill a bull. About the middle of the last century the privilege was extended to the common people, and the fighting is now done by men trained to the sport. Every large town has its bull-ring; some of these bull-rings seat ten to fifteen thousand, and on Sunday afternoons, when the fights come off, every seat is filled. The children are taken from the time they are babies, and under the excitement of the pagent, with its gay music and flaring colors, they cease to be shocked at the brutal spectacle of horses gored and bulls gashed, bleeding and dying by the dozen. So the Spanish boy's favorite gift is the spangled suit of the bull-fighter, and his favorite play the play of 'toro' — the bull."

"How do they play it?" demanded Rob.

"One boy of course is the bull, and he charges into the ring, head down, sticks held at either side of it for horns. One boy, on the back of another, with a long stick for a lance, is the mounted 'picador' who opens the fight. Several boys play the parts of the 'capeadors' who wave their cloaks to draw off the bull should he unhorse the picador, and others are the 'banderilleros' who carry darts with ribbons flying from the end and thrust them into the neck of the bull to rouse him to greater fury. Last there is the 'espada,' or swordsman, who at the end waves a red flag, and when the maddened bull charges,

PLAYING "TORO."

slays the beast with one thrust through the heart. When the boys play toro, the girls, and even the men and women, gather round to make the audience, and cheer and clap and wave their handkerchiefs."

"What else do they play?" asked Rob.

"O, the games that are common everywhere, ball, jackstones, and the like. In some parts the boys go hunting with pet quails. They catch and tame the birds, then take them out into the fields, and the whistling of the tame quails lures the wild ones near enough to be captured. The children also tame yellow-legged partridges for pets; and they keep pet crickets in little cages."

"I should rather have a canary in a cage," said Rosette.

"Well, the Spanish children are fond of canaries too. It is so hot

in Spain that the people live much out of doors, and the public squares are the children's playgrounds; and among the orange trees and flowers there are sure to be little booths where singing canaries are sold. They care the more for canaries perhaps because much of Spain is treeless, and so birdless. There are owls though — and what do you think the Spanish owls say?"

"To-whit, to-whoo!" shouted Rob.

Zambombas.

"No. Any Spanish boy would tell you they cry 'cruz! cruz!' — the cross! the cross! In Spain they have a story about everything, and the owl story says the night-bird was present at the crucifixion of Christ, and ever since has cried out in terror, 'cruz! cruz!'

"At the booths too are sold toys and candy and cooling drinks. One of the children's drinks is barley water, but the favorite is a mixture called snow-milk, sugared and flavored with a delicious little nut. Great quantities of snow, in fact, are brought down from the mountains by the gipsies and sold in the city streets as ice is here.

"But the candy?" asked Rosette — "what is the candy like?"

"One kind the children are fond of is in sticks, made of sugar and white of egg, baked; they dip these sticks in cold water and then suck them. Alongside these candy sticks are very likely sticks of sugar-cane, piles of them, cut in convenient lengths for chewing. The sugar-cane is imported from the Spanish island of Cuba."

"But the toys — you've forgotten the toys," said Rob.

Professor Jo laughed. "Well," said he, "Spanish boys are fond of noise, and not one of them is quite happy till he has a 'zambomba.'"

"What's that?" broke in Rob.

"The zambomba," replied the Professor, "is also called the devil's fiddle. It is made by stretching a skin like a drum-head over a bottomless vase or jar, and inserting in the center of the skin a stick or cane. The boy spits on his palms and then rubs them up and down the cane, whereupon the zambomba gives out most extraordinary sounds.

"Then there are castanets, which correspond to our 'bones' or

clappers — only the Spanish clappers are concave shells of wood or ivory, fastened together in pairs. These are attached to the thumb and held loosely in the hand, where they clatter and clash and beat time to the dance. Dancing is the favorite pastime; everybody dances, and if a guitar happens along they will leave play or work and go to dancing, in the fields, the street, anywhere, everywhere. In no land are the people fonder of holidays — days without work — for the easy Spaniard likes to put off doing things. In fact, the word 'manana' — to-morrow — is so often on the lip that Spain has come to be called 'the land of to-morrow!' There are many curious church festivals too."

"How do they keep Christmas?" asked Rob.

"Christmas Eve in Spain is 'Noche Buena' — the Good Night. Children in the better homes set their shoes outside the door for gifts. The poorer people, men, women and children, crowd the streets with tambourines and guitars for a night of frolic.

"But the maddest, merriest time of all the year is the carnival, just before Lent. Then for four days everybody is in the street, the rich in carriages, the poor on foot. There is music and dancing and all sorts of fun. The maskers swarm into the carriages; schoolboys call duchesses by their first names, and duchesses take bonbons from the hands of street urchins. During these four wonderful days, the baker's boy may be a knight or a crusader; nobles appear as chimney-sweeps; and not long ago one famous statesman came forth as a gigantic canary, hopping along the street with draggled tail, and shouting funny jokes through his yellow beak.

"From Christmas on through the spring holidays everybody wears a red flower; the ladies like a red rose, worn over the left ear. The peasant girls earn a pretty penny for pin-money raising these red flowers and selling them in town."

"How do the boys earn their pin-money?" inquired Rob.

"Raising poultry, perhaps — and cocks for cock-fighting. The country boys have to work, for it is not all play in Spain; they herd sheep on the hills and brown pigs on the plains — Cortez the conqueror of Mexico and Pizarro the conqueror of Peru were both swine-herds when they were boys in Spain.

"Wherever the peasant goes," went on Professor Jo, "he carries his peasant's bag, slung over his shoulder. This is a strip of cloth, tufted with bunches of red and blue wool, with a pocket in each end; and in these pockets he always carries a wine-skin and his garlic pot."

"His garlic pot — what's that?" asked Rob.

"Garlic is an onion-like bulb, and, as we say of candy lovers, every Spaniard has a garlic-tooth — garlic goes into everything, even bread. The peasant's bread is more like pudding, a batter of flour, water and garlic, stirred and boiled and half baked in a kettle, then pressed into a jar — this jar of bread is the garlic pot. The wine-skin, made of pig-hide perhaps, holds a quart, and when the peasant drinks he doesn't put it to his lips, but holds it up at arm's length and catches the stream in his mouth as it falls — that is the Spanish way of drinking water also, from a jar with a spout."

BABY IN WALKING FRAME.

"Now I'd like to know about the homes," remarked Rosette.

"Well, for one thing, the houses in Spain are mostly glaring white from frequent whitewashing; for another, many houses and old buildings have the beautiful horseshoe-shaped Moorish arches over gates, doors and windows; for a third, the better class of houses are built round an inner court, on which the rooms open, and which is beautiful and cool with fountains and flowers. This inner court or 'patio,' is often paved, with smooth cool marbles perhaps, and fitted with movable screens at the top. None of the houses have stoves; if very cold, they warm the rooms by bringing in a brazier, a sort of big brass platter on which they burn charcoal under a wire cage."

"You haven't said a word about the babies," cried Rosette.

"To be sure," laughed Professor Jo. "Well, as soon as the Spanish baby is old enough to creep or toddle about, he has one sensible gift; this is a sort of straw turban, and it is so elastic that even if he does tip over on the stone floor of the patio the bump don't hurt him a bit. Sometimes too, for safety's sake, he is put in a little walking-frame on wheels. Another gift is perhaps not quite so sensible; the mother sticks a sprig of rosemary in the child's cap, or clothes, to keep of witches. The rosemary story is that Mary used to spread the baby-clothes of the Christ Child out on the rosemary to dry — and ever since it has had power to protect babies."

GOING TO SCHOOL DONKEY-BACK.

"Now about the schools," cried Rob.

"Hardly half the people in Spain can read," said Professor Jo. "In the common schools the children learn little more than to read and write — the girls often not that as they give up so much time to sewing and the catechism. But education is advancing now; in 1892 girls for the first time in Spanish history took prizes in competition with boys in the higher institutions — and when they passed out the boys with true Spanish gallantry formed in columns on either side and threw down their caps for the girls to walk over."

"Spanish children often go to school donkey-back, for donkeys are used everywhere — and the people are fond of dressing the donkeys in a network of red, blue and yellow cords and tassels, with a chime of little brass bells."

"How do the Spanish people themselves dress?" interrupted Rob.

"The common European dress is worn mostly now in the larger places. The men still wear a cloak in cool weather instead of a coat — a cloak of broadcloth perhaps, with a lining of bright-colored velvet — and one corner is thrown over the left shoulder, giving a glimpse of the gay lining. And many ladies still wear the mantilla, a scarf of lace, white or black, wound gracefully over the head and shoulders.

The peasants still wear the native costume. In general the women go bareheaded or wear a gay handkerchief tied round the hair; a handkerchief too is usually worn over the shoulders, crossed in front over a bright bodice.

"At bedtime the children kiss the hands of their fathers and mothers and wish them 'buenos noches' — good-night — and go off to bed, where the last thing they hear is the cry of the 'sereno.'"

"What's that?" asked Rob, whose own eyes were blinking.

"The night watchman. He carries the keys of all the houses on his beat, and locks them up just before midnight. Through the night he calls out the hours and the weather, and as it is usually pleasant, or 'serena,' he came to be named the 'sereno' — so it is the Spanish children hear the sereno calling, 'Ten o'clock, and serene!'"

. . . . . .

It was the very next morning after this that the twins brought their little banks to their father, and poured out the saved-up pennies and nickles and silver dimes, and begged him to buy them new geographies in place of the old ones they had burned in that Saturday bonfire. *Charles Stuart Pratt.*

(THE END.)

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# THE BABY'S RING FINGER.

UNCLE JACK was not acquainted with the baby; that is not personally acquainted; the baby's rose-leaf fist had been used to make a dear little smudge on Rose-pose's letters to Uncle Jack, which Rose-pose called a postscript, though little Teddy was sure the baby meant it for a kiss. And in every letter that Rose-pose or little Teddy or Kittykins wrote to Uncle Jack there was a message from the baby.

You see they felt it to be a great loss for Uncle Jack not to know that baby and they wished the baby to understand, just as soon as possible, that she had an Uncle Jack.

They always had pitied children who had no Uncle Jack. Their

Uncle Jack was a big six-footer, with curly hair and a twinkle in his eye; he was always ready for a frolic, or to take one somewhere, or had something good in his pocket, or knew a story that was funny or had a good ending.

A story with a sad ending made little Teddy cry and then they called him a girl. If you are the only boy in the family of course you understand that you must be a man, if you are only five.

Uncle Jack knew how to brace up a fellow and help him to be a man, and after all that was better than frolics or candy or even good stories. Perhaps it was little Teddy who missed him most of all, now that he had gone away off to Australia — most of all except Grandma, who always cried when they carried her his letters to read.

But Rose-pose had heard it whispered that Grandpa and Grandma were to blame for his going off to Australia. They would not let him marry Betty Carroll. Now Betty Carroll was one of the very nicest girls that ever lived; she was a particular friend of Rose-pose and Kittykins and little Teddy and the baby — especially the baby, and the only reason why Grandpa and Grandma didn't want Uncle Jack to marry her was because they had quarrelled with her father and mother. Now that was a pretty state of things! they blamed children very severely for quarrelling, yet they quarrelled themselves! It was such a foolish quarrel, too; only about the ownership of a piece of land, and Mr. Carroll's not voting for Grandpa when he wanted some office.

When the matter was talked over in the nursery, Teddy thought that Grandpa and Grandma and Mr. and Mrs. Carroll all ought to go, by turns, into the dark closet under their back stairs where he was put when he was quarrelsome, and stay there until they were ready to say they were sorry and make up.

They all agreed that that would be a very good plan but it didn't seem to be an easy one to carry out. Even Rose-pose, who was nine, couldn't think of any way to end the trouble and bring Uncle Jack home from Australia.

It took the baby to manage that business! — and the children were not so very much surprised, for they had known the very minute they laid eyes on her that she was a most remarkable baby.

See what you think about her after I've told you what she did.

Uncle Jack owned a share in a gold mine in Australia, and the very first nugget of gold that was dug out of it he had had made into a ring for the baby.

"I hope it will fit her ring finger," he wrote to Rose-pose. "But I don't know just which a baby's ring finger is."

None of them knew, and Rose-pose was quite troubled. It was a beautiful ring set with a tiny diamond, like a flash of light, and she thought it would be a pity not to have it worn on the right finger.

Mama said she thought they should have to call the finger that it fitted, the baby's ring finger. But they were such soft, squeezable little fingers that it would go on to every one, even the thumb, and was really too large for the third finger and the little one.

One day they took the baby and the ring over to Grandmama to let her decide the important matter. Poor Grandmama! she had been ill for a year, and her nurse, Hannah Henpenny, was old and had grown rough and cross, and Grandmama would not send her away because she had lived with her so long.

Grandmama said it didn't matter so much now if Hannah Henpenny couldn't take good care of her, for some one was being so kind. Dainty broths and jellies and custards were sent to her, and a soft fleecy little crocheted cape for her shoulders, and a beautiful knitted rug for Grandpapa's rheumatic knees, and she couldn't find out who the kind and thoughtful "some one" was.

Grandmama was a very wise old lady about babies but she couldn't tell on which finger the baby ought to wear that ring. She held her head on one side and looked on very seriously while Rose-pose tried it first on one finger and then on another, while the baby lay, kicking and crowing, in a heap of pillows, on the broad old-fashioned sofa in Grandmama's sitting-room, and Grandpapa leaned over the sofa upon his cane and tried to decide, looking as grave as a judge.

It was Grandpapa who, at last, said that the baby should choose for herself; and Rose-pose put the ring into the little fingers that had only just begun to hold things.

"Don't let her throw it away!" cried Teddy, who had an anxious mind.

"Don't let her swallow it!" cried Kittykins, who even yet needed to be warned not to put pins into her mouth.

They didn't know that baby! As long as Rose-pose lives she will believe that the baby knew just what was expected of her. She instantly turned her attention from Grandpapa's "patty-cakes" and looked at the ring; then she tipped over farther into her pillows and tossed her little fat legs higher into the air; then she leaned forward and snatched one dainty white sock from her foot. She wiggled her small pink toes; Grandpapa thought it an invitation to play "this little pig," but it wasn't. The baby had more than that on her mind! She leaned forward suddenly and seized her great toe, and thrust the ring upon it just as far as it would go!

"Her ring finger is her big toe!" cried Teddy. And while they laughed and shouted, the baby lay back on her pillows looking flushed and satisfied. She held the dainty white sock still in her hand and looked at it gravely; then suddenly she gave it a little fling straight into Grandmama's lap!

"A beautiful little sock," said Grandmama, looking at it. "Why, Rose-pose, who made it? it's the same stitch as my cape! a new stitch that I never saw, and the very same kind of worsted!"

"It was Betty Carroll," said Rose-pose. "I guessed before, that it was she who did all the nice things for you! It is just like her — and she likes Uncle Jack!" (Rose-pose thought she would try to do as much as the baby, anyway.) Grandmama cried a little, softly, and said she always knew that Betty Carroll was a dear girl.

"We must write to Uncle Jack that we've found out which is the baby's ring finger," said Teddy.

"Tell him to come home — and bring Betty Carroll to us as a daughter," said Grandpapa. He said it gruffly and blew his nose hard, but that was because he was afraid they might think he wanted to cry a little, like Grandmama.

Uncle Jack would come home, and dear Betty Carroll would be their aunt! It seemed too good to be true! And that blessed baby who had brought it all about, just went to sleep in her carriage, on the way home, with her thumb in her mouth, as if she were no brighter than any baby!

*Sophie Swett.*

# THE BLUE ROBIN.

KING CHRYSANTHEMUM.

THE country over which King Chrysanthemum reigned was very far inland, so there was very little talk about the sea-serpent, but everybody was agitated over the question whether there was, or was not, a Blue Robin.

The whole kingdom was divided about it. The members of parliament were "F. B. R.," for Blue Robin or "A. B. R.," against Blue Robin The ladies formed clubs to discuss the question, and sometimes talked whole afternoons about it, and the children even laid down their dolls, and their tops, to search for the Blue Robin. Indeed, many children had to be kept tied to their mother's apron-strings all the time to prevent them from running away to a Blue Robin hunt. It was a very common thing to see ladies going to a Blue Robin club, with a child at each apron-string, pulling back and crying, "I want to go hunting the Blue Robin! I want to go hunting the Blue Robin!"

The country was agitated over this question for many years, then finally there were riots about it.

People had to lock themselves in their houses, and when the Blue Robin party was uppermost, paint blue robins on their front doors, and when it was not, wash them off. After the riots commenced, it

THE INFANTE BALTHASAR CHARLES.

*(Son of Philip IV. of Spain.)*

*From the painting by Velasquez.* *See page 108.*

was really almost all that people could do, to paint blue robins on and wash them off, their front doors.

At last King Chrysanthemum had to take extreme measures. He decided to consult the Wise Man. A committee was chosen of eight F. B. R's., and eight A. B. R's., and a chairman, and they set out at once, marching four abreast, the chairman with his chair leading the way, to consult the Wise Man. He had to be found before he could be consulted, however, and that was a very difficult matter. The Wise Man considered it the height of folly to live like other people in a house immovably fixed upon one spot of ground, and therefore he always carried his house about with him, as a turtle carries his shell.

"I WANT TO GO HUNTING THE BLUE ROBIN!"

He had fashioned a little dwelling of cloth and steel ribs, something like an umbrella, which he strapped to himself, and lived in, traveling all over the country in pursuit of wisdom.

The Committee marched a whole week, before they came upon the Wise Man one afternoon in a pasture where huckleberries grew. He was standing quite still when they approached and made their obeisances. The chairman of the committee placed his chair, a rocking-chair with a red plush cushion, before the Wise Man, seated himself, and spoke. "All Hail, Wise Man!" said he in a loud voice.

The Wise Man's house had a little door in front like a coach-door, and two tiny windows. One of the windows had the curtains drawn, but out of the other looked the Wise Man's calm blue right eye. There was so much wisdom in his two eyes that he knew people could not comprehend it, so he always curtained one window. The house was about one foot higher than his head, and reached to his ankles. They could see his feet in their leather sandals below it.

The Wise Man said not one word in response to the Chairman's salutation, only looked at him with his blue right eye. Then the Chairman laid the matter before the Wise Man and besought his aid in the terrible situation of the country. After the Chairman had ceased speaking there was a silence for half an hour. Not a sound was to be heard except the creaking of the Chairman's rocking-chair. Then the Wise Man cleared his throat. The Committee leaned forward expectantly, but they had to wait another half hour before he spoke, and then it was not very satisfactory. "Ideas are not as thick as huckleberries in this pasture," was all he said.

The Committee looked at one another, and nodded ruefully. It was quite true, but it did not help them in their dilemma. They waited another half hour, then the Wise Man began moving off across the pasture in his house.

"Oh, stop, stop!" cried the Chairman. "Stop, stop!" cried the Committee. They all ran after him, and begged him not to go away until he had given them some useful advice.

"Offer a reward!" called out the Wise Man, as he scudded away.

"For what, for what?" cried the Committee.

THE CHAIRMAN AND THE WISE MAN.

"For finding the Blue Robin," called out the Wise Man, and then a puff of wind caught his umbrella-like house, and he was lifted quite off his feet, and bobbed away out of sight over the huckleberry-bushes.

The Committee hastened back to the city, and reported. Another special parliament was called, and the reward for finding the Blue Robin was offered. That was really a difficult matter, because the Princess

Honey was only five years old, and the customary reward — her hand in marriage — could hardly be offered. However, it was stated that if the finder of the Blue Robin was of suitable age when the Princess was grown, she should be his bride; and furthermore that he and all his relatives should be pensioned for life and that he should be appointed Poet Laureate, and given a regiment, a steam yacht, a special train, and a pound of candy every day from the national candy-mills. The offer was printed in blue letters on yellow paper, and pasted up all over the country, and then the search began in good earnest. Business all over the kingdom was at a standstill. Nobody did anything but hunt the Blue Robin.

THE PRINCESS HONEY.

People ate nothing in those days but corn-meal pudding, hastily mixed and boiled. There was no bread baked, because all the bakers and all the housewives were out hunting the Blue Robin. The mothers untied the children from their apron-strings, and the schools were all closed, because it was agreed that finding the Blue Robin and establishing peace in the kingdom, was of more importance than books, and all the children who were old enough were out hunting — that is all the children except Poppy.

It should be stated here that everybody in this country, with the exception of the Princess, had a flower-name. The Princess was so much sweeter, that only the inmost sweetness of all flowers was good enough for her name, and she was called Honey.

Poppy was about ten years old, and his father was an editor of a newspaper, and very poor. He could scarcely support his five children. His wife had died the year before, and he could not afford to hire a housekeeper.

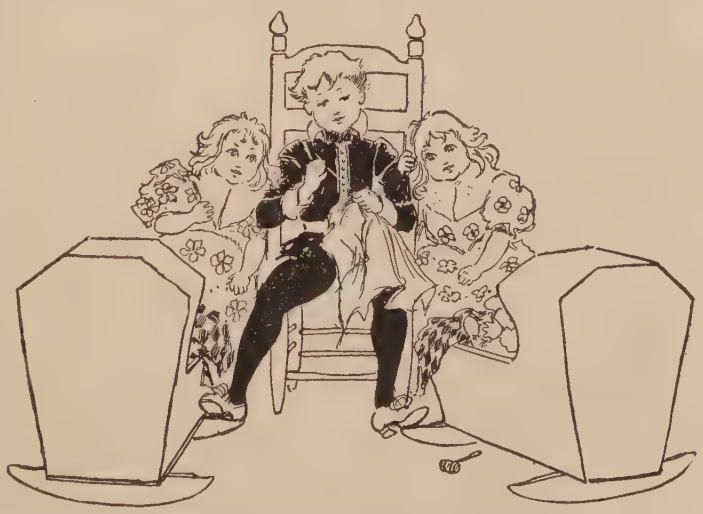
So Poppy had to stay at home, and keep the house, and take care of his four young brothers and sisters, while his father was away editing, and he could not hunt the Blue Robin. It was a great cross to him,

but he loved his little brothers and sisters, and he made the best of it.

After the search for the Blue Robin begun, his father was much busier, and had often to be away all night, so Poppy had to rock and trot the twin babies, Pink and Phlox, and go without sleep, after working hard cooking and washing dishes and sewing all day. Poppy had to mend the children's clothes, and he was even trying to make some little frocks for Petunia and Portulacca. They were twins also, five years old.

As Poppy sat in the window and sewed, with his right foot rocking Pink's cradle, and his left foot rocking Phlox's, with Petunia and Portulacca sitting beside him on their little stools, he told them all he had ever heard about the wonderful Blue Robin.

"Nobody is ever quite certain he has seen it, himself," said Poppy, "but he knows somebody else, who knows somebody else, and go back farther than you can count, who has; and if you ever could find the first somebody, why he could tell where the Blue Robin was."



"POPPY HAD TO KEEP THE HOUSE."

"Can't they find the first somebody?" asked Portulacca.

"I guess he died before people were born," said Poppy. Then he went on and told Petunia and Portulacca how there was a wonderful blue stone in the King's crown, which was unlike all other precious stones, and said to be the Blue Robin's egg; and how there was a little Blue Book in the King's library which had a strange verse in it about the Blue Robin.

Then Poppy repeated the verse. He had learned it at school. It ran in this way:

"He who loveth me alone,
Can tell me not from stick or stone;
He who loveth more than me,
Shall me in fullest glory see."

"What does that mean?" asked Petunia and Portulacca.

"I don't know," replied Poppy. Then he mended faster than ever. Many children ran past the window, hunting the Blue Robin, but he did not complain, even to himself.

POPPY AND THE BLUE ROBIN.

That night his father did not come home, and Pink and Phlox cried as usual, and he had to rock them, and trot them. About midnight, however, they both fell asleep in their cradles, and Poppy begun to think he might get a little rest himself. He could scarcely keep his eyes open. Petunia and Portulacca had been sound asleep in their cribs ever since seven o'clock. Everything was very still, and he was just dozing, when he heard a sound which made him start up wide awake at once, although the children never stirred. He heard a single sweet bird-pipe, sweeter than anything he had ever heard in his life, and it seemed to be right in the room at his elbow. When the babies fell asleep Poppy had blown out the candle, the hearth-fire had gone out, and the room had been very dark, but now something was shining on the table like a lamp, which gave out a wonderful blue light. The sweet pipe came again. Poppy stared at the blue light on the table, which grew brighter and brighter, until he saw what it was. The *Blue Robin* shone on his table like a living sapphire, its blue wings seeming to fan the blue light into flames, its blue breast brighter than anything he had ever seen.

While all the world was out searching for the Blue Robin, it had come of its own accord to the poor little faithful boy in his poor little home.

The children all slept soundly, and did not stir. Poppy stood up trembling, and went over to the table, and immediately the Blue Robin flew to his hand, and clung there.

Then Poppy went out of the house, and down the road to the King's palace with the Blue Robin on his hand. Although it was so late,

ON THE FRONT DOOR-STEP OF THE PALACE.

scarcely anybody had gone to bed. They were all out with lanterns, hunting for the Blue Robin.

When Poppy with the Blue Robin on his hand came in sight, all the lanterns went out.

"What is that?" the people cried, "what is that wonderful blue light?"

They crowded around Poppy.

Then all of a sudden they shouted, "Poppy has found the Blue

Robin! Poppy has found the Blue Robin!" and followed him to the King's Palace.

The shouts were heard in the newspaper office where Poppy's father was hard at work, and he ran to the window. When he saw his son with the Blue Robin, he was overwhelmed with joy. He stuck his pen behind his ear and came down on the fire-escape, and also went to the Palace. The King had not gone to bed, though it was so late, neither had the Queen. They were talking about the Blue Robin and the perilous state of the country with the Prime Minister, on the front door-step.

When they saw Poppy and the Blue Robin, and all the people, and heard the shouts of joy, the King tossed his crown in the air, the Prime Minister swung his hat, and the Queen ran in and wrapped up the Princess Honey in a little yellow silk gown, and brought her to see the wonderful sight.

It was wonderful — the Blue Robin on Poppy's hand seemed to light the whole city. Poppy, by the King's order, stood on the top door-step, and everybody could see the bird on his hand. Then the Blue Robin begun to sing, and sang an hour without ceasing, so loud that everybody could hear.

When the bird stopped singing, the King advanced. "You shall now receive your reward," he said to Poppy, "and I will take the Blue Robin, and put him in a golden cage, and have him guarded by a regiment of picked soldiers."

The King extended his hand and Poppy his, but just as the King touched the Blue Robin, he disappeared. There came a faint song from far above the city roofs, and people tipped back their heads, and strained their eyes, but they could not see the Blue Robin; they never saw him again, as long as they lived.

However, he had been seen by many witnesses, and the object of the search was attained. There were no longer two parties in parliament, and the country was in a state of perfect peace. Indeed, parliament only met afterward to agree, and eat cake and ice cream, and shake hands.

Poppy had his reward at once — that is, everything but the hand of the Princess Honey — and he and his father, and his little brothers

and sisters, were very rich and happy, until he grew to be a man. Then the Princess Honey had grown to be a beautiful maiden, and he married her with great pomp, and the King gave them the Blue Robin's egg for a wedding-present.

*Mary E. Wilkins.*

THE KING'S WEDDING PRESENT.

## AN OLD-FASHIONED LESSON.

WHY do the honey-bees suck from the clover
Sweets upon sweets through the long summer-day?
They work to have honey, a plenty and over,
When all the bright summer has vanished away.
Some day, little ones, you'll be children no longer;
But what you are now will ever be part
Of what you shall be — and stronger and stronger
The seed of the future still grows in each heart.
Then fill your young lives full of sunshine and beauty;
Think purely, speak kindly, act nobly, each day
With glad willing hearts do each little duty,
That when childhood is gone its sweetness may stay.

*Henrietta R. Eliot.*

# THE KNOT-HOLE IN THE FENCE.

### CHAPTER VI. — TED'S MIDNIGHT WALK.

THE next day was rainy, but several times Ted went down to look through the knot-hole. He could see some of the sticks and stones, and cans, lying on the path, and in the garden-beds.

The next day was sunny, but Paul and Crissa did not come out. Ted watched about the yard nearly all day. He began to be afraid they would never come again. He felt lonely and miserable. He was sure he had frightened them away. Even his fairy book failed to comfort him. He sought the boys he used to like, but thought they were exceedingly rough and quarrelsome, and this reminded him how pleasant Paul and Crissa were to each other.

A week went by, and still Ted saw nothing of the children on the other side of the fence. He began to be dreadfully alarmed. Could it be that one of the stones he had thrown had hit and killed one of them? Every time he looked through the knothole he could see the sticks and stones, and they grew to trouble him night and day. He thought if only he could go over and take them away he wouldn't feel quite so wretched.

So one morning Ted got up at daylight, before anyone was astir, ran around to the next street, climbed the fence, and came down and threw every can, and stick, and stone back again into his own yard.

He stood under the apple tree a moment after he had finished, and the little gray bird flew out of the currant bush, and came hopping up to him, making that queer, questioning chirp he had heard once before. Ted thought it was asking him for Paul and Crissa; and that it knew he was to blame because they did not come. Ted had never been so close to a free wild bird before. It came quite close up to him, and he was almost afraid of it. He did not try to hurt it, but ran back and climbed the fence and got home as fast as he could.

Ted did not go on the street as much as he had done. He couldn't have told just why, himself, only he didn't care to. One afternoon he was out by the fence with his fairy book in his hand, when suddenly he heard the bird on the other side, and Crissa talking to it.

"Paul can't come, dear little sweetness," she was saying. "Paul is sick." There was a sound in her voice as if she were going to cry.

Ted didn't wait another minute. "Say, you, Crissa!" he began, awkwardly. "I'm sorry I threw the stuff, and I wish you'd come out again. I ain't going to throw any more."

"Oh!" said Crissa, brightly, smiling at the fence, "it didn't hit us. We don't come out because Paul is sick."

"You tell him that I'm sorry for him," said Ted, "and here," he continued, rolling his precious book into a tight roll and thrusting it through the knot-hole, "you take him this."

"I'VE GOT IT!" CRIED TED.

"I'm sure he'll like to look at the book — he likes books," said Crissa, reaching up and taking the book, "and I'll bring you one of ours to look at while we have this. Thank you for lending us the book."

Ted watched her run up the path to the house, and then he stood on his head, walked on his hands, and turned two or three somersaults.

After that he wandered lonesomely about the yard for some time. He missed his book. He knew Paul would enjoy looking at it, and he was glad he had sent it, but he missed it.

By and by he went down to the vacant lot to look at the fairy ring. But he hurried back for fear Crissa would come to find the bird

and he wouldn't see her, and he was very anxious to know how Paul liked the book and what he said about it.

It seemed a long time before she came. When she did come she had a big golden orange in one hand, and a picture-book somewhat like his own in the other. She scattered cake for the bird and then came up to the fence.

"I'm here," Ted said, "I'm Ted. Is Paul any better?"

"Yes," said Crissa, "Paul is a little better to-day. He likes the book, and he sent you one to look at. He sent you this orange, too. I can put the book through the knot-hole, but how shall I get the orange through?"

"Oh!" cried Ted, "is that for me? Can't you throw it over? Just tost it, you know — only tell me when it's coming!"

"One, two, three!" called Crissa; "there it comes!"

"I've got it!" cried Ted. "My! what a big one!"

Crissa had started towards the house, but Ted called her back. "Say," said he, "I want to tell you somethin'. I — I haint ever going to be mean to cats, and dogs, and birds, any more."

"Oh! I'm so glad," cried Crissa, "and Paul will be glad, too. I'll go right now and tell him!" and away she ran.

Ted didn't sleep well that night. He went to bed early, and he went to sleep. Usually he slept without waking until broad daylight; but to-night he woke after a time and didn't feel sleepy.

He went to the window and looked out. It was bright moonlight. There was no one passing; the street looked very peaceful. Ted wished he was up and out. Then he thought of the fairies. If they ever came out, surely it would be on such a night. If it wasn't yet midnight he'd go to the vacant lot and see if they were there dancing on their ring.

It wasn't twelve. He got out of the house quietly, and went around to the next street thinking of Paul and Crissa and wishing they might have gone with him.

As he thought of them, Ted looked toward the upper part of the house, where he supposed they were, and there he saw something that made him gallop down the street and up to the door. On the door he beat with his fists, shouting, "Paul! Paul! Paul!"

Someone came swiftly up the steps behind him, caught him by the arm and shook him; and someone else raised an upper window.

"What are you doing here? what do you want? don't you know Paul is sick?" asked the man who had caught hold of him, and whom he afterwards learned was Paul's brother Tom.

Ted was so frightened he could only just gasp "fire," and point up.

The man let go of Ted's arm, ran back down the steps and back to the gate, and looked up. Sure enough there was fire. Little tongues of flame were creeping through the shingles around the chimney!

The fire was put out without much trouble, and before much damage had been done. But everyone knew what would have happened if it had not been seen just when it was seen!

Mrs. Thomas — that was Paul's mother — sent for Ted next day. She told him Paul was very ill, and that if the house had burned it might have frightened and injured him, perhaps caused his death! Then she asked what he was doing out on the street at that hour.

Ted was afraid to tell at first, but she took him in to see Paul and Crissa, and by and by he told how he had listened to their fairy stories, and about the fairy ring he had found, and even about his fight with the boy who would not believe Crissa could tame birds.

Mrs. Thomas saw her chance to help poor little Ted. After she had asked him no end of questions, she said if he liked to hear stories he need not listen through a knot-hole in the fence, but might come every afternoon and sit with Paul and Crissa and listen to the reading.

They had a talk about it the next day downstairs; and just as they started to go up Mrs. Thomas said, "Ted, Crissa and Paul never have heard any bad words. I must put you on your honor not to say any before them. They never have played with bad boys or girls. If you come to read and play with them you must be good. You must behave like a gentleman."

Ted stopped by the bottom stair, and gave something like a groan.

"Folks say," said he, swallowing between the words, "that I'm so mean an' bad I orter died when I was little. I'd forgit, an' then you'd think I done it for meanness. I couldn't be good all to onct."

Mrs. Thomas took his hand in hers, "Ted," said she, "how do you go upstairs?"

"Why," replied Ted in surprise, "just walk up."

"Can't you make one jump right up to the top?" she asked.

Ted shook his head. "No," said he, "I can't. Can you?"

Mrs. Thomas smiled, and shook *her* head.

"No one can," she replied. "We do not expect them to. Neither do I expect you to be gentlemanly in your ways all at once. If you do not fight, that is one step" — they stepped up one step of the stairs. "If you don't swear, that is another step" — they stepped up again. "If you are kind to everything, that's another;" and Mrs. Thomas and Ted went up. "And," said Mrs. Thomas gently, "if you slip back a step you must come on again. Will you?"

"'Course I shall," replied Ted. "I'll work like a lokermotive."

The kindness of Mrs. Thomas did not end here. She came around to see Ted's mother, and found easier work for her, so she could be at home more, and still earn as much as at the laundry.

But Mrs. Thomas's next step surprised everybody. She had Ted come to the house every day, and be taught by Paul's teacher!

Ted can read now, and even write some. He has three books of his own, and he can sing very well two of the little songs Crissa plays on the piano. There are no sticks and stones and old tin cans to be seen in his yard, but there is a little flower bed.

Ted listens a great deal to the fairy on his shoulder. Mrs. Thomas says it is "the voice of conscience." But Ted is a dear, queer little fellow, and he likes to have it that it is the fairy he heard about through the knot-hole in the fence. Ted doesn't know it, but on his next birthday Paul and Crissa are going to give him the book with the blue and golden cover.

*Beth Day.*

(THE END.)